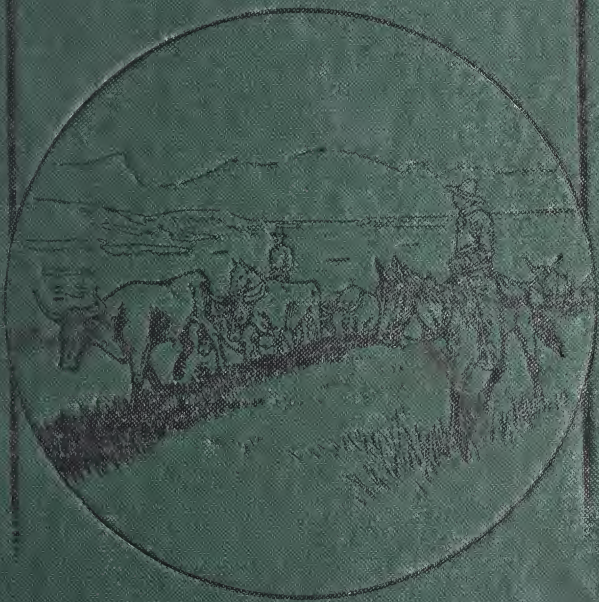
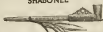


THE TRAIL DRIVERS of TEXAS



GUACANAGARI	PONTIAC	BLACK HAWK
MONTEZUMA	CAPTAIN PIPE	KEOKUK
QUATIMOTZIN	LOGAN	SACAGAWEA
POWHERATON	CORNPLANTER	BENITO JIAREZ
POCAHONTAS	JOSEPH BRANT	MANGUS
SAMOSSET	RED JACKET	COLORADAS
MASSASOIT	LITTLE TURTLE	LITTLE CROW
KING PHILIP	TECUMSEH	SITTING BULL
UNCAS	OSCEOLA	CHIEF JOSEPH
TEDVUSKUNG	SEQUOYA	GERONIMO
	SHABONEE	



TO PERPETUATE THE HISTORY
AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE
PEOPLE REPRESENTED BY THE
ABOVE CHIEFS AND WISE MEN
THIS COLLECTION HAS BEEN
GATHERED BY THEIR FRIEND
EDWARD EVERETT AYER

AND PRESENTED BY HIM
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1911





The Trail Drivers of Texas

VOLUME II

Interesting Sketches of Early Cowboys and Their Experiences on the Range and on the Trail During the Days that Tried Men's Souls—True Narratives Related by Real Cow Punchers and Men Who Fathered the Cattle Industry in Texas.

Published Under the Direction of
GEORGE W. SAUNDERS
President of the
**OLD TIME TRAIL DRIVERS'
ASSOCIATION**

Compiled and Edited by
J. MARVIN HUNTER

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GEORGE W. SAUNDERS

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FOREWORD.

This volume of "The Trail Drivers of Texas" is called forth to supplement the first volume which was published less than three years ago. And yet the range is not covered by half, for there are many of the old cowboys who, for various reasons, have not contributed the story of their experience on the trail. A third volume may some day be published—we do not know. When the work was undertaken only one volume was planned, and here we have a second one. Be assured that if the demand is great enough a third, and possibly a fourth volume will be published.

In Volume I several errors appeared, which have been corrected in the revised edition. These errors were unavoidable. We trust this volume will be free from them. Great care has been taken to prepare each sketch, and to verify questionable assertions. that appear herein. We find that some of the old trail men are at times ready to take issue with their fellows as regards the location of the trail or the date of certain events, or the number of cattle which went up the trail in a certain year. But these are minor matters, and do not call for controversy. In the matter of the location of the old Chisholm Trail, that question was fully settled by the Old Trail Drivers in convention at San Antonio in July, 1917, when the origin, start, route and terminus of the old Chisholm Trail was fully discussed. At that time there was found to be considerable difference of opinion and confusion as to details pertaining to this highway, and the version of Mr. W. P. Anderson was unanimously adopted by the Association as being authoritative and authentic. This official action of the Association, which can be found in the minutes of the Association in Volume I, pages 13 to 16 inclusive, should forever settle the location of the old trail. In both volumes of this book appear versions of the trail's location, which are somewhat at variance, but these are statements of individual writers and not the designation of the Association, and are given because we have no desire to detract one whit from the value of the

narrative of that particular contributor, who, possibly, was not in attendance at the Old Trail Drivers' convention when over four hundred of the members unanimously voted to accept Mr. Anderson's version of the trail's location.

To compile and publish these volumes has been a most pleasing task, and it is gratifying to know that "The Trail Drivers of Texas" has been given a place in the annals of recognized historical literature. It is conceded to be authoritative on the early days, and supplies a link in the chain of Texas history that would have been utterly lost with the passing of a few more years if this book had not been printed.

The tendency of the times to depict the real cowboys in print and in the movies, as a set of ruffians, unkempt, killers of men, gamblers, roughnecks, and wholly devoid of principle, should be condemned and branded as infamous. In this book the true character of the Texas cowboy is set forth unmistakably. His everyday life, his chivalry, his loyalty, his love of home and country, his regard for the rights of others—all these are portrayed in the sketches which appear herein. These narratives are given by real cowboys—men who followed the trail and worked the range in the old days. No attempt has been made to change their style of expression, their sketches being printed just as nearly as they were written as possible. Of course many of these old boys are untutored, having lived in the days when schools were few and far between, and they do not pose as literary geniuses. Therefore, this record of their achievements lays no claim to literary renown, and the author has no apologies to offer for any discrepancies in that line. Your children, and your children's children, will read these pages and treasure the deeds recorded herein as a priceless heritage, for the men who performed them are the true pioneers of our State and forefathers of the generations to come.

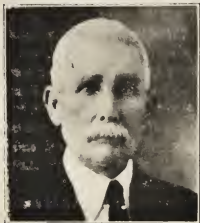
J. MARVIN HUNTER.

Bandera, Texas, January 4, 1923.

EARLY DAYS IN TEXAS.

J. T. Hazelwood, San Angelo, Texas.

Something like seventy years ago, in 1852 to be exact, my father, George W. Hazelwood, emigrated with his family from Mississippi to the plains of Western Texas.



J. T. Hazelwood.

There being no railroads or other means of transportation at that time, he came by thee mule team mode of conveyance. The country was sparsely settled after reaching the Texas line, and the trip was a long tedious one. The family would travel for days without meeting a human being, only coming in contaet with vast herds of wild buffalo and numerous

tribes of still wilder Indians. The journey occupied several months, and my father with his family eventually located in Panola county, Texas. The country being wholly an open range, and the pioneers who blazed the way into this new western civilization being extremely few and far between, the early settlers apparently did not remain very long in any one place, but moved about from location to location, seeking a better range, more ample water and greater safety from marauding Indians. Fort Worth, in Tarrant county, was the nearest trading point, and all provisions and supplies of every eharacter and description was brought into the Western country by freighters, sometimes accompanied by United States troops, but more frequently they traveled in little bands for better protection against Indian raids.

From Panola county my father moved into Palo Pinto county, settling on Eagle Creek, west of Palo Pinto, at that time a small trading point. Here he went into the

ranching business, driving his cattle from one location to another, but due to Indian raids he remained in Palo Pinto county about four years and then was compelled to move to a location of greater security. The Indians, who were very numerous at this period, were making raids over the entire country on all "light nights," stealing horses and mules, driving off cattle and murdering the settlers; the soldiers stationed at the various points in Texas were few in number and insufficient to offer adequate protection to the scattering settlements of white people; and while I was yet quite a small boy during these periods of stress, I can remember very distinctly the conditions and circumstances under which the early settlers were compelled to live and fight for their lives, for the preservation of their herds and for the protection of their families. It was no uncommon thing for the Indians on their raids to steal the entire working outfit of the early settlers, including their horses and mules, and driving away their live stock; in fact, it was almost impossible to keep horses or mules, and it was for that reason the settlers abandoned using them for farming purposes and adopted the ox team instead. It would be impossible to enumerate the number of Indian encounters which took place during the early years of the settling of West Texas between these settlers and these roving tribes. I remember on one occasion when a German by the name of Fred Cola, an employee of my father, was out after cattle on the open range when the Indians made an attack upon him and after running him for several miles finally killed him with an arrow from an Indian bow.

It was in 1860 when my father moved with his family to Stephens county, near the line of Shackelford, settling on Sandy Creek, but the Indian depredations continuing, he again moved to a safer place, as he thought, over on Battle Creek. The ranges were covered with countless herds of buffalo, deer, antelope, bear and other wild game. We lived in picket houses, covered with sod and dirt, and the flooring with buffalo hides—nothing to compare

with the comfortable homes which the people of this country enjoy at the present time, but, nevertheless, the conditions for that day and age were ideal, and we lived in comfort, except that we lived in continual fear of Indian raids.

My father killed many deer and dressed their hides, and my mother made clothing of these for the boys and I remember very distinctly the "coon skin" caps and the "home-made" shoes which were made for the children of our family, and which we were glad to get and took great pride in wearing regardless of the fact that they would not be considered up to date by the present young man about town or the present young society lady preparing for a modern ball. I do not remember very much about fashions in those days, but I am quite sure if I should dress today in the garb which I wore sixty years ago, or if my sisters should dress in the garb which they wore some sixty years ago, and walk down the streets of San Angelo they would cause no little comment and, perhaps, some of the modern up-to-date fashions would be cast into the shade by the old time apparel worn by the early pioneers. I also remember that we did not regard clothes so much in those days as they are regarded now, and such a thing as ribbons and bows, and lace and silk hose, silk hats and canes for the young men, and a poodle dog with a string around his neck for the young women, would have been considered as much out of place in the early days as, perhaps, our "coon-skin" caps and "home-made" shoes, and our "deerskin britches," our "buffalo coats" and "buffalo shirts" would appear at the present day. Times change, customs change, fashions change, conditions change, but human nature changes but very little, and even when I compare the boys and girls of the present day, in the last analysis of their human make-up, with the girls and boys of seventy years ago, I find that they have the same warm hearts, the same happy, cheerful smile, the same creative youthful ambition, and the same desire to succeed, regardless that we are living in a day and age of automobiles, that we are free from In-

dian depredations and raids, that we no longer see the buffalo roam the plains, and that where the buffalo once roamed and where the Indians perpetrated their raids, beautiful homes and every modern convenience now can be found, and agricultural conditions are changed likewise with modern improvements, yet the heart and mind of the pioneers of the Western range still are found to permeate the posterity of these early pioneers to a very large extent.

Having neither railroads nor street car lines, nor electric lines, nor electric lights, nor automobiles, nor auto trucks, nor paved streets, nor hard surfaced roads, nor good bridges across the streams, traveling in those days was indeed very slow, and the method of communication was even slower. As we had no telegraph office, nor telephone office, nor radio stations for wireless communication, the only method of communication and carrying the news was what one neighbor could take to another—and when these neighbors lived some fifty to one hundred miles apart, they did not see each other very frequently and they did not have the opportunity to gossip. The truth of the matter is, as I remember it now, the conditions sixty years ago, while very primitive, were at the same time, from the standpoint of rearing a good and happy family, very substantial, and though we lived far apart, the very fact of this great distance between neighbors only added to the interest which we took in each other, and it was a great pleasure indeed when one family would have the opportunity to spend the night and day with a neighbor fifty or one hundred miles off, and it was a greater pleasure for a traveler from some of the more thickly populated settlements to wander through our neighborhood and sit up the entire night and repeat the news to those most interested, in his purely personal way. The latchstring always hung on the outside of the door to everyone but Indians, and a neighbor or a stranger always met with a hearty welcome. We were always glad to see them and sorry to see them go. Our fare may have been homely, and the menu which we set

before them might not have consisted of twelve or fifteen courses, but such as it was, it was very wholesome and appetizing, and it was a pleasure to sit around the table in those days.

My father did a great deal of trading from Ft. Worth, in the first instance, and afterwards from Weatherford, with ox teams, for the reasons I have heretofore stated—that horses and mules could not be kept on account of Indian raids.

In the spring of 1868 my father, with a number of other ranchmen, went out on a round up, gathering and branding a large number of calves which they had failed to find during the fall round up. One day they gathered a bunch of these calves and put them in a corral on the Jim Walker ranch, located on Sandy Creek. They always had to camp out because there were no pastures for these round ups. The horses were hobbled at night. The next morning, on this occasion, my father told the men to continue with the branding of the calves, and he would go out and bring in the horses. Finding only a few of them, he returned to camp, then went back to locate the others. During his absence a man coming from another ranch observed a bunch of Indians and he hurried to the camp and gave the alarm, while the men in camp saddled their horses and went to the point where the Indians were last seen. They rode up on a high elevation, looking down into a canyon, where they discovered the Indians, and the Indians at the same time discovered the men. There being a large party of these Indians and only a few white men, a running fight took place as the men strated back to camp, the Indians shooting with bows and arrows, while the men used their guns and pistols. After the Indians had retreated search was made for my father and he was found about a mile and a half from the camp, lying in a branch, where he had been killed by the Indians. He had fought them single-handed for some time, and several pools of blood were found near the battle ground. The Indians were in the canyon preparing to carry off their wounded when the settlers came

upon them. After killing my father they did not disturb him except to take his gun, pistol, horse, saddle and bridle. The men went back to the camp, procured a wagon and brought father's body to the ranch the next day. The soldiers came and took the trail of the retreating Indians to the westward, and followed them for several days. The Indians attacked the Ledbetter salt works and then continued their flight westward until overtaken by the cattlemen out near the plains. They were still carrying their wounded, some three or four Indians and a negro. Seeing that they could not retreat further with their wounded they abandoned them in order to make their own escape, and the pursuing settlers coming upon them, killed the wounded themselves. Among these wounded was the Indian who slew my father. A careful examination being made of him, it was found that two of his fingers on the left hand, where he had held the bow, were injured by a bullet wound corresponding to the hole in the bow; the bullet passed on through the bow into the Indian's breast, ranging around his side and coming out at his back. This was conclusive evidence, after the finding of the bow and the blood stains thereon and comparing the wounds found upon the Indian, that he was the same one who slew my father. This bow was afterwards turned over to the government, and is now in the museum of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C.

The description of the death of my father on this Indian raid is almost identical in manner and form with hundreds of others who were killed in the early days while West Texas was being settled, and while the account may differ in some few respects, their method was always the same, their character of fighting was always the same, and what has been said of the death of my father would only be a repetition if I should describe the death of a number of other pioneers who were killed during Indian raids, and I am merely giving these facts to show the uncertainties under which the early pioneers lived, the great danger which they constantly faced, and

the trials through which they had to pass in order that they might build up the ground work of a greater civilization in this Western country.

My father was a pioneer trail driver, and participated in a number of the drives of cattle from the plains of West Texas to the Kansas markets.

WORKED FOR GEORGE W. SAUNDERS IN 1875.

L. T. Clark, Quannah, Texas

In 1869 I hired to Randolph Paine of Denton county to help drive 3,000 four and five year old steers to Abilene, Kansas. We left



L. T. Clark

Denton some itme in May and crossed the Red River above Gainsville, crssed the Washiita at Ft. Arbuckle. crossed the Canadian and Arkansas rivers and went on to the Smokey River. It was a good year and the steers fattened all the way. Paine bought these cattle at \$12 per head on time and sold them for \$30. He brought the money back to Denton county

in a wagon and paid for the steers. Although Mr. Paine was owner and boss of the herd he stood guard at night with the rest of us.

In 1870 I hired to Hopkins of Denton county to help drive 2500 big steers to Baxter Springs, Kansas. But Hopkins sold the steers before we reached there, and we came back to Texas.

In 1871 Randolph Paine drove 3200 steers to the end of the M. K. & T. railroad, where a town of tents and shipping pens had sprung up. On this trip we encountered many electrical storms and had several stampedes.

In 1872 Mr. Paine drove three herds to Denison, which was a short drive from Denton county.

Mr. Paine died in 1873 and Alec Belcher bought the Paine stock of cattle. I helped to gather and move them to Cook county.

In 1874 J. H. Paine, a nephew to Randolph Paine, and I bought 125 saddle horses and drove them to Brown county, where we traded them for 540 grown cattle which we drove to Denison and shipped them to Saint Louis.

In 1875 I decided to drift south where they worked cattle the year round. My first stop was south of Goliad, where I hired to George W. Saunders to help gather a herd of cattle he had sold to Dillard Fant of Goliad. When the cattle were counted out to Fant my job was finished. I then went to Atascosa county and hired to Jerry Ellis, who was taking three herds to Dodge City, Kansas. I went up with the last herd of 3100 head. Moore was boss, and he was a good trail man. When we reached Denton county I went to see my father. J. H. Paine was going to drive a herd of stock cattle to Young county to ranch them, and I made a trade with him to run those cattle four years for one-fourth of the entire herd, I to pay all expenses. At the end of the four years Mr. Paine sold the cattle to Ikard of Henrietta, Texas, for \$60,000, range delivery. Paine paid me \$15,000. I then bought an interest in J. W. Medlin's cattle, range delivery, ranching in Archer county, and in 1885 moved them to Greer county. Then in 1886 I bought an interest in S. F. Reynold's cattle, located in Greer county, and we claimed a range twenty miles wide and thirty miles long, but we did not own any of the land. In 1888 I gathered 1200 steers and drove them to the Cherokee Strip to pasture. After we crossed the Cimarron River I went on ahead of the herd to secure grazing, and when I reached the next stream it seemed to be bank full and about 400 yards wide, so I decided to swim it. I pulled off my clothes and tied them securely to my saddle and as I started to take the water a man and a

woman galloped down on the other side to see me cross. I surmised that I could stand the ordeal if she could, and in I went. The water was not so deep as it seemed to be, and did not swim my horse at all. As I approached the opposite bank where the man and woman were, they turned and galloped away. The woman was from Chicago and her father was one of the stockholders of the Rock Island railroad. They evidently did not like the cut of my "birthday" suit, for they did not remain to see me "come out" in it.

In 1890 the settlers moved inside of our range and Medlin and Reynolds thought it best to sell, as the nesters were going to take the country. We sold the cattle to Clark & Plumb of Fort Worth for \$9 per head, calves not counted. I drove the cattle to Archer county and turned over 9,030 to them, then sold them the remnant of 300 head on the range. Dayton Moses, now the attorney for the Cattle Raisers' Association, went with the first herd, and made an excellent hand.

In 1891 I engaged in buying yearlings for myself, holding them until they were three or four years old and shipping to market. I was ranching in the northwest corner of Greer county, and fattened my steers in the Kiowa country, which joined me on the north. I never had any trouble with the Indians. In 1898 a lot of Kansas farmers came into my pasture, so it was my move again. I drove my steers north of Woodard, Oklahoma, fattened them there and put them on the market, sold my claim in Greer county and moved back to Texas, and have been in the cow business ever since. I now own a ranch in Tom Green county, which is in charge of my son, who is twenty-four years old. We have about 2,000 cattle on the ranch.

I have been in partnership with J. H. Paine, J. W. Medlin, and S. F. Reynolds, all first class gentlemen, and all lived in Denton county. They have all passed away. No better men ever lived. I sold steers to E. H. East for four years. He never put up a forfeit, and we never counted a bunch twice. East lived at that time in Archer City, and owned a ranch in Archer county. He now lives at Kingsville.

WAS A FREIGHTER AND TRAIL DRIVER

J. M. Conley, Fentress, Texas.

My father was born in Tennessee, and he and my mother, whose maiden name was Miss N. G. More, were married in Alabama. They came to Texas in 1853 and located in Milam county, on Little River, where they remained until 1855, then moved to Guadalupe county, where they bought cattle and after a time took them to Caldwell county and located on the San Marcos River. Six children were born to my parents, three of whom are dead. Father bought some mares near the King ranch and drove them to Caldwell county, where he raised horses and mules. The year 1857 was very dry and we had to go to the Brazos River region to buy corn for bread. Cornbread, beef, sorghum molasses and coffee was the principal diet in those days, and it was a wholesome diet.

I was born in Alabama May 29, 1847, and have lived in Texas sixty-nine years. In 1858 Father, Warner Polk and Matthew Clark began to plan to get their stock back on the home range, as they were pretty badly scattered over the country. T. F. Clark, Frank Polk, W. B. Conley, my brother, and myself worked together until the Civil War broke out, when Father sent me with Joe Eustace, Fred Houston and Bobbie Dorn to Brownsville with a lot of cotton for Mr. Huff, who lived two miles below the present site of Luling. We brought back dry goods and groceries for him. In 1862 we went below Corpus Christi after salt, and used ox teams to freight with. My team was composed of six yoke of oxen that were pretty hard to manage. In 1865, in company with P. G. Holmes and T. F. Clark, I went to Mississippi with a drove of horses and mules which we had to sell on time, returning home in January, 1867, and the balance of that year I hauled cotton to San Antonio, freighting with mule teams.

In the spring of 1869 I went up the trail to Abilene, Kansas, with J. H. Smith, George Eustace, Will Harde-

man, S. M. Eeds and Cout Rountree in the outfit. We had 1500 cattle in the herd, 160 of which belonged to me, 175 belonged to George Eustace, and the remainder belonged to J. H. Smith, who bossed the herd. We went by Waco and Fort Worth, where we purchased supplies to carry us through to Abilene. It was cold and raining most of the time, and the creeks and rivers were all overflowed. When we came to the Smokey River, Jack Kyle pointing the herd, I was riding a little mule, and when I started in to swim the river, a man whom we did not know, who was riding a bob-tailed horse, said if my little mule could swim the river "old Bob" could swim it. His horse sank with him and the man was drowned. I threw a rope to him but he failed to catch it. His body was recovered three days later. From Abilene myself and S. M. Eeds shipped our horses and mules to Junction City where we bought wagons, loaded up and started back to Texas, reaching home in November.

In 1870, 1871 and 1872 I and my brother, W. B. Conley, freighted to Port Lavaca, and in 1873 we built a home for our parents where Fentress is now located. On November 19, 1874, I was married to Miss Amanda Eastwood, and the following year we moved to the place where my wife was born, two miles above Fentress, where we have lived all these years. We had three children, one of whom died five years ago. The other two, boys, live at Fentress. I served as county commissioner from 1909 until 1916.

SOLD CATTLE IN NATCHEZ FOR \$4.50 A HEAD

A. E. Scheske, Gonzales, Texas.

I came to Texas with my father and his family in 1855 when I was a small boy. We settled about two miles north of Gonzales, which at that time was a very small place, with just a few stores and a handful of people. The country was all open, mostly prairie, with an abundance of cattle, horses and hogs. And we used to go hog

hunting like people hunt deer today, and kill wagonloads of them, some of the finest you ever saw.

I believe the cattle business to be the greatest enterprise the world has ever seen, even greater than the manufacture of automobiles is today, considering the time and the conditions. In the early days the cattle business was not only the greatest thing to Texans and to the people of the South, but people from everywhere flocked to Kansas to see the vast herds that came from Texas, and the herds that were on the plains there, as well as the buffalo that were so numerous in the early seventies, and which men killed by thousands for their hides from which to make leather and robes. In 1876, when we passed Doan's Store on Red River, we were told that 400,000 cattle had passed there that year for the markets. Lots of them were left unsold and thousands of them froze there that winter. The herd I was with was among those which had to remain through the winter. I do not know of very many of the boys who went up with me that trip. John Henry Lewis, who lives a few miles north of Harwood, a fellow named Van Dyke of Marfa, and my brother, J. A. Scheske, of Terrell, are the only ones that I know of just now, except some negroes.

My experiences of the trail dates back to the early sixties, when I was a mere boy. The first trip I ever made was with a bunch of horses for the Confederates under Captain H. S. Parker. We drove to Harrisburg. I made three trips there with horses, two under Parker and one under Captain Kelley. The news of Lee's surrender reached us at Harrisburg, but Captain Kelley went on nevertheless. After the war we drove cattle there in small herds to be shipped. I remember one trip I made with Sam Moore. We had about 400 steers and it was in December, 1868, a very cold winter. Eugene Johnson and I were on herd the first part of the night, a high norther was blowing and it was so cold we couldn't keep our cattle from drifting, and we stayed with them all night. When the boys found us the next morning

we could not stand up, our feet and legs were so chilled.

In 1869 the first herd went to Kansas and one to Shreveport, La. Bill Greathouse was the first man to leave Gonzales county for Kansas with a herd of cattle. He lived about a mile west of the present town of Dilworth, on Peach Creek. They had about 1,000 head. Greathouse himself acted as boss. C. A. Mitchell and Lump Mooney were two that left here with him. In Kansas they all had the cholera and were nursed by the Indians. Mooney and Greathouse died there and Mitchel got well and came back to Gonzales. Andy Moore, who I was with, left Gonzales county for Shreveport, La., in 1869 under the N7 connected brand. We went to Natchez, where the cattle were sold for four dollars and fifty cents a head, steers and stock cattle mixed.

In 1870 I left Lavaca county for Sam Moore, who at that time lived at Moulton. A fellow named Burnett of Lavaca county owned an interest in the herd. They turned over to me a thousand head of cattle on the Lavaca Prairie under the figure 2 brand. Lee Goss, Will Thornton and John Walker (negro) were some of the boys with the herd. We made the trip to Abilene, Kans., in sixty-four days. When we crossed the Red River it was on a rise and we had to make a raft of willow logs. John Walker, and I put the cattle across. We had a fearful electrical storm that night and the other fellows got cut off from us and the negro and myself were left with the herd all night in the Territory. These cattle were sold to a man named True of Missouri, for whom I herded until fall. On this trip, in Kansas, after the cattle had been sold, we lost part of the horses and I went after them, and rode across the plains for three days trailing them by a drag chain. I came across Big Foot Wallace coming from Columbus on his way out to California, and he told me that our horses had taken up with another herd about five miles south of the Little Arkansas. He insisted on me staying all night with him and his crowd.

In 1871 I went up the trail for J. H. Paramore, who at that time lived at Gonzales. We had a thousand head of the 3P cattle which we also sold to Mr. True, and we crossed the cattle into Iowa where we turned them loose in the cornfields. Those farmers had made lots of corn that year, which was sold for ten cents per bushel where they could sell it. Corn was so plentiful the farmers were using it for fuel instead of wood. We crossed the cattle where Saint Louis is today. That place was then about the size of Gonzales today. An election was being held there and Mr. True tried to get the ferry to take our cattle, but the boatman would not do it, said he was too busy getting people across to vote, so we started them across ourselves and the ferryman ran his boat right into the middle of our herd and turned them so we had to clear the way in the usual manner Texans cleared the way in those days. We were in St. Louis when Chicago was burned.

In 1872 I started up with a herd of horses for myself, but decided to turn to Louisiana, and we got into the worst money panic the South has ever experienced, and we couldn't sell any of them. We almost starved for lack of food, and when we got down to our last fifty cents we bought a bushel of apples which we lived on for about three days, without anything else.

In 1873 I went up with 1800 head of cattle for Bob Houston and G. W. Littlefield with the Mallet herd. We reached Selina in fifty-five days. The late Ship Parks of the Cross ranch near Fort Stockton, was along, as was also the late D. B. Hodges, J. H. Lewis, a man named Robertson and my brother, J. A. Scheske. That year we passed everything on the road. We made one trip in fifty-four days. A man came to us in Kansas and said that he had heard of us all along the trail and tried to catch us but couldn't. After our herd had been delivered we were started to Fort Sill with 2200 beeves for the Indians. On our way we had lots of trouble with the Cheyenne tribe. We started with a guide, but he got off with some other herd and the Cheyennes got into our

cattle. We had several mix-ups with them, and when the old chief got them to milling around he laughed and seemed to be in the height of his glory. After awhile our guide came back to us and advised us to give them two calves and get them stopped, which we did. This guide's name was Porter, and he had a cork leg. I will never forget him, nor how glad I was to see him. He could speak seven Indian dialects.

In 1878 I went up the trail with the F-herd for G. W. Littlefield. These cattle were gathered near where Oak Forrest is today, and delivered to me on the Lockhart Prairie by W. P. Littlefield, now of New Mexico. We had about 2,000 head. Hess Parks, Jim Cochran, Marcus Dilworth and a fellow named Gay were among those who went with this herd. We delivered on the Platte River in Nebraska.

The last trip I made up the trail was in 1882, when I went for the late J. D. Houston of San Antonio, then of Gonzales, and John Rutledge of Yorktown, with the Figure 2 herd. We had 4500 head and we reached Dodge City, Kansas, in fifty-five days. When we reached the South Canadian it was up and all herds were blocked for seven or eight days. When I rode up the boys asked me if I was going to cross, **and after studying the matter over**, I decided that I had better cross, so we crossed our cattle and one other herd. We went up the river and the other herd went down it and that night we had another storm and our cattle **almost** got back into the river, in fact they got into flank water and I told the boys to take their slickers and stampede them. They ran to the Wichita Mountains where we stopped them without losing a steer. **The other herd** got all mixed up and drifted south that **night and we never saw them any more** for we went on without any further trouble.

DAYS THAT WERE FULL OF THRILLS.

Branch Isbell, Odessa, Texas.

My desire to become a cowboy had its inception on the old plantation in Sumter county, Alabama, when I was born November 5, 1851.

During the fall of 1863 a squad of Confederate soldiers was driving a herd of about 300 big Texas steers through our country and pastured them over night in my mother's fields from which the corn had been harvested. The next day when the herd was started to cross the Tom Bigbee River at Gainesville, four miles distant, I persuaded Mother to let me accompany the outfit that far on my pony. On the way the soldiers sang over and over a song which one of their number had composed. The song had many stanzas, but two of them so impressed my boyish fancy that I recall them still:

"Driving cattle's our promotion,
Which just exactly suits my notion,
And we perform with great devotion,
There's work enough for all.

"I'd like to be a Virginia picket,
But I'd rather be in the cattle thicket
Where the hooting owl and screeching cricket
Make noise enough for all."

That night when I returned to my home—a happy home indeed, in spite of the Civil War then raging—I told my dear, now sainted mother, that as soon as I reached manhood I intended to go to Texas and become a cow-puncher.

In 1870 Mr. Frank Byler, now gone to his reward, as good a friend as I or any man ever had, brought a drove of Texas ponies to our neighborhood. When he had disposed of them he invited me to accompany him home and assured me that I would get rid of malaria from which I suffered if I would remain in West or Southwest Texas.

That assurance added to my predilection for an out-door life, decided me to accept his invitation, and we landed at Corpus Christi January 16, 1871.

I remained at Mr. Byler's home at old Nuecestown two or three weeks, during which time I formed a deathless friendship for his wife, which grew stronger every year during the last ten years of her life. When I left them to seek my fortune among strangers, Mr. Byler loaned me a gentle steed, named Old Heart Seven, telling me that when I found employment I could turn the horse foot-loose anywhere within one hundred miles of home

and he would return to his remuda — the saddle bunch with which he ran. I headed for Banquette, but before I gone five miles the beast showed signs of laziness and seeing some mesquites a short distance, as I thought, from the road. I turned off to procure a switch (old-state substitute for quirt) with which to urge him on. I rode fully a mile and seemed no nearer the switches(?) than when I started, when I



Branch Isbell.

discovered that I was lost on the apparently boundless prairie. I dismounted and took the bridle from the horse that he might graze while I reflected what to do. After a few moments—being more than ever bewildered—in sheer desperation I engaged in a game of solitaire mumble-peg. After a little while I looked up and observed an object approaching me through the distant mirage that appeared like a very tall old woman in a long black robe. Then and there, believe me, I saw visions of witchcraft and witches galore. However, on arrival it proved to be a lone horse-hunter in the person of John Burks, long since deceased, of Banquette, the Mecca which I sought. After self-introductions and mu-

tual explanations, he invited me to go home with him. That invitation was accepted with less hesitation and more alacrity than any I can recall either before or since that time. John was living with his brother, William Burks, relict of Mrs. Amanda Burks, now of Cotulla, and one of the few lady members of our organization. Mr. Burks engaged me to make a trail trip to Kansas, and Mrs. Burks, in a buggy, made one of our outfit. That trip was an experience I can never forget. Being a "tenderfoot," I was started in at the rear end of the herd and Mrs. Burks took me under her protecting wing. I verily believe that her business success since her widowhood began, has been given her as a reward for her unfailing kindness to myself and others. I met her at the Cattle Convention in San Antonio in March, 1915, for the first time since the early seventies of the last century, and could have picked her from a thousand. My prayer for her is that her shadow may never grow less, and may she "live to eat the hen that scratches above her grave." Returning to the incidents of that trip I will state that the herd we drove was half and half grown cows and steers, and that season it was customary to kill the young calves found on the bed-ground. I had a pistol and it was my duty to murder the innocents each morning while their pitiful mothers were ruthlessly driven on. It looked hard, but circumstances demanded the sacrifice, and being the executioner so disgusted me with six-shooters that I have never owned—much less used—one from that time to this. It is likely, too, that not being a gun-man during the following five or six years kept me from becoming involved in several shooting tragedies that I saw enacted. Unpreparedness has kept me peacefully inclined. My bedding on the trip consisted of a saddle blanket, a black rubber coat and an old fashioned man's shawl. Luxury played no part in our surroundings then.

June, I think it was, we passed by the then infant towns of Wichita and Newton and gained the vicinity of Abilene, Kansas. Then I decided I wanted to return to Texas, over the trail we had gone by. Mr. Burks paid

me an extra month's wages and furnished me a saddle horse and pack animal and bade me godspeed on my journey. I got back to Newton on the morning after the famous night gunfight among cowmen, officers and gamblers, in which seven or eight men were killed. That tragedy clinched my aversion to habitual pistol toting. At Newton I met a Mr. Duke who had charge of a big herd of steers for the John Rabb outfit. He persuaded me to return the horses to Mr. Burks and take employment with him. He sent me to his camp on Cowskin Creek where Sam Glenn was in charge. From Sam I got my first real lesson in grazing and watering a herd of big steers, an art which is now almost lost, but in which I became an expert. I remained with Duke until December, when three Mexicans he had become dissatisfied with the weather, and he induced me with little difficulty to pilot them back to Corpus Christi by rail and water. To those Mexicans that experience was a revelation, and what they saw convinced them that Mexico might require more than they thought it would in whipping Uncle Sam. Thus ended my first trail trip.

In 1872 I hired to Scott & Byler to work on the range for the most stipend of \$20 per month by the year, work or play. I had the privilege of trading horses, and at the end of a year I had \$150 in cash and five good ponies—more clear profit than I ever afterwards saved at wages varying from \$50 to \$125 per month. Jim Miller of Banquette, Nueces county, was boss over myself and from twelve to fourteen Mexicans, and our range was from the Nueces to the Rio Grande Rivers. Miller was paid \$700 a year and the Mexicans \$10 or \$12 per month when at work. Those receiving \$12 were called "henetes" and were supposed to ride any horse they might be given. We worked eight months out of the twelve, during which time we gathered many steers, skinned 4,000 dead cattle—1872 being the year of the "die-up"—and branded several thousand calves, among them a big per cent of "dogies," defined by an old Texas cowman to a garrulous and inquisitive lady from up North as "unfortunate

calves whos mothers were dead and whose fathers had eloped with other cows." Selah!

During the year we had some comic and some tragic experiences. One of the comic episodes, in which I played the "goat," I recall as follows: One Saturday night, when we were camped near Banquette, Miller asked if I would like to go with him to a dance at a home near San Patricio, about twelve miles away. We went, and there I was handed the sourest lemon I had ever tasted. During the evening I approached a young miss of "sweet sixteen," Lizzie Hinnant, whom I had met a few times before, and asked her for a dance. Without even the stereotyped excuse of a previous engagement she answered simply and curtly "No." Feeling somewhat melted I thought I would embarrass her in turn, so I thanked her and told her that since there remained in the sea as good fish as had ever been caught, I'd cast my line in another place. Instead of "wilting," as I thought she would, she came back with this: "Certainly there are, but unfortunately for you they have quit biting at toads." I retired to the "shade of an old apple tree" and butted my head against it in sheer desperation. Since then I have known that the "Yellow Rose of Texas" grows on a thorny bush. After dancing until almost daylight we returned to camp about sun-up Sunday morning. I being somewhat weary, had laid the fealtering unction to my soul that Miller certainly would observe that beautiful and blessed spring Sabbath, and he did—but in a manner altogether unexpected to me. He awakened the sleeping Aztecs, and after a little coffee, he led us all forth to labor. That day we gathered and branded more than 300 calves. We branded for everybody then exchanging tallies, later with other outfits working in different parts of our extensive range—and when nightfall came again I was completely petered out. I uttered no word of protest, but when, on another similar occasion Jim asked me if I deserved to go dancing, like Poe's immortal Raven, I answered "Nevermore!" Miller was a great fellow in many ways. I once heard his

father try to persuade him to forsake cattle work and take up farming. He listened patiently to the old man's arguments and when he had finished his laconic answer was: "Father I didn't make this world, nor shall I undertake to tear it up." He enjoyed riding and dancing better than anyone I ever knew, and over-indulgence in the two exercises caused an abscess to form on his liver which called him hence in 1876.

"So struck the eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Views his own feather upon the fatal dart
That winged the shaft that quivered to his heart."

Too oft, alas, the capable die young.

In 1873 Mr. Byler sold me 104 head of big steers, not even requiring a note as security, which I threw in a herd driven by J. P. Cox and A. B. (Arch) Lockhart. They allowed me wages and made me no charge against my cattle. Not one of mine was lost on the way, and in September I sold them to J. B. Hunter & Company for \$20 per head. They paid me \$580 and were to pay \$1500 in a few days. Before the time expired the memorable "Black Friday" fell on Wall Street and Hunter & Company's failure lost me my \$1500. I returned to Texas owing Mr. Byler the original cost of the steers, \$1248. I worked for him and others, paying a little at a time on my debt, until it was finally paid in full. That circumstance gave me a credit that is good to this day, and which I have been careful never again to strain.

In 1884 and 1885 I worked with Dave Mangum who drove for Scott & Byler on the profit-sharing plan. I remember that Jack Mangum, Wiley Thorton, Jim Buckley and myself were the only white punchers on one or both these trips, the rest being Mexicans. Nothing out of the ordinary—barring two or three stampedes—occurred on either drive.

In 1876 I had full charge of a herd for Mr. R. R. Savage who still resides at Corpus Christi, and is yet my friend.

On that journey we had a big stampede one stormy night near Monument Rocks, in Oklahoma, then Indian Territory, about forty miles north of Red River Station. The next evening we found the lead cattle standing on a bluff and looking south across Red River. When we rounded up and counted we were thirty head short. Leaving all the hands except one old Mexican to hold the herd, I took him, and both of us being unarmed, and started out to hunt those thirty steers. We found where they had been penned on Beaver Creek the night before and one of them killed for beef the hide being left on the fence. We followed them across the big herd trail to Mud Creek, where we found them in another pen. I saw that, besides our twenty nine steers there were twelve other steers in one road brand, and ten cows in another. I first forged a power of attorney to handle the twelve steers, before I asked a woman, who was sweeping a log cabin near by, who claimed the cattle. She said her husband and some other men were gathering stampeded cattle and holding them for the trail men. I told her that I claimed about half there were in the pen, and that I intended to start them towards the trail and would settle with the men if I saw them. She warned me that I would best wait until they returned or there might be trouble.

We did not heed her, however, and started driving the bunch towards the trail. Before we had gone half a mile about ten heavily armed men, very tough looking customers, suddenly emerged from the brush and rounded us up. To borrow his favorite salutation from Ex-Senator Bailey when he speaks, I thought "My fellow countrymen" my time had come. But, by being unarmed and looking innocent—while feeling scared—we got them down to a parley. After about thirty minutes of bluff on their part and diplomatic language on mine they decided they would accept the ten cows in payment of their philanthropic (?) labor. They cut the cows from the steers, and pointing towards the trail, said, "Now you git" and we "got". From 10 A. M. until nightfall we

drove those steers about thirty miles and landed them safely among their lowing fellows. Without further adventure we reached the head of Thompson's Creek, a tributary of the Medicine River about thirty or forty miles Southeast of Dodge City, Kansas, where we grazed the herd until some time in July, when it was sold at a good profit. We returned to Texas by rail and the Kansas pasture lands have not known me since.

I could fill a volume with yarns about the clash of wits between settlers and drovers, but let just one, in which I was compelled to play the part of Ananias, suffice.

In 1874 the country north of Great Bend, Kansas, was being settled by farmers from more Eastern States, who when they had secured a land claim, would plow a furrow around it and the Kansas law declared such furrow to be a fence and woe to the drover whose stock dared cross it. Unreasonable damages were invariable claimed and usually collected either by law or reprisals of some kind. Animosity was thus engendered between the herdsmen and husbandmen. Late in October I was hunting a bunch of steers that had escaped my herd, when, late one afternoon I realized that both myself and my horse, being tired and hungry, had to find a refuge or suffer greatly from cold. I discovered a settler's shack in the distance and decided if possible to buy or beg a night's entertainment. So disguising myself and my mount to appear as much as might be like a "hayseed," I approached the place with many misgivings. The proprietors proved to be a young married couple from Southeast Illinois. After some parleying they asked where I came from to Kansas, and on what mission I was bent. I told them that I was from the northwest corner of the same good old commonwealth from which they came; that I also had a claim about thirty miles from them and that I was following some Texas cattle that had run through my corn and destroyed several rows of it. At this (mis)information they bade me welcome and my steed, "Old Bowlegs," and I fared sumptuously that night! Until late bed-time I entertained them as best I could by exchanging my ficti-

tious yarns for their true stories of "our childhoods' happy days down on the farm" in dear old Illinois. Before I left them the next morning repentance came to me like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, and I made known my identity. They admitted that if I had spoken truly the night before I would have been turned away. I invited them to visit my camp and share my frugal fare as long as they could relish it. Under protest from them I threw them \$2 and galloped away to find my cattle in a herd a few miles distant. That couple (I hope they ride in their auto now), like many of their kind, were good people at heart, but they and we drovers misunderstood each other badly, each side in selfishness failing to grasp the others' view point. I surely hope the time has mellowed their feelings towards us, and my fellow old-timers dispositions towards them, as much as it has my own.

In 1877 I drove a herd of heifers from Nueces county to the head of Pecan Bayou in Callahan county for Mr. Byler, where I threw them in with a herd of stock cattle which G. W. Waddell had carried to that locality the year before. Together, Waddell being the boss, we moved the whole lot to Mitchell county and in July established the first ranch there at Pecan Grove on Champliers—now called Champion Creek—about nine miles southeast of where the town of Colorado was laid out after the Texas & Pacific railroad reached there early in 1881. However, A. W. Dunn had built a store there in the fall of 1880 and enjoyed a big ranch trade. The four years on that ranch, before the coming of the railway, were as happy as any bunch of punchers ever knew. The creek was alive with fine fish, and game of all kinds, from cottontail rabbits to mammoth buffaloes abounded. I killed one of the latter near where the Baptist church in Colorado City now stands. I could write indefinitely about occurrences while on that ranch, but shall relate just one, which always seemed funny to others, though in those days it grew irksome, to say the least, to me, the joke being on "yours truly," with a big Y and T. Once

when I was returning from a trip to Belle Plain, a hundred miles away, where we sent almost monthly for our mail, I was harbored for a night by a gentleman named Altman who had a few cattle, and as bright and handsome a daughter as one might encounter in any country. Their house was a one-room shack, but no palace ever covered two warmer hearts. They gave me a hearty welcome and entertained me royally in every way. When it came time to retire for the night, a wagon sheet was stretched across the room behind which I was assigned to a pallet on which a real feather bed had been placed. Before my departure next morning, Miss Emma (I hope she is alive and happy yet, and that God has ever blessed her), inquired if I had enjoyed my bed. Thinking to give her a cute reply, I answered that my rest had been unbroken except for one brief interval during which my "goosehair" surroundings had caused me to dream that I was a goose. Like a flash her retort came: "The truth will prevail even in a dream." Once again the protecting thorn of a Texas rose had gaffed me to the quick, and my ill-timed and would-be wit received its just rebuke. "O Tempora, O Mores," how you both have changed! That was in 1878, and I rejoice that I am so constituted that I can chuckle yet when memory recalls that ridiculous episode from forty-four retrospective years.

In 1881, after the town had come to us, Mr. Byler sold his ranch, lock, stock and barrel and we woke with a start, to find ourselves in a new day, with all our former lives cut off from us and become as a dream." From the day the town was christened up to 1884 Colorado, Texas was the liveliest village I have ever known. Cattle and sheep more than doubled in value, and money flowed in streams. It was a Mecca for gamblers and their associates. Three combination dancehalls and variety shows flourished side by side for eighteen months, and the largest cattle and sheep deals were consummated in the gilded back rooms of the most prominent saloons. There were three such, besides several lesser lights whose average daily sales, Sundays included, must have exceeded

\$100 for at least two years. During 1884 the tide began to ebb, and within two or three years, it seemed to me Colorado was as staid a community as Puritanic heart might wish to see. Why in 1887 when the State at large voted anti by a majority of more than 92,000 the Prohibitionists of Mitchell county, led us antis by thirty votes. Then it was that sadly the roisterers exclaimed, "How have the mighty fallen."

When the boom was over I found myself bankrupt, but free from debt. I read law long enough to procure a license, and, in 1888 was elected county attorney of Scurry county and located at Snyder. I served two terms as attorney and one as county judge, during such service, when I was in my fortieth year, I married Mrs. S. M. Gourley. She was a teacher, a childless widow, having lost one little girl. She was ten years my junior, and a daughter of Rev. J. S. Abbott, a Baptist minister, well known in Gonzales and adjoining counties for many years. She blessed my life more than seven years, and died at her sister's home near Lockhart in May 1898, where she "sleeps 'neath the old arbor trees" of that town's beautiful and, to me at least, most sacred cemetery. She was the only woman I ever met whom I felt inclined to wed, and since she was called away her memory has been my bride. I visit her relatives in South Texas from time to time and they treat me as a brother yet. Some natures blame the Almighty for their bereavements, but, sinner as I am, I believe He who marks the sparrow's fall doeth all things well, and, with Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I can believing exclaim:

"I know there is no error in the great Eternal plan,
And that all things work together for the final good
of man;
And I know as my soul speeds onward, in its grand
eternal flight,
I shall cry as I look earthward—whatever is, is right."

In the summer of 1898 I came to Odessa, Ector coun-

ty, Texas, my present home, where I have been engaged in merchandising in a small way ever since. I have never "hustled" much or been "up-to-date"—I abhor both expressions—but, by close economy and a few lucky deals in local real estate, I have accumulated a sufficiency for my frugal wants, but not enough to worry over. If work kills half the people and worry the other half, my chance should be good to survive indefinitely—for I've quit them both.

For the last seven years I have been a regular attendant on the annual conventions of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, where I go for the sole purpose of meeting my associates of "days lang syne." At these meetings I have met many of their sons whom I have found to be worthy scions from the parent stock. As in all flocks there may be a few "black sheep" in each generation, but, taken as a whole, they will bear favorable comparison, in physique and native intelligence, with any earthly body of men. They may be boisterous and uncouth in some respects, yet, at heart they are "diamonds in the rough", while for charity, manhood and chivalry they stand erect—the peers of any ancient bearer of shield and lance "when knighthood was in the flower."

The saddest feature of each recurring convention is the fact that we miss some faces that were with us the year before. Old Father Time has laid his hand upon them, let us hope "not smitingly, but gently, as the harper lays his hand upon his harp to deaden its vibrations." Let us also hope and believe that when the last of the original founders of the Old Trail Drivers Association shall have laid his burden down, their sons will perpetuate the organization, and, as each succeeding generation shall struggle, one by one, across life's great divide, the spirits of those who have gone before may meet and greet and welcome them to the fresh and verdant grazing grounds beyond, to dwell forever there "where the wicked cease troubling and the weary are at rest." Adios Amigos Viejos. Let's each of us maintain a stiff upper lip and a heart for every fate as we drift adown

life's stream saying to each other as the 'cheerful cherub' of the Dallas News remarked while pointing a fat, rosy finger at his disconsolate pup:

Don't whine now because we've no money;
It's really a good thing, I think—
The longer you wait when you're thirsty
The better it tastes when you drink.

Explanation: The foregoing manuscript was prepared and sent to the secretary as my contribution to a volume "The Trail Drivers of Texas" brought out one or two years ago. After its receipt by the Secretary all records were burned accidentally and through a misunderstanding a copy was never sent in. Hence it was not included in the book.

Since it was written many changes have been wrought in my life. Chief among them was my second marriage in April, 1920, to Mrs. Nettie S. Nicks, widow of Dr. J. M. Nicks, who practiced several years at Ranger, Texas, and died in that city in February, 1916.

I was a childless widower in my sixty-ninth year and my wife, a childless widow, is several years younger. I was then and am now in robust health, neither bald or gray, and wife is very active, with but few gray hairs, but her health has to be zealously guarded—so far I have made it my special business to be its guardian, and I expect to do so to the end.

We both feel that we are making each other's declining years more pleasant than they would have been had we never met.

The best wish I can make for the friends of my cowboy days is that each survivor among them may face the future as calmly and fearlessly as I do as life's evening's shadows appear.

Odessa, Texas, August 25th, 1921

SOME TRIPS UP THE TRAIL

James Marion Garner, Texarkana, Arkansas.

Among the army of veteran cowboys of the Texas plains yet living to recall events and environments of the early

days is James Marion Garner, of Texarkana, Arkansas, the author of this sketch. Mr. Garner, though fairly advanced in years, continues in the cattle business and is a familiar figure as he rides a sturdy horse over the streets of the Gateway City from Arkansas into Texas. He bears the rugged appearance of one inured to the elements and heroic living, and one can well imagine him in his



James Marion Garner.

early days as a free rover of the plains. Mr. Garner writes:

I first saw the light of day in Jackson Parish, Louisiana, but when I was two years of age my father moved his family to Texas to a point near the present town of Cuero. We lived there, and my father assisted in laying the town off. In 1869 he moved to San Patricio county,

where we were principally reared, and early in my manhood I was honored one term with the office of county sheriff. Messrs. D. C., E. R. and A. P. Rachel were our neighbors, and real cattlemen they were. I worked for them more than a year.

In the spring of 1872 when I was eighteen years of age, I went with Dillard Fant's cattle to Wichita, Kansas. My boss was Bud Hodges. We branded out near Goliad and started with about 2,000 steers and reached our destination with about that number, having picked up as many crippled trail cattle as we lost. We experienced no bad luck until we crossed the Red River but when near the Monument Stones in Indian Territory, in a difficulty one of our crowd shot and killed one man of our outfit.

We killed and ate plenty of buffalo and antelope, mixed with, and fed lots of red men, but had no trouble with them.

The next spring, in 1873, with a letter of recommendation from Bud Hodges I got to be boss of a herd of 2,000 cattle for Mr. John Wade, of Nueces county. Nearly all of my hands appeared to like me, and they reached their journey's end with me and the cattle, and with very small loss of the latter.

I did have a little trouble with the Marlow boys, on Wild Horse Creek, in the Indian Territory. These fellows were a lot of bandits and stampeded our cattle and ran twenty head of them off. We followed them twenty miles and got our cattle back.

Another time, about seven years later, I drove up 440 head of my own horses and mares. Had a fine set of boys and the trip was a good one, there being only two little incidents out of the ordinary. Eight to ten Indians frequently would come up just about time for dinner, and I would always have our cook, a white boy, to prepare lots of food and we would fill the Indians up. Then the Indians would always want to shoot our guns. The cook became angry one day at this habit, and he filled his old Enfield rifle half full of powder and a tight wad.

About this time he saw nine Indians riding up. He placed the gun against the wagon and said he would bet one Indian would not eat much dinner that day. The Indians came riding up, dismounted, and proceeded to wait for dinner. One of them set up a can, took up the overloaded Enfield, squatted down and fired at the can. I think that gun flew about twenty feet in one direction and the Indian an equal distance in the opposite direction. Then there was a profound silence. The Indians got on their ponies and rode off, one behind the other, thinking no doubt, the accident was the work of a ghost.

We did not herd our horses at night. Just scattered them out north of us and let them go, so one morning about daylight we had just saddled our mounts and saw our dove grazing peacefully when all at once we heard the stampede. We hastily got on our mounts and ran toward them, only to see a large, wild bay horse among them. There was a pair of red blankets tied across his back and hanging nearly to the ground on either side. Stampeded buffalo could not run at all in comparison with our drove of horses. I rode into the moving mass of equines and soon cut out the wild horse and when near the edge of the drove shot and killed him. The animal fell into a creek full of high bullrushes. It then required until 10 o'clock that morning to get our drove of horses together, and when we counted them we found we were two horses short.

It was in 1883 that I dropped \$40,000 in the Dimmit County Pasture Company, between Cotulla and the Rio Grande, and after I realized I was broke I came to Texarkana and settled, and have handled stock here on a small scale ever since. For the past ten years I have conducted a wholesale butcher business under the name of the Texarkana Dressed Beef Company. I married Miss Anna Rogers in Corpus Christi. My wife was the daughter of Col. C. M. Rogers, and her stepmother, before marrying Mr. Rogers, was the Widow Rabb, and was one time called the cattle queen of Texas. We have raised

five boys and three girls, the latter being married and living in Texarkana. We have one son married and living here, one in Atlanta, Texas; one unmarried, living in New Mexico; and have two younger sons living at home with us.

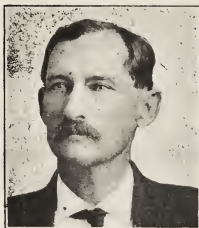
I must say that the trail drives appear now more like a dream to me than a reality. Every man should possess at least one good quality, so if there is one creditable man who can say he ever heard me swear an oath I will send a check for \$50.

There are two more trails that lead to new countries, and I think our parents have blazed out and traveled the straightest trail. I hope we will all travel that trail and meet again to talk about the buffaloes and hostile Indians with whom we did not come in contact on our journey.

THRILLING EXPERIENCES

Levi J. Harkey, Sinton, Texas.

I was born April 6th, 1860, at Richland Springs, San Saba county, Texas. My parents came from Yell county,



Levi J. Harkey

Arkansas, (Now laugh you darn fools) in the year of 1853, and first stopped on Wallace Creek, about ten miles southwest of the town of San Saba. In 1856 they moved to Richland Springs, fifteen miles west of San Saba and there settled permanently. My parents died in 1866, their deaths being about three weeks apart,, leaving thirteen children, eight boys and five girls, the eldest being only eighteen years

old, to fight it out with Comanche Indians, and believe me

we had a time, I have seen as many as seventy-five Indians in a bunch, and have been chased by them several times, but was too fleet on foot for them. You may talk about the Indian troubles experienced while going up the trail, but it was nothing to compare with the dangers we had to contend with. They came into our immediate section every light moon and on one occasion they came down upon us seventy-five in number, all giving the Comanche yell. Five of us little brats were about two hundred yards from the house fishing. My sister Sarah, thought it was cowboys, and she ran up a live oak tree to watch them, while we ran to the house. When I reached the house, the other children were inside and closed the door, and I never got inside until after the danger was over. My two oldest brothers were in the field plowing at the time and when they came and got the old flint lock rifles the Indians fled. The Indians passed under the tree where my sister was but never discovered her. Another sister, Julia, now Mrs. C. T. Harmon, hid in the cornfield. That Indian raid caused all the people on Richland Creek to fort up near the town of San Saba. The Indians and the United States soldiers stayed around there until the following spring, and left with all the cattle and horses in that section. A short time after the Indians left, the soldiers left, but not until they had destroyed all the log cabins in the neighborhood.

In 1876 I left Richland Springs with C. T. Harmon and wife, and landed at the Rocky Ammons Ranch, on the Atascosa River, eighteen miles west of the old town of Oakville, on October 21st, 1876. Ammons and Bill Harmon were partners in the cattle business at that time.

In 1877 I left the Ammons Ranch with a herd of 2,000 mixed cattle, cows and steers, belonging to C. C. Lewis and Nick Bluntzer, for Dodge City, Arkansas, Bill Harmon as road boss. I returned to the Ammons Ranch the same year and did general ranch work for Mr. Ammon until 1883. From 1883 till 1890 I speculated in Spanish horses in and out of San Antonio.

Many times have I ridden with our genial president,

Geo. W. Saunders, who in those days was a live wire.

In 1891 the horse business took a tumble downward, and I went to Beeville, Texas, and ran a wet goods shop until 1906, when I sold that business, and went into a dry goods business. While retailing wet goods, I accumulated about \$100,000.00 worth of property, but while I was in the dry goods business I signed notes at the various banks for a friend who speculated in cattle, and he broke me flatter than a pan cake.

In 1911 I sold my business and moved to the Panhandle, to a place called Dickens, Texas. While up there I sold my land in Live Oak county and all of my Beeville property, and paid everything I owed. In 1912 I moved from Dickens to San Patricio county, and went to work in the Tax Assessor's office for Chris Rachal, who was assessor at that time. In 1916 I was elected Tax Assessor for San Patricio county, and am still holding it down, and hope I will be able to hold it down a few years longer.

November 27th 1921, I took C. T. Harmon to San Antonio in my old reliable Ford, to attend the Old Time Trail Drivers Convention with no intention whatever to attend myself, but Charlie persuaded me to go over to the hall with him, and I met so many of the old timers it made me feel good, so I walked right up and joined and paid my dues, received a badge, and was as happy as a lark, and am very proud I belong to the Association. I shall always take off my hat to the old timers of Texas. Too many people never give them credit for anything, much less for blazing the way for the development of the greatest state in the Union, Texas; May God bless them is my prayer.

NOTED QUANTRELL WAS WITH HERD ON TRAIL

Dr. J. W. Hargus, of Dimmitt County.

I was born in Wahington county, Mo. My parents were T. J. and M. A. Hargus.

In 1854 we moved to Texas and settled in Caldwell

county, near Lockhart, when I was just a small boy. Then my father went into the cow business. He died in 1858 and was buried near Lockhart, Texas.

My mother married Rev. W. H. Farmer in 1860, who was the grandfather of "Farmer" Jennings, the present secretary of the Old Time Trail Drivers Association.

In 1860 we moved to the present site of Martindale. Here my step-father traded his holdings for beef cattle and we started up the trail in March, 1866. We traveled the lower trail, passing through Austin, Waco, Dallas and Sherman and crossed at Talbot's Ferry, which I believe, is the present site of Denison.

Our cart drivers consisted of myself, two step-brothers R. C. and M. K. Farmer, and a nephew, Cyrus Robinson. The hired hands were Neal Barefield, Dave Hall and Watkins, also a Confederate soldier C. C. Gibbs and a man who called himself Porter. When we reached Waco, we camped on a little creek, at which time we had a fight with a negro band in which my step-father was badly cut. After this nothing of particular importance happened until we crossed the Red River; it was very much swollen on account of recent rains. The herd ahead of us belonged to Millett, Lane and Colonel Meyers. Their cattle would not take to the water under any circumstances, but when we came up with our cattle they crossed the river as if it were a little brook. The cattle of Millett and Lane were placed right at the heels of our herd, as well as Colonel Meyer's., then they passtd over without any trouble. Since the negroe would not ferry the people across, we were left stranded on the banks of the Red River. Several of us cow boys tried to swim across, the stream being about three hundred yards wide, with very high waves, but none were successful except R. C. Farmer and myself and I only upon second trial, as my first horse drowned and I was forced to another. We two had our hands full, as we had to sing to about six thousand head of cattle in order to keep them together. It was midnight before any of the others could cross over. This was a pretty cold job, as it was in the early part of

April and was rather cool, and we had on only our shirts. After spending two or three days there we had no trouble until we reached the Kansas and Missouri line, where we found Mr. Daugherty tied to tree after being whipped by some people of Kansas and Missouri. They claimed our cattle would give their cattle the Texas fever, this was the first time we had ever heard of this. My stepfather was well acquainted in Newton and Jasper counties, Mo., where he had lived several years and obtained permission to enter Missouri, providing he would pay for all cattle that died within ten miles of his camp. We located in Jasper county, Mo., the present site of Joplin, Mo., where we herded cattle all summer. When we reached the Missouri line, Porter left us, claiming that he had to go back to Kentucky. He afterwards proved to be Quantrell, the noted guerilla.

I wish to say that W. H. Farmer, our worthy secretary's grandfather, drove cattle across the plains in the early fifties, long before this, so you see that our secretary is more than worthy to be an old trailer's son.

I returned to Texas in 1876 and since that time have been water bound by the Nueces river and the Rio Grande. I am at present residing in the county of Dimmitt. This is God's country.

LOST MANY THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

C. S. Brodbent, 110 East Craig Place, San Antonio, Tex.

In the early days of the trail drivers I lived in Summer county, Kansas. Caldwell, in that county, was one of the chief herd rendezvous after running the gauntlet of the Indian Territory. From Caldwell the trail led north through Summer county to Wichita, Newton and Abilene, Kansas. There was no Wellington or Newton at the beginning and Wichita was but a frontier hamlet.

We bought trail cattle and drove them to our farms and made good money, as we put up large quantities of hay and raised some corn. As winter came on, the trail

cattle on the open range starved and froze by the thousands, and many owners met disastrous losses. The prevalent idea that the trail days were halcyon days of easy money making is erroneous. Many a man in comfortable circumstances in Texas became impoverished, and many a Kansas farmer who thought he was getting cattle dirt cheap from the trail, found himself a loser before spring by not having prepared enough feed.

Living so near the trail I was near the center of this great industry and became acquainted with Texas cattle owners and cowboys and, I suppose, became somewhat fascinated with the life, and in 1875 I located in the Rio Grande valley, in the Nueces and Devil's river country and about the last year of the Overland Drive, put up two herds and drove from Val Verde county to Indian Territory. Our cattle were dying from drouth and the drive was our only recourse. The venture was not a success. There was almost no demand in the Territory and the constant expense and Indian tax made sad inroads. I got out of this mess with a loss of over \$10,000; not all, however was legitimate loss, for I heard of my brands being sold on the Kansas market, for which I never received any pay.

There was some dishonesty in this trail driving. A trail boss who did not reach his destination with an equal or greater number than he started with was considered incompetent. Hence ranchers along the trail made bitter complaints of moving herders 'incorporating' their stock. On the other hand many of the cattle lost from the herds were picked up by these ranchers, which partially recouped their losses thereby. We had no Cattle Raisers' Association as we have now, and the business of the cattle trail was, in its nature, not such as encouraged a high standard of honesty, though many of the drivers and owners were of the strictest and loftiest moral character.

It is perhaps a surprising feature of the cattle drive that the owners of many herds that illegitimately increased the most on what they made a piratical journey

north, went broke, and some of the most noted "cattle kings" became herdsmen or dropped into oblivion. A considerable number of Texas home ranchers got pay for the cattle they had sold to drivers. In some cases losses were unavoidable—in other cases dishonesty.

The most fortunate ranchers in the increase of herds in those open range days, were, I think, those bordering on the gulf coast. Cattle drifting from the north before winter storms, could drift no further, and I have often been told that some of the greatest fortunes there were based on drift cattle. The Texas fence law and rail roads obliterated the Texas cattle trail, and in its passing there should be no cause for regret. The old time cowboy had heroic attributes, was generous, brave and ever ready to alleviate personal suffering, share his last crust, his blanket and often more important, his canteen. He spent his wages freely and not always wisely, and many became an easy prey to gambling and other low resorts. Some among them became leading men in law, art and science—even in theology, proving again that it is not in the vocation but in the man, that causes him to blossom and bring a fruitage of goodness, honor and godly living.

This screed is not much a story of the trail, but you will have enough recitals of hairbreadth escapes from Indians, floods, lightning and accidents enough of suffering from cold, heat, hunger, thirst and dust, and this variety may be one of the spices of your book. You will also hear many amusing incidents for fun and frolic formed a part of the cowboys' life—many pathetic stories, too, for sickness and death followed the trail. But I had seen such before trail days when wearing a soldier's uniform, and I do not care to dwell thereon. Paraphrasing a favorite stanza:—

Cowboy rest, thy labor o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of cattle drives no more,
Days of toil and nights of waking.

WERE HAPPIER IN GOOD OLD DAYS.

Oscar Thompson, Hebronville, Texas.

My father would never consent for me to go up the trail, but I helped put up several herds. Helped Charlie and Jim Boyce put up two herds of horses. Jim Gibson had charge of one of the herds. I helped Jack Walton put up a herd near the old Consado Ranch on the Chiltipin, and helped J. I. Clare put up a herd at the old Mulas Hills pen for Capt. John T. Lytle. Later I worked for J. M. Chillin for nearly three years, and handled more than 40,000 cattle. Was moving cattle all the time. Never could find a pen large enough to hold our herd, so always had to herd out. I became thoroughly familiar with trail work and was foreman and boss of a cow crowd, mostly Mexicans, for fifteen years, most of the time in camp, and seldom in a house. We worked in those days. Now we go out in our "Tin Lizzie," meet the round-up, get out of the car and onto a good horse, cut cattle for a couple of hours, then get back into the car, have someone lead the horse back to the ranch, then spin for the ranch, take a bath and wait for the boys to come in with the herd. When they arrive I stand in the shade and watch them brand the calves or dip the cattle, as the case may be. But we were happier in those good old days than we are now.

THE LATCH STRING IS ON THE OUTSIDE.

R. T. Mollard, Eddy County, New Mexico.

I was born in Mississippi in Lawrence county, July 10th, 1849. My father and mother were slave holders and wanted to enlarge their holdings, so my father, in 1855, visited Texas, and was so impressed with the vast possibilities that he sold his farm on Pearl River, loaded his family and slaves in buggies and wagons and started to Texas. He arrived in Walker county in the latter part of 1856, and bought 880 acres of rich bottom land on

the Trinity River and immediately began to improve the same, until December 1860, when he was assassinated. My mother's brother in Mississippi heard of the tragedy and came to Texas in March, 1861, and persuaded my mother to let me go back to Mississippi with him. We took the little steamboat, "Mary Leonard," went down the Trinity River to Galveston, thence by steamer to New Orleans, La., and went up to his plantation on Pearl River. In April 1861, when war broke out he put me in school in Brook and immediately went to Virginia where he was engaged in some of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War, and I never saw him until the latter part of 1865, and I only heard from my mother once during the entire war. I remained with Mr. and Mrs. Larkin, who were both father and mother to me and attended school until the Yankees burned our school building in 1864, and practically wrecked the town. In October 1865, my uncle furnished me funds and I started for home, not knowing whether my mother and two sisters were alive or not.

I went to New Orleans, stopped there for a few days with relatives, then took a steamer for Galveston, from there by rail to Navasota, where I bought a horse and went to Huntsville, a distance of fifty miles, and thence fifteen miles to where I found my mother and two sisters. The great war had practically broken her up, since the property consisted mostly of slaves. With a little money that was left to us children, I took my share (a few hundred dollars) and entered Austin Male College at Huntsville, in 1866. where I remained until the fall of 1867. I rented a small farm on the Trinity River in 1868 and worked that until the spring of 1870. Not being impressed with farming very much I saddled my horse and in company with a young friend left there and rode to Wrightsboro in Gonzales county where I arrived in May 1870, and began my career as a cowboy. Fortunately for me I met and worked for A. B. Johnson, one of the finest men I ever knew. I also got acquainted with Mr. Crawford Burnett, a better man Texas never produced, and to him I owe my success in life. In the spring of 1871

he made a contract with P. D. Armour & Co. of Chicago, to road-brand and put on the trail ten thousand big steers, four years old and up. The price of these steers was \$12.00 in gold. They were to go one thousand in a herd. I made a deal with Mr. Burnett to go up the trail for fifty dollars per month, to be paid in gold. I think the ratio between gold and green back at that time was \$1.25.

On April 10th, 1871 I bade my sweetheart, Miss Sallie Wilson, the charming step-daughter of A. B. Johnson, farewell and together with T. V. DeWoodey, Jack Harris, John and Bill Fullerton, and other boys whose names I can't recall, went over to Sandies Creek, where we met our boss, Ischam Finche. The next morning with a little pair of dun oxen we left for San Antonio, where we met Mr. Burnett. We fitted up our outfit and left for Mason county on the Llano River, where we were to receive the steers. There had already been constructed huge corrals made of big logs, so at once began putting the famous "Flower-de luce" road-brand behind the left shoulder. When we had branded about eight hundred steers the Germans began pouring the cattle in so rapidly we had to give up the pens. I think at that time we had about fifty men in camp, it being the intention to put ten men with each herd, besides the boss and cook. The first night out, Mr. Burnett selected about twenty men who had had some experience in cow driving, but none of whom were ever around a herd of big steers on a dark night. I was one of the twenty selected and I shall never forget the first night. Any old trail driver can tell how hard it is to hold a bunch of big steers on the range where raised, and among timber on the banks of the Llano. About midnight there was an old cow that kept bawling around and trying to get in the herd. One of the boys chased her off, and thinking he had her a half a mile away pulled his pistol and fired it to scare her. It being very dark he did not know he was in the edge of the herd, and at the report of the pistol business began to pick up. Those steers got up "some speed." A part of them broke away.

and ran into our remuda and business also picked up with them. Some of the ponies are going yet. And it is said that one of our bosses and some of the boys were up in liveoak trees, trying to pull their horses up too. However, we succeeded in holding the largest part of our herd and in a day or two we had the one thousand steers ready for the trail. Mr. Burnett asked me to go with the first herd. First I want to mention the fact that there were no banks in that part of the country and the gold to pay for the steers was brought from San Antonio in a hack in a very heavy sack and was kicked out into camp and lay there like a sack of oats, twenty thousand dollars to the sack, until it was paid out. Mr. Burnett informed me years later that if he ever lost a dollar he never knew it. Any of the boys that were with me could vouch this statement. We crossed the Colorado River and got on the prairie near Lampasas where we waited a few days for the next herd. Riley Finch was our boss. It was Mr. Burnett's plan to have two herds travel in close proximity and when it arrived we started north up the old Chisholm trail. The grass was fine and we moved along without mishap until we were crossing the Bosque River at Clifton, where a drunken Mexican, who was cooking for another outfit, let his oxen run into the tail end of our herd and two of the boys engaged in a little cussing serape. Late that afternoon when they met the Mexican alone, his boss having turned him off, they shot him and threw his body into a clump of prickly pear, where it was discovered by the civil authorities a few days later. While we were between the Bosque and Brazos it began raining and we were delayed quite awhile and had several stampedes. In the meantime all of the men of both herds were arrested, and taken to Meridian by the sheriff, not all at once however, there were enough left to take care of the herds. When the sheriff became satisfied that the two men who had done the killing had left he permitted us to go on. I have never heard of those two men since. I knew them quite well. This was the only killing that ever occurred in our outfit.

When we arrived at the Brazos it was running bank full. Jack Harris and myself, being expert swimmers, plunged into the river and pointed the steers to the other side. When we would become a little tired we would swim up and catch a big steer by the tail and you ought to have seen him move. We finally got both herds across and swam the ponies, then crossed the chuck wagon on a little ferry boat and resumed our journey. The rains had been abundant and the grass was never better. We arrived in Ft. Worth, then just a very small fort, where we purchased supplies and moved across the Trinity River; thence to Doan's Store on the Red River, where we got supplies enough to cross the Indian Territory. We then proceeded across the North Fork of the Red River, and on to Wichita, Kansas, and crossed a number of streams between the North Fork and the Arkansas river, including the North and South Canadian. When we arrived at Wichita, Kansas, there was no railroad there, just a small village springing up in anticipation of the Santa Fe railroad coming. We proceeded from there to Abilene, Kansas, then north across at Solomon River and on about seventy-five miles to the northern line of Kansas, where P. D. Armour & Co. had erected a large plank corral, on a beautiful creek, with large cottonwood trees and rolling hills where no cow had ever been. A few buffalo were still there. This was about the first of August and we had been on the trail since April. The first night after our arrival at the corral, the boss had us to pen those steers, the first pen they had seen since they left the Llano river. The boss told us to go to the camp and inform us that we were through night herding, which was music to our ears, but while we were sitting around the camp fire that night spinning yarns, those steers stampeded and tore down about one half of the plank corral. A few of us ran and with our coats succeeded in cutting a part of them off, and held the gap until daylight. Those steers which got out of the pen were at a loss to know where to go, and were nearby the next morning, minus a lot of broken horns. I remained there about a week and as I had an engage-

ment in Texas I left with one companion for home. We took the Union Pacific train to St. Louis; from thence to New Orleans; across the Gulf of Mexico to Galveston; to Columbus on the Colorado river; then the Southern Pacific railway; by stage to Gonzales; on horseback to Wrightsboro, where I had bidden my sweetheart good-bye. On the 17th day of August, 1871, Miss Sallie L. Wilson and I were married.

In the spring of 1872, my wife's half brother, bought a mixed herd of cattle, and I went into the Indian Territory with them, over the same trail, and I think J. B. Wells, of Gonzales, is the only one living at present who went with us. I returned home and began to accumulate some cattle of my own, until 1876, I moved my herd to San Saba county on account of range. Later, in 1877, I moved them back to Gonzales county, and in 1879, together with John Putman, Della Shepard and Desmuke we pooled our cattle and started the herd to Albany in Shackelford county where I cut my cattle, the range not being good, and drove them west of Oak Creek, in Tom Green county. In the fall of 1880 I turned them over to my wife's half brother, W. A. Johnson, on shares for a period of five years. In the latter part of 1880 I returned to Gonzales county and in 1881 began driving cattle again for Crawford Burnett, driving to Colorado and Wyoming and continued until the railroads took them away from us, driving in 1887, the last herd that left Gonzales county and delivering on the Platte River in Wyoming.

I have been engaged in the cattle business all of these years, having ranched in the Panhandle and Western Texas. I sold my ranch and cattle in El Paso county because the youngest of my five sons, being interested with me, had to go into the army. I sold this ranch and cattle in 1917, except the registered part of the herd, and bought an irrigated farm and small ranch in Eddy county, New Mexico, where I am now engaged in raising Hereford cattle, alfalfa hay and red apples.

On the 17th day of August my loving wife and I

celebrated our golden wedding, surrounded by eight living children, one grandson, and a host of relatives and friends. On the grassy lawn there was an old fashioned barbeque prepared by the children. We were recipients of many nice presents.

My advice to all young people is to marry early and live an active outdoor life. I am now seventy-two years old hale and hearty, and can rope and tie down, single handed any steer in Texas or New Mexico. I am a Baptist, a Democrat, a 32nd degree honorary member of the Amarillo lodge No. 731 and part master of same lodge. I have two sons who are 32nd degree Masons. The youngest became Scottish Rite and Shriner before reaching the age of 22 years, and one among the youngest Scottish Rite who faced the German firing line.

My wife and I would be glad to hear from any of the boys, and should any of them pass this way the latch string is always on the outside of my door.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF W. J. EDWARDS.

E. M. Edwards, San Antonio, Texas.

My father, William J. Edwards was born in Choctaw county, Mississippi, May 12, 1840. His parents moved to Texas, when he was quite small, settling near Austin, where his father died. After living a widow three years, his mother married Captain Thomas W. Grayson, who owned the "Yellowstone Kit," afterwards named the "Tom Tobey," a vessel that sailed in Texas waters. My father attended school in San Antonio until he was about fourteen years old and then took up the occupation of cow-hunting.

When he was seven years old the family lived at New Braunfels, and he was an eye-witness while living there to the shooting of Prince von Solms. At Selma he saw the Indians play near the last road in this part of Texas.

When he was engaged in the cow-hunting he worked the JMC the SIS and 2R stocks of cattle until the Civil

War broke out and then enlisted in Company D, Duff's Regiment of cavalry and served throughout the war. The first engagement he was in was at Noris Bridge, Texas, where the Confederates met with defeat. Father was leading a pack-mule in the retreat, and although urged to abandon it he would not do so. He said all of his belongings were on that mule and he was determined to keep them. The Yankees threw bombs all around them but most of the Confederates escaped unhurt.

He was afterwards an express messenger between Brownsville and Matamoras, and once, while returning from one of his trips, he had thirty shots fired at him, but they all missed their mark. Next day D. Daschiel, a brother to Tom Daschiel of the Salado, and a Mr. Littrell volunteered to take my father's place as messengers. D. Daschiel was captured and hung and his body riddled with bullets. Mr. Littrell had his tongue shot off, but escaped and made his way back to camp. He was able to write and let his company know what had happened.

In marching to Louisiana the soldiers had to swim a bayou while a freezing norther was blowing. Father contracted inflammatory rheumatism from the exposure and had to be left with a family there to be taken care of. His mother hearing of his illness immediately set out in a private conveyance, accompanied by her daughter and a neighbor to bring him home, but before she arrived there he had sufficiently recovered to take the stage for home, and missed her on the way. So much for a mother's devotion. After reaching home father was treated by Dr. Herff, Sr., who soon effected a cure, and father went back to his company.

When the war was over he resumed his work with cattle. Later he married my mother, Josephine Walters, bought a place in Bexar county on time, and suffered the privations of a pioneer's life. To my parents there were born eleven children, nine boys and two girls. Our home was virtually "the cowman's home." Frequently there would be several cowhunters taking meals at our house for a week or more.

John W. Pirie, my father's brother-in-law, and his half brother, Thomas Grayson, gathered a herd in the spring of 1873 and started for Kansas, but after crossing the Red River both Pirie and Grayson were knocked in the head while asleep one night. A man named Utz and a Polander named Tom Adams, were also beaten up at the time. Grayson died within a few hours, Pirie lived two days without regaining consciousness, and the other two men recovered, but Adam's face was awfully disfigured. As soon as father heard of the affair he went to Kansas City to attend to the sale of the herd, and was absent two months, during which time our neighbors were very kind in rendering all assistance possible to my mother. The Mexican who murdered these men in their camp was a much trusted work hand in our neighborhood, and had gone along with the outfit. The motive for the deed was never known. The Mexican escaped to Mexico and was never apprehended.

In those days people felt more interested in each other's welfare than they do now, and when there was distress or trouble in the neighborhood, everybody was willing to lend help and sympathy.

Father was devoted to the cow business and followed it many years. He prided himself upon being a cowboy, and up to the time of his death he often talked of those good old days.

I am his fourth son and was named after his childhood playmate and cowboy friend, Eugene Millett.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF AN OLD FASHIONED BOY?

C. H. Rust, San Angelo, Texas.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy that went in his shirt tail until 10 or 11 years old, that being about the only garment he possessed during the summer months?

He could step up to an old rail fence and if he could hang his chin on the top rail, he would step back and

leap over it and his shirt tail would make a kind of a fluttering noise as he went over.

What has become of the old fashioned boy that used to run away from home on Sunday to the old swimming hole on the river five or six miles from home, where the alligators were lying round on the banks of the river, seven and eight feet long, and, when he returned home in the evening, what has become of the old fashioned mother that called him up for a reckoning and when she began to pry into his private affairs and became convinced that he was lying? When she got through with him, he went off behind the old ash hopper and got himself together as best he could, then he meditated and resolved to ask his mother's pardon, and the big swimming hole on the river was a closed matter.

What has become of the old fashioned boys and girls



C. H. Rust, San Angelo, Texas. (Now Deceased.)

that danced the square dance to the tune of "Cotton Eyed Joe," "Old Dan Tucker," "Black Jack Grove," "Hogs in the Cornfield," "Cackling Hens," and the "Old Gray Horse Came Tearing Through the Wilderness?"

What has become of the old fashioned boy and girl that became one in wedlock when they went just across the spring branch from the old folks on the slope of the hill and built a house under the shadow of the old oak tree and raised a family and lived for God and humanity?

LIVED IN LIVE OAK COUNTY MANY YEARS.

W. M. Shannon, Lytle, Texas.

My father came from Missouri to Texas in 1847, and settled in Live Oak county. Assisted by my eldest brother,



W. M. Shannon

father cut logs in the river bottoms and hauled them up to Oakville where he built his home. He engaged in blacksmithing and my brothers, John and Joe, worked for the cattlemen in that region. Before the war they worked for the two Jameses. One was called Red Tom James and the other was black Tom James, so called to distinguish them. Our neighbors were three to four

miles apart. On the west side of the river lived Ray Williams, and other neighbors were the Dobeys, Shipp, and Bill Rix.

At that time there were Indians prowling through the country and the settlers often lost their horses. The horses had to be herded in the day time and placed in

strong pens at night, and then they were sometimes stolen by the redskins.

I was five years old when the Civil War commenced. For safety and protection father moved his family further east, but in 1869 we moved back to Oakville. I remember those days quite well, for we had a hard time making a living. Brother Joe, my two sisters and myself farmed with oxen. We had two heavy wagons and worked four yoke of oxen to each wagon. We also had two oxen that worked in single harness, with a short yoke and no bow in it. This yoke had a hook in each end to which the traces were fastened. Father would hook up the oxen in the morning and plow the corn and those fellows would follow furrows just like a horse. We lived on milk and butter, and wild game which was plentiful. Prairie chickens, wild turkeys and deer could easily be obtained, but breadstuff was scarce. Sometimes we had biscuits on Sunday morning. For coffee we often used parched okra or parched corn. Our clothing was made by hand. My mother and sisters spun and wove the cloth for our clothing. Father made a spinning wheel and loom when I was a small boy. I climbed to the top of the loom while mother was out of the room and fell off and broke my hip. So I guess I will never forget that old loom.

My father made my first pair of shoes. My grandfather Joe Bartlett, taught me how to ride and how to handle a gun, when I was quite small. He was a good shot and did a great deal of hunting. He gave me one of the old time cap and ball five-shooter pistols and often took me with him when he went out hunting. I became quite expert in using that old pistol and could shoot a hog's eye out with ease. In those days there were lots of wild hogs in the woods as well as deer, panther, lobo wolves, and javelina hogs.

After we moved back to Oakville Father bought a piece of land east of Oakville on the Beeville road, and when we moved there Grandfather Bartlett lived with us a great deal as he had no family of his own. He owned

a good house in Oakville, but would come out to our place in winter time, and he and I would kill wild hogs. That is the way we secured our winter meat and lard. We would hook up a pair of ponies and go off down the creek to a water hole with a pot in which to scald the hogs. We would take along a wallet of bread, coffee pot, skillet and lid, a small sack of corn meal, his old cap and ball rifle, a roll of bedding, my five shooter pistol, our saddles and three good dogs. When the dogs would find the hogs we would ride up and shoot them down, and grandfather would fasten a rope around the hog's tusks and we would drag it to camp.

My father built large pens for the cattlemen to pen their herds, and as a result there was lots of camping done at our place. Sometimes the stockmen camped there for as long as two weeks, and in consequence there was plenty of rawhide left laying around the place. A Mexican who worked for us, used his idle time in making quirts, whips, hobbles, and lariats from this rawhide. He taught me how to do this kind of work, and I became somewhat of an expert too, because of which I was often called "Rawhide Bill."

My first trip up the trail was in 1878 with Bob Martin from Refugio county with 1100 two year olds and upwards. Our chuck wagon was drawn by two yoke of steers, and Adam Johnson, a negro, was our cook. We started our herd about the 15th of March, crossed the Colorado below Austin, went by Round Rock and Georgetown. On the North Gabriel we had a heavy rain and hail and our cattle stampeded, drifted back and mixed up with one of the Kokernot herds. Next morning I was five miles from camp with a hundred steers. It took us two days to separate the cattle and get started on our way. We went by Waco, Cleburne and Fort Worth and crossed the Trinity river. We crossed the Red River at Red River Station and took the Chishelm trail through the Indian Territory. We got by the Indians without any trouble. At Pond Creek we saw our first buffalo, and it seemed as if the plains were literally covered with them. I joined

in the sport and killed my first buffalo by shooting him behind the shoulder.

I had my share of swimming swollen streams, passing through thunder storms and being mixed up in stampedes but did not get into an Indian fight.

We crossed Bluff Creek into Kansas and passed Newton about the last of May. There was a blacksmith shop, a store and a few dwellings there at that time, but the railroad soon came and Newton quickly grew to be a large town. We crossed Holland Creek and went to Abilene and there the cattle were sold, and we all hit the back trail for Texas with our saddle horses and chuck wagon. Joe Shannon, Tom Williams, John Harrison, Buck Wright and myself were in the crowd. On my way back I met my old friend, D. S. Combs.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Since the above sketch was written Mr. Shannon has departed this life and gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns. He died November 2, 1921. Peace to his soul.)

WILLIAM JAMES SLAUGHTER.

William James Slaughter, a very remarkable man, without whose enviable record the history of Southwest Texas and the story of the cattle and sheep industries and the trail would be incomplete, was born on the outskirts of civilization in the state of Mississippi, November 9th 1835; died near Friotown, Frio county, Texas, August 31st, 1906.

His parents, in the fullest sense, always, frontier people, fearless at all times, were Benjamin and Minerva Slaughter.

In January 1836, the father attracted by the wonderful and exciting news of Texas, with an intrepid band of followers, set out to join the forces in the field, maneuvering for the Independance of Texas, but on account of one obstacle and another having arisen, made slow progress,

and only reached within one hundred miles of the glorious battlefield of San Jacinto, when they learned of the complete rout of the Mexican army under Santa Anna, and thus he was denied the cherished hope of participation in the conflict made historic by heroes for all time.

He served the Republic for ninety days as a ranger, and when his enlistment had expired, with a few survivors of his original command, he hastened back to his home in Mississippi, soon to return to Texas, for as he expressed in his determination, "Uncle Ben has got a taste of Texas and he can't get rid of it." Four years from the date of his first taste, he and family, already inured to hardships and privations, knowing that worse were probably in store for them, dared the future and soon found themselves identified with Texas, settling in the part known as East Texas where the subject of this sketch acquired amid varying vicissitudes under adverse conditions a liberal education, which he measurably expanded by contact with stern realities in life, that equipped him for achievements and success that came to him in his after public and private career.

In 1855 Mr. Slaughter came to Southwest Texas, locating a ranch in Atascosa county on La Parita Creek, near Pleasanton. On July 25th, 1858, Mr. Slaughter and Caroline M. Vickers were most happily married at Georgetown. This good woman, ever undaunted and courageous at all times in the upbuilding of home, survives, esteemed and loved most endearingly by five living daughters, grandchildren, relatives and a host of friends uncircumscribed in numbers; all these rejoice to enjoy the privilege of calling her Grandma Slaughter.

Mr. Slaughter served most valiently in the Civil War, and his excellent and soldierly conduct was attested specially by Capt. John W. Stayton, who was in 1888 made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Texas, of which Mr. Slaughter was justly proud that he held commendation from such a pure and noble man, ever conscious that as a Confederate soldier without regret he had made great sacrifice. Mr. Slaughter held tenaciously to the

principles for which he fought, to the day of his death.

Sore and tired of war, he sought a new field hopeful of peacefully bettering his conditions when in 1865, with his family he located in the unorganized county of La Salle. For eight years for them it was worse than war. During the entire time the worst type of outlaws and hostile Indians murdered and plundered to such an extent as to render life and property insecure, and especially was life endangered. It is not known that any part of Texas during this time suffered from marauders like La Salle and surrounding counties. Here they pillaged boldly and without let. The situation was deplorable, to cope with which required men of iron nerve and doughty spirit to the limit—elements of Mr. Slaughter ingrown and in him firmly fixed for the worse, which enabled him to endure the distresses, finally to become victorious over all disadvantages in achievement of success, arduously won.

In 1873 he moved to Frio county, locating near the then prosperous and busy little Friotown, where he died, as noted, surrounded by as fine a family as is contained in the Southwest, and as many friends as were the individuals that knew him. Things for several years were alike those of the adjoining county, from which Mr. Slaughter had come; the Indian raids continued unabated, more frequent and worse than formerly, discouraging to many indeed. Mr. Slaughter always was wont to say, "When troubles multiply sooner or later they get their worst—then they mend." Things did mend, times got better, and in Frio county the greatest agent and factor in the accomplishment of such result was Mr. Slaughter, and it was spared to him to live three score years and ten, man's allotment, to witness his fond hopes of good government reign supreme, with plenty and prosperity abounding, and happy homes building where once existed chaos, confusion and desolation.

From poverty to wealth of immense proportion Mr. Slaughter by indomitable exertion, helpfully stimulated by the encouragement of his faithful companion, his ven-

erable conflict, provided well and the extended possession originally known as the Slaughter Ranch was one of the largest in West Texas.

He was a qualified man of business, had a thorough insight of cattle, horse and sheep raising, and no detail of importance escaped his attention. As a cattlemar, driver of herds to Kansas and other markets, sheepman, and promoter of other enterprising matters, he was safe, conservative and eminent—signally successful.

The heart, the head, and the hand of this man throughout his busy life joined in right doing, and his efforts were not confined to his advancement solely, but he labored for others as well. He was the purest type of citizenship, a just, honest and upright man; he belonged to the class that worked for the happiness of the people among whom he lived; and if the almost unremembered kindnesses bestowed upon the rich and poor alike were recounted, they would fill a large book. His money and his name saved many from insolvency; his word was his bond, never violated. It recurs to the writer in this connection that Mr. Slaughter, with others, was once on a contractor's bond, and default of compliance was made and payment of damages demanded on the obligation, when it was suggested that payment could be averted. This suggestion Mr. Slaughter resented, and to his honor be it said that he paid without murmur the full liability of all, running into thousands of dollars.

JAMES ALFRED McFADDIN

James Alfred McFaddin of Victoria, Texas, was as closely identified with Texas and its development as any man in the state. His grandparents, James McFaddin and wife, came to Texas from Tennessee in 1817, stayed about a year, moved to Louisiana and returned to Texas in 1821, when J. A. McFaddin's father, William McFaddin, was about two years of age. They settled in Liberty county and after a few years moved to Jefferson county. His

grandfather and father were soldiers in the Texas army in the War of Independancee between Texas and Mexico.

William McFaddin was married to Miss Rachel Williams, and the subject of this sketch was their oldest child, born May 5th, 1840, at Beaumont, Texas. He received his schooling at Beaumont, finishing his education at a private school in Galveston, Texas.

When J. A. McFaddin was fifteen years of age he was doing a man's work. In 1855 he helped drive a herd of cattle from Jefferson county to Refugio county, about 400 head owned by his father and Mr. Hebert. In 1858 they brought out a second herd of 600 head, and J. A. McFaddin was placed in charge oof these cattle. At that time he owned about fifty head of cattle and twenty-five head of horses, and fro mthis start he increased his property to his present splendid possessions.

In 1861 he married Miss Margaret V. Coward, daughter of Richard Coward and Harriet Coward, in Galveston county. From the old Coward homestead on Clear Creek the young couple took their wedding journey on horseback, going to Louisana, and returning from there to Beaumont. From there they rode to the home built by J. A. McFaddin on Melone Creek, about three miles from Refugio, bringing their household goods in a wagon.

In 1863 he joined the army of the Confederacy as first lieutenant in Capt. Dan Doughty's company. From that time to the close of the war he was with this company in active service. Their operations extended from Refugio to the Rio Grande, and from Corpus Christi north to the frontier. His story of the privations these men endured equals in fortitude, courage and endurance that of any band of men who ever fought for a just cause. Large portions of the territory they covered were deserts, Frequently they lived for days with nothing to eat excepting meat and coffee, sometimes not coffee, sometimes neither. They never went into winter quarters, and in fact did not have quarters at all. They fought the Federals, the Mexieans and the bandits. They were peace officers, rangers and soldiers, and J. A. McFaddin did his part.

His oldest child, A. M. McFaddin, one of the ex-presidents of the Texas Cattle Raisers Association, and member of the Texas Live Stock Sanitary Commission, was born during his father's absence in the army. Notwithstanding J. A. McFaddin's anxious desire to be with his wife and child, and to look after his worldly goods, he stayed with his command until Lee and Grant met at Appomatox, and the news came down to Texas that the cause for which he was fighting was a lost cause. It was not until then that J. A. McFaddin turned his horse's head toward the Coward home in Galveston county, where his wife and son were. He brought them to his home on the Melone, and again took up his life's work.

He was by that time regarded as one of the foremost citizens of his section of the state, and not only attended to his own business affairs but managed the properties of many others. Even in those days the business of others handled by him brought in thousands and thousands of dollars. During the years from 1867 to 1874 he had many thousands of dollars in his charge. He filled every safe in the town of Refugio with silver, had several boxes full of it in Mr. McCampbell's store, had his own safe so full that not another fifty-cent piece could be put in it, and had two nail kegs full of silver in his room. Frequently during this time he was away from home, and often his wife was alone at home with the servants. This was a condition of the times. But the people of that section had such a love for J. A. McFaddin and his good wife that not even the Mexicans or negroes ever attempted to steal as much as fifty-cents of this money. His possessions and the possessions of others in his charge were regarded as sacred, for the people loved the McFaddins.

In the years from 1873 to 1878, times changed and the cattle rustler made his appearance. It was then again that J. A. McFaddin came to the front. The mandate went forth that stock stealing must stop, and it stopped in that section. Of a kindly disposition, easily approached, and never heedless of the cry of distress, never-the-less Mr. McFaddin was stern and uncompromising when it

came to a matter of right and wrong. The wrongdoers knew that if they depredated on the property of McFaddin or McFaddin's people, that a grim and relentless pursuer would be on their trail, and they, too, grew to respect this just and courageous man.

In 1876 he sold out in Refugio county, and took his family to the southern part of Victoria county, where he had purchased large bodies of land, and all of which which he owned up to his death. This land is now located at the station of Mariana. For three years they lived on this ranch. It became necessary that he should be in position to observe the financial affairs of this section of the state, and get more in touch with its stockmen. They moved to Victoria, buying Col. Rogers' old home, where Mr. McFaddin still lives.

J. A. McFaddin's father was a stockman, and he was brought up a stockman. He had followed the stock raising business his entire life. He kept abreast of the times however, and even ahead of them. Thirty years ago he commenced his work of solving a most serious problem of the Texas cattle raiser, the tick on cattle. He observed that the Brahma breed did not have ticks on them; that they were more prolific, hardy and matured better than the other breeds of cattle. He bought a herd of Brahma cattle. There were not many of these in proportion to the cattle owned by him, but it was a start. At the World's Fair in St. Louis he saw in Hagenbeck's menagerie a magnificent Brahma bull and cow. This was his opportunity. He made a number of visits to the menagerie. The manager was attracted by the genial disposition of Mr. McFaddin, and they became fast friends. Very soon they agreed that Mr. McFaddin ought to have these Brahma cattle, and the tick problem was finally solved. The Hagenbeck bull, "Prince" became the head of his herd. Today the thousands of cattle owned by J. A. McFaddin are graded Brahmin cattle, immune from ticks, and he has several hundred head of practically purebred Brahma cattle, the offspring of "Prince" and two other bulls imported from India by the estate of H.

A. Pierce and Thomas O'Connor. He had at the time of his death a breed of cattle second to none for the combination of the qualities of prolific breeding, early maturing, beef producing, hardiness and immune from ticks.

About fifteen years ago this far-sighted man saw that the old range cattle business would in time cease to be profitable, and he prepared himself accordingly. He had seen land in this section of the state go from ten cents an acre to seventy-five dollars an acre. Cattle raising on high priced land does not pay. The time was coming for a change from the old range style of cattle raising to the stock farming proposition. He had always done some farming. He had several thousand acres of land that had been swamp, and which had been thrown in with his purchase at from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per acre. It was not suitable for grazing. He reclaimed this land by leveeing it and cleared it, all at a large expense. It is now fully protected from overflow, and is a magnificent field. On this land, in 1912, his corn crop averaged seventy bushels per acre, his cotton about three-fourths of a bale to the acre—most of the tracts growing a bale to the acre; some more. He constructed a levee along the Guadalupe River and across to the high lands, over twelve miles in length. This has reclaimed more than five thousand acres of overflow land. He estimated that the cost of building the levee, clearing and putting the land in shape for cultivation, building tenant houses, barns and other improvements would be about \$100,000. But there has been over five thousand acres reclaimed of alluvial soil as a farming proposition. The cattleraiser is fast becoming a stock farmer.

This ranch which is being converted into a vast farm, aggregates about forty-two thousand acres. In addition he had about twelve thousand acres of land eight miles north of the city of Victoria. Besides these, he had other lands which made him a comfortable living.

Mr. McFaddin did not ask aid from the county or the state. He built his own levees and roads, digging ditches, and building school houses. He did not ask for

issuance of road bonds, drainage bonds, school bonds nor levee bonds. In other words, no other man's lands were taxed to put improvements on the McFaddin lands.

In his home life, Mr. McFaddin was as successful as in his business career. For nearly fifty years, he and his wife lived happily and contentedly together. Mrs. McFaddin assisted him greatly in achieving success. One of the most charitable women ever in that section of the state, she was loved by all who knew her. No strangers passed by their ranch house without being invited to partake of their hospitality.

Mr. McFaddin has indelibly impressed upon that section of the state his mark as a genius in executive and business ability. Mrs. McFaddin died in June, 1911, but she left the impress of her character upon the social life of the community, and she will be remembered with love and affection for generations. These two sturdy Texas pioneers have helped the people of this state to change from a wilderness to a great commonwealth, and they will go down in the history of this state as promoters of law and order, of peace and happiness. On June 25, 1916, Colonel McFaddin died very suddenly at his home in Victoria, aged seventy-six years.

AN OLD COW HAND

John Pat Ryan, Skidmore, Texas

I was born near Sweet Home, in Lavaca county, Texas, October 10, 1850, I came to what is now Bee county in 1856 with my parents. Henry and Regena Ryan. My mother died in 1862, and father died in 1902. Working horses and cattle has been my occupation the most of my life. I farmed about twelve years.

My first trip to Kansas was in 1871, with H. T. Clare as boss. He drove beef steers for Jim Reed and Tom O'Connor. I remember well our first night in Indian Territory, for we did not sleep much. Five herds crossed Red River that day, in charge of H. T. Clare, D. Rachal,

Buck Gravis, John Henry Choate, John Booth and Rutledge and Bill Gentry. I think every herd stampeded. I know when our herd was stopped several miles from the starting point. I was the only man that stayed with them and when the sun came up it rose in the west for two mornings before it rose in the east with me. Fortunately I never got turned around any more. Bud May of Yoakum, John Holland, John Stewart, Monroe Stewart Bud Clare and myself brought the horses and wagon back to Texas. That fall and winter I drove cattle to the Rockport packery, and later worked in a cow outfit for Pat Burke. Made two trips to Colorado with horses for myself.



John Pat Ryan.

The last page of the book

In 1873 H. T. Clare, Tom Marsden, Gus and Hillary Clare and myself drove horses and mules to Red River, Lamar county, and there we held them in camp for seven weeks on account of yellow fever. We made no sales.

In 1875 I worked in a cow crowd with Hugh O'Riley, Jack Hughs, and John M. Corrigan. In 1876 and 1877 J. I. Clare and myself ran a cow outfit. In 1878 I took charge of a herd for J. I. Clare, J. E. Little and P. S. Clare and went to Fort Worth. There I sold some fine springer cows for them. I got hurt in a stampede and had to quit and come home. Bill Raglan came up with a herd for Jim Scott and they put both herds together and he and Hillary Clare took them on to Dodge City, Kansas.

In 1879 I took a herd to Northwest Texas, and in 1880 I drove a herd for D. C. Jordan of Montague county to Indian Territory. Buck Pettus, Jim Reed and Jim Ray put up the cattle on the range.

I am still running and working cattle and never feel tired or wearied.

WILLIAM C. IRWIN.

The following sketch was taken from the "History of Southwest Texas," published in 1907: William C. Irvin was born at Seguin, Texas, in 1846, a son of J. A. and Sarah (Tom) Irvin. The father was a native of Alabama and located in Texas in 1838. His death occurred in 1865. The mother represented an old family of Tennessee, some of its members having become distinguished in the early history of Texas, particularly in Indian fighting. Her brother, Captain J. F. Tom, was numbered among the early pioneers of this state and had command of a company of rangers during the Civil War and took active part in subduing the red man both prior and subsequent to the war.

William C. Irvin has two sisters, Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Dewees and Miss Tommie Irvin, who make their home in San Antonio. Mr. Irvin was reared in Guadalupe county. He was quite young at the time of his father's death, and

later lost his elder brother so that the responsibility of caring for his mother and sisters was thrown upon him at a very early age. He took his place at herding cattle when quite young and has been engaged in the stock business throughout his entire life. He made trips over the old Chisholm trail soon after it was first opened, and became thoroughly familiar with all the cattle country from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border, and has passed through all the hardships of the cattleman's life of the early days although owing to his conservative business qualities and careful management he has escaped the difficulties which usually confronted the stockman's career. He made altogether seven trips over the trail to the north, and on his return trip in 1875, he located a ranch at Seymore, in Baylor county, where he placed 7,000 head of cattle during the winter. He remained in that district about five years, and then returned to the southwestern part of the state, establishing what is known as the Irvin ranch in La Salle county, this ranch embracing 60,000 acres of land, lying east of Cotulla and almost bordering the limits of the town although the house stands twenty miles from that place. During the last few years there has been a great influx of settlers to this region so that the land has become very valuable and perhaps in due time the ranch will be divided into farms for it is becoming too valuable to retain as pasture land. Mr. Irvin has sold 10,000 acres for cultivation.

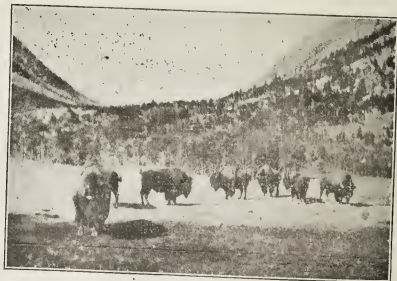
Mr. Irvin has become one of the wealthiest stockmen of this state. He has spent a busy, active and useful life and through his careful business management and sound judgement and has now acquired a competence that enables him to leave the more arduous duties of a business career to others, while he spends a portion of his time in his home in San Antonio, while his ranch is managed by his two sons.

Mr. Irvin was married in Seguin to Miss Medina Dewees, a representative of a prominent pioneer family of this state. Their family numbers two sons and four daughters: Jourdan J. and Eugene, who conduct the

ranch; Mrs. Mabel Wilson; Grace; Mrs. S. T. Lowry, and Clara Irvin.

LEE L. RUSSELL.

The subject of this sketch is one of the successful cattlemen, commission merchants, and bankers of Texas. He was born in Dawson, Ga., December 6, 1867, and came to Texas with his parents when he was four years old, settling at Menardville. Mr. Russell started in the cattle business when he was fifteen years old, his first venture being in connection with the driving of a herd into New Mexico. Later he became an employe of the Nathan Hall Cattle Company of New Mexico, at a salary of \$35.00 per mnth, which was shortly afterward increased to \$65.00 per month upon his promotion to the foremanship of the Western Ranch. He remained in that position one year, when a second promotion instated him as beef manager, his duties including a safe delivery of the company's cattle in Oklahoma, Colorado and Montana. In 1889 he became affiliated with the Russell-Bevans Co.



Buffalo in the Piegan Country.
Courtesy Book of Cowboys.

as their beef manager, in which position he had the opportunity and right to operate on his own account, and in three years his personal business had grown to such proportions that he then started into business for himself. He later admitted his brother, W. W. Russell, and T. P. Kyger into business as his partners, and the firm continued until 1910, when he purchased the interest of his brother for \$125,000 and continued with Mr. Kyger. Mr. Russell has many other interests, among them being the Stock Yards Loan Co. of Kansas City of which he is vice-president the Cassidy-Southwestern Commission Co. of which he is vice-president, director and assistant general manager. He is also vice-president of the Fort Worth State Bank, president Bank of Hardy, Okla., and vice-president of the Citizens National Bank of Pawhuska, Okla. He is a stockholder in the Farmers & Merchants Bank of Ballinger, Texas; a stockholder in the Co-operative Realty Co. of Fort Worth. He is interested in several large cattle companies, and controls large ranch holdings in Texas and Oklahoma, as well as being interested in mining properties. He is vice-president of the Metropolitan Hotel Co., and other investments.

On October 14, 1895, Mr. Russell was married to Miss Mary Callan, a member of a prominent Texas family. He



Buffalo in the Piegan Country
Courtesy Book of Cowboys

is a member of several fraternal organizations, among them the Shriners, Elks, Woodmen of the World, Eagles and Odd Fellows.

THOMAS B. SAUNDERS.

Thomas B. Saunders, senior member of the firm of T. B. Saunders & Co., noted live stock brokers of Fort Worth Texas,, was born in Goliad county, Texas, September 23, 1872. He is the son of W. D. H. and Ann (New) Saunders. Mr. Saunders attended school in his locality until he was seventeen years old, when, in common with other youths of that era, he assumed the sterner activities that called for attention. In 1869 he began working in the cattle business in which he acquired considerable valuable knowledge that equipped him for his chosen line of business. For a time he worked for his father, then his uncle George W. Saunders, employed him in the commission business in San Antonio for three years. In 1893 he went to Houston where he worked in the commission business for several months, and when he attained the age of 21 years he determined to engage in business on his own account, and under the name of Saunders & Hotchkiss the firm that he established became a potent factor in the commission live stock trade for seven years of its existence. When the packing houses located plants in Fort Worth in 1900, Mr. Saunders immediately perceived the field for wider operations that he had constantly sought, and he moved to Fort Worth where he remains today. He was the first trader to do business on that market, and soon became a familiar figure until now he is acknowledged one of the heaviest buyers and strongest traders frequenting that market. His business has prospered steadily and his transactions on the market alone aggregate an average of 100,000 head of cattle handled annually. Mr. Saunders is also an extensive operator in ranches. He, together with C. L. Brown and Lee Russell, control large ranch interests near Avant,

Okla., where they pasture more than 7,000 cattle. He also has ranch interests in Texas. Mr. Saunders married Miss Hattie Straw in San Antonio in 1899. They have two children, Thomas B. Jr., and Miss Venita Saunders. No man enjoys higher esteem among his contemporaries, or is more universally respected.

**ATE TERRAPIN AND DOG MEAT, AND WAS GLAD
TO GET IT.**

Ben Drake,, South San Antonio. Texas.

On the 3rd day of January, 1855, I first saw the light of day, on Wilbarger Creek, twenty miles below Austin, in Travis county, Texas. Lived there until I was twelve years old, then mother sold the place and moved to Bastrop, where she and my stepfather taught school. When I was sixteen years old one of the Murchison boys asked me to go up the trail with him. Of course I was willing but my mother objected, and it took a great deal of persuading on the part of Pete Murchison and myself to get her to consent for me to go. She gave in to our entreaties however, and I accompanied Pete to a shoe shop where he ordered a pair of boots made for me. Those boots cost \$14.00. He also gave me a pair of bell spurs, a Colt's cap and ball six-shooter, and a rim-fire winchester, as well



A Texas Longhorn.

as a pair of leather leggins which cost \$12. This was the first time in my life that I had been rigged out, and you bet I was proud. He sold me two horses and agreed to pay me a good salary. We started with the herd about the middle of March, 1871, with 2500 head of stock eattle. Among the boys in our bunch were Glabe Young, Pinkey Stull, Peter Sneed, Johnnie White and several others whose names I cannot recall.

We crossed the Colorado about a mile below Austin, and drove out below Manor and camped on Cottonwood Creek that night. As I was only two miles from where my grandmother lived, Pete and I went there to stay all night. Leaving there early the next morning we went back to the herd and were soon on the trail again. When we reached Brushy Creek it was up and we camped on this side crossing over the next day. This was the first stream I ever helped to swim a herd across. The next creek we crossed was called Boggy, and it lived up to its name, for it would bog a snake. Before we reached Alliga-



A Texas Longhorn.

tor Creek we had a heavy rain and hail storm. When we got to the Gabriel it was bank full but we swam it, and on the other side we counted our cattle and found thirty short.

The first lot of Indians I saw was when we reached the Territory, and then I wished I was home with my mother. We reached our destination, Kansas City all right, where Pete sold out, and we came back home together, coming back by Austin where we were paid off. When I reached home I gave all of my wages to my mother, stayed there three days and went back to the ranch to work for Murehison.

In 1872 I again went up the trail but before going I bought my second pair of boots from the same man who made my first pair. On this drive we followed the same route we had taken the year before. It rained and stormed almost all of the way, and we had to swim all of the streams we crossed. This was a sad trip for us. While we were in the territory, near where Oklohoma City now stands, our herd stampeded and mixed with another herd there and we had a hard time getting them separat. Several of the men in the other outfit had some trouble and a regular battle took place, in which nine men were killed. None of our hands were mixed up in it. I understand the row started between two boys over a stake pin. We buried the dead men as best we could right there on the prairie.

Pete sold out in Dodge City, Kansas, horses and all but I kept my horses and came back with a man who was bringing a bunch of horses.

In 1874 I went with one of Snyder's herds, and also in 1875 and 1876 Snyder sent herds to Wyoming. While there I was in a party that went to join Custer, but when we reached Fort Reno he was gone. But we had several fights with Indians anyhow. Then I went to Kansas City sold my horse and came back to good old Texas.

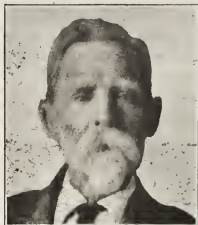
In 1877 I again hit the trail, his time with a herd of the Blocker cattle which we drove through to Wyoming. Went again in 1878.

I started in 1879, but got done up just about the time we reached the Territory. I was carried to an Indian camp and there I had to remain three months. While there I ate dry land terrapin and dog meat cooked together and was glad to get it. Finally the old chief went to Texarkana and got some one to come after me. A United States marshall brought me to Austin in a buggy.

GIVES SOME EARLY TEXAS HISTORY.

W. F. Cude, Pearsall, Texas

I was born on the banks of the San Jacinto river, in Montgomery county, Texas, April 4, 1844, while Texas



W. F. Cude

was still a Republic with a president and cabinet of officers. In 1845 we were annexed to the United States which gladdened the hearts of the few people in Texas at that time. I will relate a few things which I heard from the lips of some of General Sam Houston's soldiers about the battle of San Jacinto. My mother had three brothers who were in that battle, Billie Winters,

John Winters and J. W. Winters. "Uncle Jim" as we called him, died in Frio county some twenty years ago. He often told me about that fight, and said it did not last longer than thirty minutes. They killed six hundred Mexicans and captured about six hundred, among the prisoners being General Santa Anna. Three Americans were killed and four wounded, General Houston and Billie Winters were among those who received wounds. My mother was camped within hearing distance of the battle. The first news she had from the battlefield was to the

effect that Gen. Houston's forces were all killed, but in a little while word came that the Mexican army had been defeated and utterly routed. My step-father, Charles A. Edwards, was a cavalry officer under Captain Lamar, but was on scout duty with Lieutenant Karnes when the battle occurred.

During the early days in Texas there was no farming implements. Horse collars were made from shucks, plow lines from rawhide, wagon wheels were sawed from a sweet-gum log, which served to good advantage. In the winter of 1849 we sold our home, bought two large wagons at Huntsville, and moved to Lavaca creek, twelve miles from Hallettsville, the county seat. In 1861 I joined a Texas Ranger Company. John Donaldson was my captain under Col. J. S. Ford at Brownsville. When we arrived at Brownsville we camped in the fort there. There were twenty recruits in our bunch, my brother A. J. Cude, recruited for the company. There I heard my first bugle call, and when I asked brother Jack what it was he told me it was the rations call. He went to get the rations and returned with some sacks of grub. He informed me



A Typical Texas Longhorn Steer

that some soap was in one of the sacks, and as I wanted to wash out some of my clothes I took out what I supposed to be a cake of soap, went down to the river and used it. When I got back I complained to him that the soap was no good. When he looked at it he gave a hearty laugh and informed me that I had not used soap. The stuff was peloncia. (Mexican sugar)

We remained on the border about a year, guarding the Rio Grande river from its mouth to Rio Grande City. In June, 1862 we left the border service and went to San Antonio and joined the Second Texas Cavalry under Col. Charley Pryon. James Walker was lieutenant colonel. He was placed in Sibley's Brigade and Bankhead Magruder was our general. In October we were ordered to the coast near the mouth of the Brazos, where it was said Union forces were landing. Later we were ordered to Houston, and about the middle of December the Yankees captured Galveston. A call was made for volunteers to go on the steamboats to go to Galveston. As most of the volunteers were cavalrymen and as they had to fight on water they took the name of horse marines. General Magruder recaptured Galveston after a fight lasting less than an hour. This battle was fought on the first day of January, 1863. We captured one warship and two transports, sunk one warship and captured about five hundred prisoners. We had two steamboats with about two hundred men on each boat. One of our boats was sunk, but it was in shallow water and no one was drowned. Captain Pryon remained on the Island until June and was sent to Louisiana. General Tom Green was now our commander and our brigade soon joined the Confederate army under General Taylor. Gen. Bank's Union army was on its way to Texas, 35,000 strong. Our army numbered about 17,000 men, and was composed of Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana troops. The two armies met about the 15th of June and fought a three day's battle in which Banks was defeated. We captured several thousand prisoners and many wagon loads of supplies.

After this I was in a number of desperate engagements

and was captured and taken to City Point, Virginia. Later we were taken to Jackson, Mississippi, on parole. After we reached Jackson, Miss., four of us left there one night and walked from there to Beaumont, Texas, in sixteen days. My shoes had worn out and when I got to Houston I went to a store and bought a new pair and told the clerk to charge them to Jeff Davis.

My experience was hard on me and I endured many hardships and privations, sleeping on the bare ground nearly three months after I was captured. In 1864 our regiment was stationed on Galveston Island and remained there until the end of the war, and we had an easy time there. Our duty was to ride the beach five miles and back every two hours and watch on a signal station day and night. The enemy's warships would come around and shell us occasionally, but never any of us got covered up with sand except one time when one of the big shells weighing 164 pounds hit near us.

In the summer of 1864 yellow fever broke out in Gal-



A Striker on the Trail.

veston and fourteen members of our company were stricken. Captain C. D. McRae and James Conley died. Our company was camped on the west end of the Island during the last year of the war.

- In the fall of 1865 I went to school at Moulton, Lavaca county, and in 1866 I went to Live Oak county where I secured a wagon and ox team and hauled freight from Indianola to San Antonio. That fall I hired to a man named H. Williams who lived on Lagorta Creek, thirty miles from Oakville. Only a very few settlements were there at that time. One family named Weaver lived about a mile from the Williams' place, and there were two grown girls in the Weaver family. These girls would assist their father in hunting cattle, and carried their pistols with them wherever they went. They had a pack of hounds and hunted with them. One day they found where a panther had killed a colt belonging to their father, ten miles from their home, so they came to the Williams' ranch and got two of Mr. Williams' daughters to go with them to hunt the panther. About one o'clock in the morning two of the girls came back to get help to kill the panther as they had found it. Mr. Williams sent me



Indians on the Move.

to help them, giving me an old Enfield rifle to use. We reached the place where the other two girls were about daylight, and found they had the panther treed. I dismounted and took a shot at him, the ball passing through his foot, and causing him to jump out and make for me. I could not run, for those four girls were all looking at me, and expecting me to do something. Luckily one of the dogs laid hold of the panther about that time and things got interesting. The other dogs took a hand in the fight and the panther whipped them all, fearfully mangling some of them. I rushed in and killed it by beating it over the head with my gun. I have been a friend to dogs ever since.

In 1867 I made a crop in Gonzales county, and in the fall of the year I drove my first cattle, going to Houston for a man named Tumlinson with about fifty head. I made ten bales of cotton that year and collected \$15 per bale for war taxes.

I made my first trip up the trail to Kansas in 1868, and other trips followed, accounts of which are given in Volume I of this book.

On January 2, 1872, I married Miss Mary Harrell. Her



Dancing in the Cow Camp.

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hair was black then, but it is not now, for time has changed it to a silvery grey. I often think of the many changes that have occurred during the last forty-nine years. My wife's father was Milvern Harrell and he deserves worthy mention in the history of the Old Trail Drivers of Texas. He went to Kansas several times with cattle. During the Civil War he drove cattle to Louisiana for the Confederate army. Previous to the Civil War in 1846, he joined a company under Dawson, about fifty men in all and when they reached the Salado near San Antonio they were surrounded by a large force of Mexican cavalry and captured, only three Americans making their escape. Mr. Harrell was wounded with sabre cuts and was taken to Mexico City and imprisoned for twelve months. He told me the Mexicans were very kind to him while he was in the hospital there. When he was released he went to Vera Cruz and sailed to New Orleans. Students of Texas History are familiar with the account of the massacre of Dawson's men.

DROVE HORSES TO MISSISSIPPI.

F. G. Crawford, Oakville, Texas.

I was born May 1 1843, in the town of Gonzales, in the Republic of Texas. My mother died when I was an infant, and I was one of those who had to suck a bottle. My father bought a small tract of land near the Guadalupe River, two miles north of New Braunfels, and we moved there when I was four years old. Among other things we raised a great many watermelons on this place which were taken to San Antonio and sold to soldiers stationed there. Father owned a trusty negro slave who would take the melns there, and I often went with him in a wagon drawn by oxen. We would usually be away from home two nights, and of course I had to sleep on a pallet on the ground with the old negro man, but I was always glad to make the trip and see the sights in San Antonio,

which at that early date was considered a large town. If the government buildings would have been removed it would only have been a small town after all. That was seventy-one years ago. Many changes have been wrought since then.

When I was seven years old father bought and settled on a larger tract of land seven miles north of New Braunfels, on what was called the Springtown Road, leading to San Marcos. I grew up here, and when the Civil War came on I enlisted in the Confederate army. I have papers to show that I served four years in the Confederate ranks. I also have my amnesty certificate, which restored my citizenship.

In May, 1868, Joe Burleson and myself formed a partnership and bought 250 head of horses, suitable to work on farms and drove them to Water Valley, Mississippi. As there were but few boats and bridges we had to swim many streams on account of high water. One time while we were camped in Arkansas a hurricane passed near us. The thunder and lightning was terrifying and we had to keep riding around our horses to prevent them from stampeding and running off.

Soon after I returned from this trip to Mississippi. Capt. E. B. Millett came to me and asked me to take charge of 1,000 beeves and drive them to California, and he would take another 1,000 to Dakota. But I had not fully recovered from a serious illness and had to decline his offer.

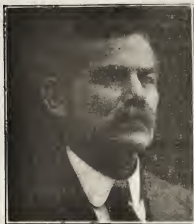
There are four counties that corner with each other near York's Creek, about four miles from my father's old home, Comal, Guadalupe, Caldwell and Hays, and in my boyhood days I hunted cattle in all of those counties. Often we had some rough times, being exposed to hot and dry weather in the summer and cold and wet in the winter. There were no pastures then—strictly a free range country.

Joe Burleson, mentioned above, was a son of General Edward Burleson, who was with General Sam Houston at the battle of San Jacinto.

WHEN JIM DOBIE LOST HIS PANTS.

E. S. Boatright, Falfurrias, Texas.

I was born in Pike county, Alabama, August 2, 1855, and came to Texas in 1876, landing at Houston, but there I decided to go west in search of adventure. I boarded the "Sunset," which had not then been completed to San Antonio, and stopped at Luling, and from there I went by wagon to Gonzales where I secured work on a farm owned by G. W. Newberry. Five months later I went to



E. S. Boatright.

to Live Oak county, where Robert Dobie and I bought a bunch of horses which we drove to East Texas and peddled out. In 1876 I gathered horses with Dave Johnson for my brother-in-law, H. B. Newberry. Our camp was near where George West is now located. We drove these horses to East Texas, and while passing through Williamson county we stopped at Old Man

Olive's ranch and were treated royally. After disposing of this herd I went to work for J. M. Dobie. After I had been working there almost a year Mr. Dobie bought 500 or 600 horses from Isam Railey and put in some of his own to send up the trail. I do not remember just how many there were in the herd, but I do recollect that they could run, especially on a dark stormy night. After we got the herd trimmed to Jim's liking, and his four horse chuck wagon loaded with lots to eat, we started for Dodge City, Kansas. We intended to drive to the Mc Kenzie ranch the first night where we expected to pen the stock and get a good night's rest. We reached the pens about dark and just as the lead horses started into the pen an old peacock, perched in an oak tree, gave one

of his hideous squalls and those horses stampeded, and there was no sleep for us that night. Afterward every time I saw one of those fowls I felt like killing it. We traveled on until we reached the San Saba river, where the worst hail storm I ever experienced suddenly descended upon us. Our slickers were in the chuck wagon, so I got a wetting as well as a hard beating. When the storm was over the boys picked up hail and filled the water barrell, and when I came in to camp they asked me if I wanted a drink of ice water. I told them I would like to have a drink but it was not ice water I needed. When we reached Albany the boss loaded the chuck wagon with everything good to eat, including all kinds of dried fruits. We had a good cook named Juan Gomez, but he had never cooked dried apples, and the first time he attempted it the outcome was rather amusing. He filled the kettle full of the dried fruit and it soon began swelling and in just a little while he had all of the vessels in camp full, including the wash basin. When we reached the Cimarron we saw our first Indians. One of them asked me for tobacco, and when I handed him my plug of Star navy he kept it. I was fighting mad but I let him go. After we crossed into the Indian Territory we encountered a severe thunder storm in which lightning played around us all night long while we stayed with the herd. The next day an old chief came to camp and was very friendly with us. He invited me to his camp and said he had two pretty girls, but I was afraid they would want some more tobacco and I did not have enough to do me until we reached the next place where I could buy some. When we reached the Washita river it was very high and we had some difficulty in crossing. One day we saw a bunch of Indians coming in a run and Jim Dobie rode around to where I was and said, "Boat-right, I want you to stay with me." I told him I did not know whether I could stay with him or not, as he had the best horse, but I would do my best. The Indians wanted to trade horses, but as they could not get a trade they rode away. I must tell a little joke on the boss: He left

home with but one pair of pants,, and by the time we reached the Territory they were showing considerable wear. He mounted a bronco one morning that was some pitcher, but that made no difference for Jim was some stayer. I don't know just how it happened, but his pants got hung on the pommel of the saddle, and when the horse got through pitching there was not much left of Jim's pants. I was the only one in the outfit that had breeches that would fit him, and I gave him a pair to relieve his distress. We reached Dodge City in due time, and notwithstanding some hardships and dangers we encountered on the trip we all had a good time. There was never a better man to work for than J. M. Dobie. I know of only one of the boys now living and that is Dick Dobie, who lives at Matthis, Texas.

SKETCH OF COLONEL J. J. MEYERS.

One of the best known trail drivers of the early days was Col. J. J. Meyers, who died in December, 1874, from chloroform poisoning by robbers in Omaha, Nebraska. He had just delivered a large herd in Utah, and was returning home. His death occurred from the effects of the poison after he reached home. Col. Meyers had four sons, all of whom were trail drivers, taking herds to northern markets. These sons were George Meyers of Batesville, Texas; John G. Meyers of New York City, A. E. Meyers of San Antonio, and R. E. L. Meyers of Austin, Texas. His daughter, Mrs. John I. Pool now resides at Lockhart, Texas. Col. Meyers was a Mexican War veteran, was first lieutenant under John C. Fremont, and in the war between the states was colonel of DeBray's 26th Texas Cavalry.

The following sketch taken from "Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade of the West and Southwest, published in 1874 by Joseph G. McCoy," gives full account of the prominent part Colonel Meyers played in the development of the cattle industry:

"The demand for cattle to supply the territories was great in 1866, and the turning of attention of territorial operators to Abilene as a place to buy, greatly aided that point in becoming a complete market, one in which any kind, sort or sized cattle could either be bought or sold, and the driving of herds purchased at Abilene to the territories became as common as driving from Texas to Abilene.

"There were certain Texan drovers who looked almost exclusively to the territorial operators for buyers for their stock. In case they succeeded in meeting a purchaser, the drovers would often deliver their herds at some agreed point, in which territory the buyer might desire. In such cases the same outfit and the same cow boys that came from Texas with the stock, would go on to its territorial destination. Perhaps the most prominent drover engaged in supplying the territorial demand is Col. J. J. Meyers of Lockhart, Texas. In June, 1867, during the first visit of the Illinoisan to the west, and whilst his project of cattle shipping depot was not yet fully determined upon, and whilst stopping temporarily at the Hale House in Junction City, he, Joseph G. McCoy, author of, *Sketches of the Cattle Trade of the West and Southwest*, was introduced to a small sized, quiet gentleman, who was evidently entering that class upon whose head Time had begun to sprinkle her silver frosts. The gentleman was introduced as being late from Texas, and here thought the Illinoisan, was just the man before whom to lay the plan of the contemplated project and thus secure the Texan's judgment upon it, whether or not it was plausible or advisable, and if such a shipping depot was created, would the Texas drovers bring cattle to it. So inviting the venerable gentleman to take a walk, they strolled to a lumber pile on a vacant lot and there sat down for two hours or more, in which time the Illinoisan explained the contemplated project fully, and noted closely the comment and opinions of the Texas drover, for such he proved to be. He there told that young Illinoisan that a depot for cattle and shipment, was the

greatest need of Texas stockmen, and that whoever would establish and conduct such an enterprise, upon legitimate business principles, would be a benefactor to the entire Texas livestock interest, and would undoubtedly have all the patronage reasonably desired. From the hour of that formal interview between the Texas drover and the Illinoisan, the project, such as was soon developed at Abilene, became a fixed fact or purpose in the mind of its projector. There are moments in one's existence when decision, or a purpose arrived at, shapes future actions and events—even the whole tenor of one's life and labor.

“Such was the effect of the two brief hours spent in conversation by the Texas drover and the Illinoisan. When they shook hands and parted there existed in the breast of the Illinoisan an impression that he had been talking to a sincere, honest man, who spoke his convictions without deceit or without any desire whatever to mislead any one, but with a firmly fixed determination to give credit only correct information. The decisions and determinations formed at that interview fixed the life and labor of the Illinoisan. That Texas drover was Col. J. J. Meyers, a man of peculiar build and stature that can endure untold physical hardships without fatigue. There are few men in the West or Northwest who have so thorough a knowledge, gathered from actual travel and observation, of all the territories of the Union, as Col. Meyers. One of his early tours over the west was made across the continent with John C. Fremont on his famous exploring expedition. This occurred almost forty years ago when the Colonel was but a youth just entering into vigorous manhood. Such a strong desire to roam became implanted in his bosom that he did not rest until he had traversed almost every foot of territory between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean. And when he had seen all that Dame Nature had to show, he turned his attention to stock raising in Texas, making his home in Lockhart. He too, was a drover in 1866, and endured all kind of outrages before he was able to sell his herd. But in 1867 he decided to drive in Western

Kansas, and so flank all settlements, and take his chances to find a purchaser somewhere on the frontier, but just where he did not know. The Colonel was among Abilene's first patrons and warmest friends, and so long as it was a market he annually made his appearance with from four to sixteen thousand head of cattle, which of course were driven in several herds, never more than three thousand in one herd.

"The class of cattle the Colonel usually drove was just suited for the territorial demand, therefore he never shipped but a few carloads. For four years he sold his herds to parties living in Salt Lake, genuine Mormons of the true polygamist faith, and delivered his stock to them in Utah. The Mormons as all well know, are very clannish people, especially the lay members and are little disposed to trade with or buy anything of a Gentile. Therefore, to avoid this religious prejudice, and in order to get into and through the Utah Territory without any trouble, or having to pay exorbitant damage bills to the Latter Day Saints, it was his practice to instruct his men to tell every resident of Utah they met that the cattle belonged to Elder Kimball, one of the elders or high priests, in Mormondom. No matter whose farm the cattle run over, nor how much damage was done to the crops, it was all settled amicably by telling the residents that the cattle belonged to Elder Kimball. No charge or complaint was ever made after that statement was heard, and it did appear that if Heber Kimball's cattle should run over the saints bodily and tread them into the earth it would have been all right, and not a murmur would have been heard to escape their lips. When the cattle reached their destination the Colonel never went near them, but allowed Elder Kimball to dispose of them always as if they were his own, which he could do at a rapid rate. The Mormons appeared to consider it a great privilege to buy of this sainted elder, although they were paying from one to three dollars in gold more per head than they would have to pay to the Gentile drover. Indeed, they would not have bought the same stock of the Gentile at

any price. When it is known that this people are such complete dupes of cunning smart men is it any wonder that they submit to be plucked like a goose for the benefit of their quondam keepers? Or is it anything strange that their leaders manage to get immensely rich? But Utah, notwithstanding her great city, and her immense mining operations, has now more than a supply of cattle for her own consumption, and is beginning to export cattle to Chicago and the east. Several thousand head of fat beeves were driven from Utah over the mountains to Cheyenne and there shipped to Chicago during the year 1873. So there is no longer a demand for stock cattle in that territory.

“There are few Texas drovers who handle or drive more cattle from Texas than Col. Meyers; few are more widely or favorably known than he. He is a man that has few enemies, but wherever he is known his name is spoken with respect, akin to love and admiration. He is a man true to his pledges, and one who would not reap advantage from or oppress a fellowman, simply because he had the power or legal right to do so. When he is given the title, ‘a father in Israel’ among the drovers there will be found a few, if any, who will dispute his right or worthiness of the appellation.”

CAME OVER FROM GERMANY IN 1870.

F. Cornelius, Midfield, Texas.

I was born in Rothensee, county, Hersfield, Germany, on the 2nd day of December 1850, and came to the United States in December, 1870, landing at New Orleans, from whence I sailed to Indianola on a Morgan steamer. At Indianola I secured a position with H. Runge & Company then one of the largest firms there. I soon learned to speak English and with the assistance of Mr. Rudolph Kleberg, (afterwards congressman) who taught me after business hours, I got along pretty well. Later I went to

work for Ed Clary, who owned a schooner making regular trips from Carancahua to Indianola.

In the spring of 1873 I went with Ged Cothrey, who was in charge of a herd of beeves belonging to Mr. Bennett, to Kansas, and after I reached there I spent most of the year in that section, close to the Platte river, working cattle for Dilworth and Littlefield, later returning to Texas.

In the spring of 1875 I went to work for W. B. Grimes in a packery, canning beef for northern markets. We killed as many as 125 beeves a day. I worked for Mr. Grimes for quite awhile. On the 24th of June, 1875 I



F. Cornelius and His Horse, "Dick."

was married to Miss Annie Downer, who lived near the mouth of Trespalacios. That fall Mr. Grimes persuaded me to take a couple of hands and sufficient horses and overtake his herd which had gone nearly a month before, and go with Mr. A. Dowdy, who was in charge of the cattle, to Kansas. Overtaking the herd above Austin on the San Gabriel River about ten days after we left home, everything went smoothly, only at Valley Mills we had a lot of rain and were not able to move for several days. Soon afterward we heard of the terrible storm which swept Indianola and the entire coast country, drowning many people. We reached Wichita, Kansas about the middle of December, and never lost much time in starting back to where the weather was not so cold.

After I reached home I purchased a small tract of land from John Moore on Casher's Creek, and moved on it. We were the only family living on the east side of Casher's Creek, but there were four families living on the west side, John Pybus, Jacob Selzieger, Horace Yeamans, Sr., and Alexandria Morris. While naming the old settlers and Casher's Creek I will also pretty nearly name all of the settlers who lived on Trespalacios at that time. Beginning at the mouth of the west side were Mr. Downer, John Moore, Joe Pybus, W. B. Grimes, Godfréy Selzieger, August Duffey, John Rówles, Mrs. McSparren, Joe McIntyre and Uncle Tom Kuykendall; on the east side were J. F. Garnet, J. B. Smith, T. E. Partain, Mrs. E. P. Pybus, R. A. Partain, W. M. Kuykendall, J. E. Pierce, Jack Wheeler, Daniel Wheeler and Uncle Tom Williams. In the fork of Trespalacios and Wilson Creek lived Fred Sparks, Alex Gyle, David Dunbar and John Hicks. Jack Elliott lived up on Wilson Creek:

Times have changed a whole lot. Where we used to see herds of deer and large numbers of turkey, and nothing but cattle on the prairie, there are now thousands of acres of rice growing, and new towns and settlements growing up—where we old fellows, N. Keller, Jim Keller, W. E. McSparren and others spent some of the happiest times of our lives camping out.

In establishing a home on Casher's Creek, we had to deny ourselves many things. I went to Indianola and bought at a sale enough lumber to build a small house. My only means of conveyance was a yoke of oxen and a bedstead made out of a head and footboard found in the "slide." Our furniture consisted of a home-made table from old lumber I had bought in Indianola and sides I made myself, a bench and a few boxes to sit on. My stock consisted of three horses, a few cattle and a yoke of oxen with a slide that I had made myself, but my wife and I felt as rich as Jay Gould, and were as happy as could be in our little home. We used the oxen in making my crop, and when we wanted to go anywhere we yoked them to our family carriage, the slide, and were off. Wagons were scarce in those days and buggies were not to be seen there. The only hack in the neighborhood belonged to Mr. Grimes.

In 1885 we moved to Juanita, my present place, where Mrs. Downer and I bought the W. C. Clapp quarter league in 1882 from Shanghai and John Pierce. Later Mrs. Downer and I bought a three-fourths interest in the L. P. Scott survey, joining the W. C. Clapp survey on the north. I later bought Mrs. Downer's interest and the interests of the heirs of the Scott Survey, giving me about 2100 acres.

My wife died in April, 1894, leaving me with seven children to care for. I met with many reverses during the next few years. Hail storms and floods destroyed my crops and killed my stock and I had a pretty hard struggle, but I kept digging along and overcame most of the difficulties.

On October 24th, 1889, I was married to Miss L. E. Gainer, and to us were born three boys and one girl.

A FAITHFUL NEGRO SERVANT.

By J. E. Folts, Columbus, Texas.

In the spring of 1870 my uncle, R. B. (Bob) Johnson

drove a herd of cattle up the trail to Abilene, Kansas.



George Glenn

He took with him as one of the cow hands a young negro whom he raised on his ranch, and whose picture accompanies this sketch. The herd was started from Colorado county, crossing the Colorado river at LaGrange and intersecting the Chisholm Trail near the Red River, and passing across the Indian Territory. Soon after reaching Abilene my uncle became ill and died.

His body was embalmed, put in a metallic casket, and temporarily buried at or near Abilene about the last of July of that year, and the following September the body was disinterred and placed in a Studebaker wagon and the negro cow-hand, George Glenn, as driver, started on the long trip back to Texas. It was impossible at that early date to get a dead body shipped back by rail, as there were no railroads, at least none leading from Abilene, Kansas, to Texas. This faithful negro brought his old master's body back, being forty-two days and nights on the road, sleeping every night in the wagon alongside the casket. He carried the body to the cemetery at Columbus where it was laid to rest by the side of the wife who had died some years before. Of such stuff were the old trail drivers, white and black, made of.

The badge on the negro's coat is the road brand of the trail herd and is called "scissors."

GRAZED ON MANY RANGES.

T. J. Garner, Loveland, Colorado.

I was born in Tennessee in October, 1853. My parents,

died when I was a small boy, and I lived in Caldwell county until I was large enough to ride a horse into the brush after those wild cattle which were not looked after during the Civil War.



T. J. Garner

In 1850 I made my first trip up the trail for Peck & Evans. We left Gonzales about the first of March and got along fine until we reached Fort Worth. There we had four inches of snow and very cold weather. Went

to Gainesville, crossed Red River and went out by Ft. Arbuckle, on to Wichita and Abilene, Kansas. We saw a great many buffalo and lots of Indians, but had no trouble with them. We delivered our herd and went home.

In the fall of 1870 I joined the Texas Rangers at Gonzales, and was mustered in at San Antonio. Went to Montague county and fought Indians that winter and also the following spring and summer. Had some close calls but came out without a scratch.

In 1872 I went with a herd of cattle from Lockhart, Teaxs, to Salt Lake City, Utah, with Mack Stewart as boss. We had a very good trip and only a few stampedes. Reached Salt Lake about the first of October. When we left this place we took stage for Ogden and boarded ars for Kansas City, and from there came to Austin.

In 1873 I went with a herd for Jack Meyers from Lockhart to Ellsworth, Kansas. Coleman James was boss. We had a fine trip. Went back to Texas with the horses, and there worked on the range for a number of years.

In 1877 I again hit the trail, this time with a herd for Hood & Hughes, from Uvalde to Caldwell, Kansas. They

sold out there and I took 640 of those old mossheads down to the Kaw Nation for Smith & Leedy. We held them there until the 10th of October and then started for the feeding pens. Swam them across the Arkansas river a few miles below Arkansas City, and went along the flint hills to the head of Elk river, near Eureka, Kansas. When we reached a point within about a mile of the pens ten French ranchers came out of a gulch and were going to give Hank Leedy a grass necktie. Hank was scared almost to death, and his face went as white as my hair is today when they caught his horse by the bridle and began to curse and abuse him. I said: "Don't get scared Hank, I am Johnny on the spot," and I lit off old Gray Eagle alongside of a rock that stood about four feet high and prepared for action. Bringing my winchester into position I started in to make those fellows a speech, but they did not wait to hear it, and went back into the gulch faster than they had come out of it. Hank said: "Jack, you must have lots of gall to talk that way to those fellows." I told him it was not what I said that turned the trick, it must have been my looks or my winchester that caused them to scamper away. While I was at Uvalde Texas, a Mexican gave me his hat and what money he had because I was better at monte than he was. I was still wearing the hat and I had not been in a barber shop for several months, so I did not look like a band box boy, and my looks may have had a great deal to do with their sudden departure. We were three days too early with our cattle, and that was the reason those ranchmen got so "riled" up. We put the steers in a pen about fifteen acres in size. It was located in a canyon which had been walled up at both ends, except a space of about twelve feet for the entrance. This space was closed by pole bars. We went to Hank Leedy's house and he introduced me to his good wife and told her to prepare a good supper for us. And when it was ready I promptly got on the outside of six or seven hot biscuits and boiled eggs. It was the best meal I had had for six months. Hank's house was on a bluff overlooking the pens where we had put

the cattle, and that night a great hail and rain storm came up. When the lightning flashed I could see those old steers run from one end of the corral to the other, but they could not get out. That was the only stampede I ever enjoyed. Hank insisted on us staying with him a few days to rest up, telling us our pay would continue as long as we remained there, and we stayed there several days. I don't think Hank cared so much for our "rest" as he did about something else. One day one of the boys and myself were out in the hills a few days later and met four men driving a bunch of cattle. We rode up to them and talked awhile and learned that they were among the crowd that had stopped our cattle and threatened to lynch Hank. I told them there was no danger of Texas fever affecting their cattle as there had been so much weather and frost, and they seemed satisfied, and we parted friendly and wished each other good luck and goodbye. I remained with old Hank a few days longer, then told him I thought he was safe and I would go to Eureka, and sell my horses and go back to Texas. He wanted me to give him my winchester and pistol, but I could not part with both of them so I gave him the winchester only, and bade him and his excellent wife goodbye. I went to town, sold out and then hired a farmer to haul me to Humbolt, a distance of sixty miles, where I hit the cars for Texas. Went by way of Sherman, Dallas, Houston and San Antonio. Remained in San Antonio a few days and then went to Bell county and wintered.

In 1878 I went from Round Rock to Allen's ranch on the Colorado river below Columbus, for Dudley and John Snyder, and got 2700 one, two and three year old steers, and drove them by way of Gonzales to Lockhart, through Austin; Round Rock, Ft. Worth, Red River Station, on to Dodge City, Ogallala, and Julesburg, where they were branded and turned loose on the range. All of the hands were tenderfeet except two. The cattle would get to drifting in the fog and stampede and run all night long. For three weeks I did not unroll my bedding, and did not

Sketch wherever I see in
have a manager
to make the

get more than an hour's sleep each night. Finally they got settled down and we made it through with but little loss.

I worked on the L L range at Julesburg until November, shipping out beeves, then went back to Ogallala, and from there to the Spotted Agency in South Dakota. Stopped at Bill Shope's ranch a few days and he wanted me to go back to Ogallala with him and help ship out beeves from his North Platte ranch. When I finished this job I went to Denver and wintered there.

In 1879 I went to work on the range at Hugo, Colorado, for Frank Cochrane. Worked for him four years. While on this job I went to the Blue Mountains near Durango and gathered a herd of mixed cattle, drove them to Rocky Ford, shipped the beeves to Kansas City, drove the stock cattle to Brush Station on the South Platte, cut out the dry stock and put 4,000 cows with their calves and 2,500 yearlings in one herd and drove them down the river twenty-four miles to Bush's Ranch and delivered them, then returned to the station and drove dry stock to Cheyenne and sold them to Richie Brothers. I delivered them on Powder River near the Montana line and came back and spent the winter in Denver.

In 1883 I went to the Black Hills in South Dakota and worked on the range there and in Northern Wyoming and Montana for a few years, and then started a cow ranch of my own. I got married in 1891 to one of the finest little seventeen-year-old girls in that country, and we held down the ranch for a few years, but you know the old saying about the big fish eating up the little fish, so I sold out what I had left and came to Loveland, Colorado, and have been running a shoe shop here ever since. I drove a few cattle up on the Thompson River near Loveland and am at present raising milk goats here. Also I have been in Texas, with my nephew as partner and

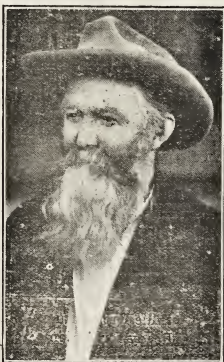
at volume of the Trail Drivers' book a
 the old boys stated that he would
 gain. I would not care to do so,

for I would not again take some of the chances I took then for all the money in these United States. I had enough of three to seven months work, night and day, in hail storms, stampedes, blizzards, and the like. And then when the cattle were delivered and we would go to town to find lead whizzing around too close to be comfortable, and see poor fellows falling to rise no more. I do not want any more of the old life.

I see some of the old trail drivers are living on Rough Row, and my sympathies go out to them. My little wife and I are living on Easy Street, and would be pleased to have any of the old trail boys call on us if they should ever come to Loveland, Colorado.

JOHN H. ROSS WAS A BRONCO BUSTER.

John H. Ross was born in old Bandera county 60 years ago, grew up on the frontier and worked with stock all his life. In the early days he was the champion bronco buster of Bandera county, and rode everything that came his way. He made several trips up the trail to Kansas and had some thrilling adventures which he delights to tell about, but could not be induced to write a sketch for this book. He has a nice ranch near



John H. Ross.

Bandera, and extends a welcome to all trail drivers.

HAS HAD AN EVENTFUL CAREER.

William B. Krempkau, San Antonio, Texas.

William B. Krempkau, the subject of this sketch, was born in a house on Salinas Street, three blocks from the San Fernando Cathedral, San Antonio, Texas, March 9, 1863. His parents came from Ransbach, St. Arnin,



Billie Krempkau
Ready for Action

Alsace, with the Castro Colonists in 1844, and located in San Antonio. At that time the principal trading done by the early settlers was with Indians and Mexicans, very few white people living in San Antonio. Money was very scarce and trading was done by exchanging goods for buffalo robes, furs, gold and silver ore which the Indians and Mexicans brought in. Wood and prairie hay was transported on burros. Water was hauled on skids, or rolled in barrels from the river, creeks and ditches, there were only a few wells in the town. In relating his experiences Mr. Krempkau said:

“My grandfather joined Napoleon’s army in 1808 and served until 1815, and was promoted to be a captain. He was wounded three times, and decorated several times for bravery. One of my uncles was killed at Battle of Manassas the same day General Albert Sidney

Johnson fell. At the time of his death my uncle was carrying a sword that was carried by my grandfather in France. The weapon is now in possession of one of my cousins who lives in Medina county.

"I entered school in San Antonio in 1868 in the old building on Military Plaza used by the Spaniards as a government headquarters. I always liked cow work, and while I was attending school I frequently went out on the open range and brought in cows with young calves for the dairymen, usually receiving \$1.50 to \$2.50 per head. In this way I managed to make a little spending money. The call of the wild became so strong, however that I left school and divided my time between the cow camp and the freighter's camp. Mr. Monier was a neighbor to our family and was one of the most extensive freighters out of San Antonio to government posts in Texas and to different points in Mexico. I often lounged around his corral, which was always full of wagons, teams and teamsters, and made my-



Billie Krempekau
Giving the Spanish Salute

self useful in assisting the freighters in every way possible with the result that I soon became a favorite with those old grizzly teamsters, and they encouraged me to take up their line of work. Mr. Monier took contracts to break wild mules for the government to use as pack mules. He

often received fifty or a hundred mules at a time, and had a novel way of breaking them in. His hands would rope each animal in the corral, and securely tie bags of sand on their backs, and then lead or drive them around for quite awhile, repeating the performance every day, until the mules were gentle. At first they would buck and cavort around pretty lively, but a mule is quick to learn, and after two or three days they would be easily handled. In this kind of work I soon became an expert, and learned to throw the lasso as good as any of the men. I could throw the rope and catch a wild mule by the foot or head with perfect ease.

"Mr. Monier needed hands that were quick with rope or gun, and soon employed me to accompany him on his perilous journeys to Mexico. I remained with him several years, often going to Chihuahua, San Luis Potosi, Saltillo and other points, and I experienced all the thrills and excitement incident to those early days, with Indians, high water, Mexicans, dry weather, and crossing deserts. For protection against attack by Indians we always corraled the wagons at night, and in making a corral I could swing the wagons around as quick as any one.

"I was with Mr. Monier on the last trip he made to Mexico, in 1880. This was a cotton train, twenty bales to the wagon, and it was delivered at San Luis Potosi.

"In 1882 I went up the trail to Dodge City, Kansas for Smith & Elliott of Springfield, Illinois. The herd was



Calderon's Train Starting for Mexico in 1870.

bought in Mason, Gillespie and San Saba counties, and delivered to my boss, Charlie Baldo of Uvalde county. Baldo was one of the best trail bosses I ever knew. He treated us all fine, and was liked by every man in the outfit. We went the western trail and had all sorts of exciting experiences on the trip, thunder storms, swollen streams, stampedes, Indians, long dry drives, wild animals, loss of sleep, and a frequent hankering for the chuck wagon when kept in the saddle for twenty four hours or longer. We delivered the cattle at Dodge City, and there I met many of my old friends from Texas. As soon as I could get loose from the herd I took a bath in the river, went to a barber shop and got my face beautified, put on some new clothes, and went forth to see the sights in the toughest town on the map—and I saw 'em.

"I came back home on the train, my first railroad experience, and was surprised to find when I reached San Antonio that my baggage had arrived also. Pat McCluskey and Jim Hogan of San Antonio were with me on this trip."

The interest Mr. Krempkau has taken in procuring and preserving pictures of early day freighting, and in posing for pictures depicting early cowboy incidents, is commendable and shows he recognizes the importance of reseuing this kind of history from oblivion. His liberal contributions to this volume is deeply appreciated.

Mr. Krempkau has owned a farm and ranch, sixteen miles west of San Antonio, on the Krempkau Divide, for over twenty-five years. He lives in San Antonio, and is sergeant-at-arms for the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association.

Captain T. P. McCall, who carried the first mail from San Antonio to Franklin, now known as El Paso, was a brother-in-law to Mr. Krempkau. His guards were Big-foot Wallace and Louis Oge. This route passed through Castroville, the first colony west of San Antonio.

In 1855 the United States government established a post at Camp Verde, just two miles north of Bandera Pass, and for a number of years kept about eighty head

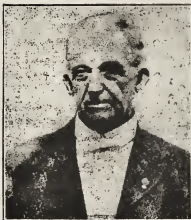
of camels there, to try the experiment of carrying messengers and freight across the desert to El Paso and to the border. The experiment proved a failure. Mr. Krempkau remembers seeing many of those camels that had escaped and gone wild.

Mr. Krempkau's father was one of the early day rangers and Indian scouts, and as such was the bunkmate and messmate of the late Maxene of Leon Springs. The elder Krempkau died in San Antonio November 29, 1871.

NO ROOM IN THE TENT FOR POLECATS.

By W. B. Foster, San Antonio, Texas.

I was born January 6th, 1849, one mile from Foster Cross Road, Sequado Valley, East Tennessee. I lost my



W. B. Foster

mother when I was seven year old. One year later my father married Mrs. Julia Morris and moved to Hickory Hill, Gallatin county, Illinois. I stayed there until I was eighteen years old, then I went to East Tennessee, staying there three years and then drifted over to Trotters Landing, Mississippi, and from there came to Texas. I landed in San Antonio April 6th, 1871. Killed

my first wolf on Dignowity Hill, now being in the city limits. I was there only a short time until I hired to W. M. Todd to go north with cattle. Wade Hampton of Seguin had charge of the herd. Todd bought horses for himself. Major George of Seguin and Monoy & Wilbert of Nevada also hired men for Todd's three outfits. We camped for several days under a big hackberry tree that now stands on Roosevelt Avenue in San Antonio. From

there we went to Guadalupe river. Major George took one outfit to Seguin. We camped in a little pasture belonging to Mr. Braners just north of Youngford. While there Col. Todd bought a fine pair of steers from Edwards & Ervin. He wanted them broke to work so we drove them out on the prairie, roped and tied them down, yoked them and tied their tails together, tied the bed to the wagon, put a rope around their horns, put a half hitch in their mouths and then hitched them to the wagon. Al Meyers and myself got into the wagon to drive, the boys untied their legs and other men rode on each side to keep them straight, and if you don't think we had a ride over those hogwollows, you have another thought coming. We could handle them when we went to receiving cattle.

We next moved to Cordova Pens four and a half miles northwest of Seguin, where we road-branded the cattle TOD that we had received from J. Plumer at the May pasture, two miles from the Sutherland Springs, the ranch brand being AT. We received 1300 head in four herds. In coming from the May pasture to the branding pens, we came by Sutherland Springs, crossed the Guadalupe river at Sheffield Ford below Seguin, and passed north of Seguin.

Just as we started on the trail, W. M. Pusey came from Denver, Colorado. Todd let him have Wade Hampton to help him gather a herd. Pusey was Todd's son-in-law. Todd then hired Col. G. W. Nail of Hunter to boss his herd. We crossed the San Geronimo creek at the Austin Crossing, the San Marcos at the McGee crossing by the Manchaca Springs; here I witnessed the densest fog I ever saw. We crossed the Colorado River west of Austin, left Round Rock to the left, and crossed the Gabriel River some distance east of town. Little River was up, as it had been raining and everything crossed but one steer. I roped him and got him in the water and he swam across.

Todd had a very fine mare which he had bought from Nick Crenshaw at Seguin. A man by the name of Thompson who was riding her, went around a bend of the river here and we never hear or saw anything of him or the

mare after that.

We crossed just above the suspension bridge at Waco. At Hillsboro the cattle stampeded around a school house. The young lady teacher was quick to close the door, but the kiddies were scared just the same. I rode a big horse that I called "Jack Moore" and he was some horse. We had just left Hillsboro, when the cattle spied a little girl going to school with a red shawl on her head. Each corner of the shawl being blown by the wind and this was more than the cattle could stand. I was behind the herd and saw what was exciting the cattle so I got all there was in Jack Moore and picked her up just in time.

At Cleburne a bad man beat up Tony Wilder, a seventeen year-old boy that belonged to our outfit. Al Meyers tried his hand on the bad man, using his quirt. Wilder never carried arms of any kind, he was more like a girl than a boy and everyone in the outfit loved him. He and myself were the only ones out of an outfit of twenty-two men that had not killed a man.

At Fort Worth the river was up. We went up about ten miles west of town and cut brush to build a chute to the river in order to force the cattle into the water, the bank being about eight or ten feet higher than the water. I always led the cattle across all streams and on this occasion I went down that chute in front of a stampeded herd. On the north bank my horse bogged, I jumped off him and as I did so I discovered several Indians sitting on a log nearby. I shouted back to the men on the other side that there were Indians there. It was some time before the other men crossed on a ferry just below the mouth of the Clear Fork of the Trinity River, and when they got there the Indians were gone.

At the Trinity River we wound up a wild drive of 100 miles in four days with stock cattle. Col. Todd was drinking all the time and was very disagreeable, which caused Colonel Nail to leave us. Every one in the outfit was sorry to see him leave as he was a fine man and one of the best cowmen I ever saw.

As we neared the Red River Canon, we were strung

out on the trail and a small herd to our right tried to rush to the mouth of the canon. When they got close, and were about to pass us Al Meyers commenced to shoot in front of them. They had business the other way, and like they were in a hurry to get there. Red River Canon is about twenty-five miles through and only one place where a herd could be bedded. When we camped near the Red River Station, I quit and went to town ahead of the herd. The river was very high. People tried to get Todd to wait until the water went down. None of the men would lead the herd. The cattle got about the middle of the stream and then went to swimming in a circle. Todd began calling for me. He had long white hair and was wild for short time. He turned to Al Meyers and said: "You know where my son Foster is? Tell him I will give him anything in the world if he will save my cattle for me."

I stripped to my underclothes, mounted "Jack Moore" and went to them. I got off the horse and right on to the cattle. They were so jammed together that it was like walking on a raft of logs. When I finally got to the only real big steer in the bunch I mounted him and he pulled for the other side. When he got near the bank I drifted down the stream to the horse. It must have been about 9 o'clock in the morning, on the 8th day of June, 1871, I kept the herd together all day until nearly sundown; no hat, no saddle—just my underclothes.

At Monument Rock some of the boys put the Colonel's tent over a bed of polecats and when he went to bed they tied the front of the tent. In trying to get out a little later the Colonel tore down the tent.

The next morning the Colonel sent me to Fort Sill after the mail. It was thirty-five miles to Fort Sill and the Indians were on the warpath, but I did not see any. I caught the herd again at the old stage stand. I had a letter for Al Meyers, and in thirty minutes he was on his way to Philadelphia, Pa., to get married. Jimmie Billings also got a letter telling him that he could return to New York City, his old home. He had been a bounty

jumper during the war.

The next day Colonel Nelson and I were near the trail when the stage came along. The driver told Nelson that the officers had learned where he was and that they would be after him soon, he then rode around the herd and was gone. Nelson was the right hand man to John Morgan, the raider, during the war between the states. He had been boot-legging in Indian Territory.

We crossed the Washita river where the McDonald ranch is now and crossed the Canadian river at Billie William's store. That night Colonel Todd and I fell out and I quit. He talked a long time to me before I would agree to stay with the outfit until he got out of the Indian country.

The next morning when I went out to try to get a wild turkey, I rode into a bunch of Indians. "Jack Moore" carried me from them and when I got to the herd, I had been struck with several arrows, so was "Jack Moore." Jimmie Billings cut the arrows out of both of us with a pocket knife. I lost quite a lot of blood. While they were at work on me, William Packer rode up and had me put in his wagon and in a few days I was in the saddle again. But Jack Moore and I parted forever. I finished my trip with Harrow & Packer, who had three hundred head of butcher cattle which they were taking to Bloomington, Ill.

We passed Caldwell, Kansas, and were in Wichita Falls on the 4th day of July, 1871, just two years after the first peg was driven into the ground to lay out the town. The cattle were shipped from Florence, Kansas.

William Slaughter and I went across the country to Abilene. Wild Bill, or I should say William Hickok was city marshall. He was very kind to me and I thought a great deal of him.

I shipped cattle from Abilene to St. Louis for Jim Reed, a one-armed man. One day while I was asleep at the Belle Hotel in St. Louis, Zack Mulhall called and asked what I was dreaming. I told him of "home". He then asked me why I did not go home. I told him to go to the

ticket office with me and the first train that went out I would go on it. The train went east just one hour before the one went west. I found things changed from what they were when they left.

GARLAND G. ODOM

Among the foremost men in the cattle industry of Texas was G. G. Odom, of Ballinger, Texas. He was born in Baldwin county, Alabama, December 16, 1852, and was brought to Texas by his parents a year later. The family settled at San Antonio where his father, Thomas L. Odom, engaged in ranching. Garland Odom was a cowboy on his father's ranch until 1872, when he embarked in the cattle business for himself, becoming a trailer and driving his herds to Kansas markets. In 1876 he and his father drove 4,000 head of cattle to Runnels county and established the O. D. Ranch, with Fort Chadbourne as headquarters. While engaged in trail driving, Mr. Odom met and enjoyed the friendship of such old timers as Dewees, Maberry, Dawson, Fountain Hemsley, Nunn, Burnett, Deedis, Lowe, Slaughter, Collins, Cood Adams, and others whose names are familiar to the cowboys of those days.

In 1879 he organized the Odom-Luekett Land & Livestock Company, of which he was general manager, and proceeded to buy and acquire title to a large body of land. In 1883 his company fenced in about 100,000 acres, the first pasture of any importance in that section of the state. This met with a great deal of opposition from a certain element, and "wire cutting" gave the company no end of trouble, the "cutters" clipping about forty miles in one night. In 1886 Mr. Odom drove a large herd to Arizona and established a ranch at White Mountain, in Apache county, and again took up trailing, driving several herds to Montana and the Dakotas.

Mr. Odom became connected with leading business interests of Ballinger, Texas, and in all of his ventures he

attained remarkable success. He was married at San Antonio January 28, 1875, to Miss Sallie M. Crigler, and to them were born two daughters.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TRAIL DRIVER.

John C. Jacobs, San Antonio.

Any one who would like to make a trip over the old cattle trail, from Texas to Montana with a herd of cattle,



John C. Jacobs

should meet President George Saunders, with his organization of old trail drivers, at their annual meet at the Gunter Hotel, San Antonio, Texas, in October of each year, where they proceed to tear down every wire fence in the State, load up their chuck wagon with its raw hide stretched under the hind axle, get their cow ponies together, round up vast herds of long horned

cattle, throw them on the trail for a three to seven months drive to northern markets, and after they have sold out and got their big roll of the long green, they stage a two night's ball at the Gunter. It would do your heart good to see the old timer swing the modern girl agoin' and a-comin'. "In his mind" he owns more cattle than Job of Uzz ever saw. His grand-daughter has to step some to keep time with him in an old fashioned square dance. He has gone back on the range, turned his wolf loose, and forgotten the years that have flown. The most of his life has been spent out under Mother Nature's great blue, and the sixty-five to seventy-five years rest light upon his shoulders.

The rattle of horns and hoof in (the lobby) is to him as the fountain of youth. He has mounted his cuttin'

horse and "lit a shuck." Herds of cattle going over the trail run in numbers from one to five thousand. After a herd is thrown on the trail, cattle of different temperament take their different places in the herd while traveling—they, like men, have their individuality. A few take the lead and keep the lead during the entire drive, others follow and keep their places. Then comes the middle and principal part of the herd, and last what is called the drags, and they are drags from the day they leave the ranch to the end of the drive. When watering and grazing they mix and mingle but when thrown back on the trail each division finds its respective places.

To handle a herd of all steer cattle on the trail requires the very best cowboy skill, and a herd boss who can speak the bovine language. If they ever stampede one time, there is danger of trouble the entire drive. A cowboy might carelessly get off his horse while the cattle were resting on the bedding ground, and if the horse should shake himself the rattle of the saddle would likely start a stampede, and only a cow puncher knows what that means. When the cattle are restless on the bedding ground the boys on night herd hum a low, soft lullaby (like a mother to her child.) It has a quieting effect and often saves trouble.

A frontier cow range develop many peculiar characters, and many incidents that are stranger than fiction. I haven't the space to touch on more than one of them.

Judge Roy Bean was justice of the peace in a suburb of San Antonio, which is now in the city limits, but still known as "Beanville." Civilization was closing in on the Judge, so he bundled up and went west, and located on the Mexican border, west of the Pecos river. Lillian Langtry, while filling an engagement here, met the old Judge, and was very much taken with his personality. The Judge named the station he founded west of the Pecos, "Langtry," and in after years Miss Langtry, while crossing to the Pacific coast, would stop over and spend a day with her friend and admirer. None of the counties were organized in that part of the country, so

the Judge got an appointment as Justice of the Peace at Langtry. He was running a saloon there, and he built a house near by and painted on it in large letters: "Judge Roy Bean's City Hall and Seat of Justice. He is the Law West of the Pecos."

It is said of the old Judge that a man was found dead on his range, and he had \$50 and a pistol on his person. The Judge held an inquest over the body and fined the corpse \$50 for carrying a pistol!

It is said that a friend of the Judge's killed a Mexican and when the constable brought the man in for a preliminary trial, the Judge said he could find no law in his books against killing a Mexican, and instructed the officer to release the prisoner. The Judge never adjourned his court and was always ready for action.

Stations were far between on the Southern Pacific railroad and Langtry was a water station. Passengers had time while the engine was taking water to rush over to the Judge's saloon and take something stronger. On one occasion a passenger took a bottle of beer—price one dollar—and handed the Judge a twenty. The customer thought the Judge a little slow in making the change, and indulged in a few cuss words and fears of getting left. The Judge fined him nineteen dollars for contempt of court, and informed the gentlemen that if he had anything further to say derogatory to the dignity of the court he would lock him up for thirty days. The old Judge was a fine man and a most interesting character. At his death he willed Miss Langtry his brace of pistols.

I would be pleased to go on and write of the splendid character among the cowboys. They have a side to their character that the outside world knows nothing of. They were to a man defenders of women and children. Drop a woman down in an isolated cow camp and she was a queen and her will and wishes are absolute. They are to a man Chesterfields in the rough, and in my fifty years of life on the cow range I have never known a cowboy to insult nor heard of one attempting the unpardonable crime against the sex.

From the Rio Grande, which is the border between Texas and Mexico, to Red River, which is the north line of Texas, going over the cattle trail, is a distance of about 600 miles, so it took cattle leaving the southern part of the state from six weeks to two months to cross the northern border of Texas. Some of these herds were headed for Montana and often snow would be flying by the time they reached their destination.

All of the old trail drivers will remember Fort Griffin in Shackelford county, which was the last organized county on the trail, and all herds had to be inspected at the crossing of the Clear Fork of the Brazos, near the mouth of Tecumsee. The writer at one time had the honor of being inspector there, and the memory of many pleasant events come back over the fleeting years as I sit here and write.

It seems now as though it was all in some other world and under fairer skies. The cowboy as he was then is gone from the earth. The railroads and wire fences have got his job. His old sore-backed cow pony is aged and wobbly. The automobile has got his job and his old three-quarter rigged saddle, with its busted raw-hide cover, hangs out in the old rickety shed—a relic of former days—and soon the last of his tribe will sack his saddle, roll and light his last shuck as he bares his breast to the winding trail out over the Great Divide, where, we trust, vast herds of long horned cattle roam over fertile plains and slake their thirst from crystal streams.

“CHAWED” THE EARMARKS.

J. C. Thompson, Devine, Texas.

On the first day of March, 1878, I left my humble home on the Chicon Creek in Medina county, Texas, in company with Reas and Boon Moore, for the Leas Harris ranch on the La Gonias in Atascosa county. Lewis & Bluntzer had leased the ranch for the preceding year, and were then rounding up stock cattle to be driven to Kansas. Before

leaving with the herd I witnessed a deal between Lewis and Bluntzer and Billie Childers, a son-in-law of Harris' for the ranch, receiving five hundred cows and calves for the ranch. We turned the herd out of the pasture on the 16th day of March and the drive for Kansas began. I was seventeen years old but was not a novice in the business by any means as I had been gathering, roping and branding mavericks all of my life. I remember on one occasion W. F. Thompson, my brother, and I caught a fine maverick one day and we had no knife to mark him with. Our mark was crop off one ear and underbit the other. Brother said if I would bite out the under-bit he would bite off the crop. It took some "chewing" but we did a fairly good job of it.

But back to the trail: Mr. Bluntzer was along in person. He was a fat, jolly good fellow and we all loved him. We told him that he had the advantage of us when it rained as he could lay on his back and spread a blanket on his belly and have a good roof over him. If you have never driven a herd consisting of two thousand cows in the spring you just can't imagine the time we had. We would leave from five to ten calves on the bedground every morning, and the cows would have to be roped and hobbled to keep them from going back the next night to their calves, and this thing lasted until we reached the Indian Territory.

I shall never forget that it was on this trip that I saw a railroad train in motion. We were approaching Dodge City when I looked across Arkansas River and saw a real locomotive pulling a train of ears. I can shut my eyes now and see that picture far across the plains. There might have been railroads somewhere in Texas at that time but they had not rambled around my way.

I can remember some of the cowboys on that trip but some have faded away from my memory. One of the jolly good ones, the wit of the gang, was Clinch Bright. I thought more of him than I did of anyone in the bunch and he was the only one I had a fight with, but we were both to blame, made it up in a few days, and were better

friends than ever. Others were Arch. Larimore, Rufe and Frank James of Fort Worth, and old Lem Pegrum who never spent a cent from the time he would leave here until he reached Fort Dodge, and then spent every dollar he had the first night.

I was contented to work on the ranch until 1883 when I went to Old Mexico after a herd of cattle for Lot Johnson. The boys composing this outfit were J. A. Kercheville, Everett Johnson, Ben Ridgus, Lem Kercheville, Wiley Mangrum, Bill Walker and Charlie Mulligan. We left the Salado river in Old Mexico with these cattle and made a sixty mile drive to the Rio Grande, crossing just above Laredo without a drop of water. About forty miles north of Laredo about 12 o'clock in the night a regular blizzard swept down upon us which had just been preceded by a very hard, drenching rain. That cold wind whistled all night and the next day but calmed down about 6 o'clock the next evening, and the next morning we counted 180 head of cattle dead on the bedground. At this stage of the game I left this outfit and came back to the settlement, but on or about the first day of April of the same year, 1883, I went up the trail with a herd of cattle for Lytle & McDaniel, with Walter Trimble as foreman. When this herd was delivered at Fort Dodge, Kansas, I got in with another herd for Lytle with Gus Black as foreman. This herd of steers was delivered by Gus Black to Conners & Weir in South Dakota. B. L. Crouch delivered a herd brought by Dick Head to the same parties at the same time. I got a job with Conners & Weir and took these cattle on to Montana, put their ranch brand on them and turned them loose on Powder River, Montana.

I intended to stay in Montana that winter but after finding out you could not get outside the house for seven months without snow shoes ten feet long, it was TEXAS for me.

JAMES MADISON CHITTIM.

James Madison Chittim was born on a farm in Gentry county, Missouri, May 1, 1858, and died in San Antonio, Texas, April 1, 1911. Mr. Chittim located at Victoria, Texas, in 1888, and within a few years he became one of the largest handlers of cattle in the Southwest. In 1889 he removed to San Antonio and made that city his home until his death. For many years the cattle owned by him were numbered by the tens of thousands, and he controlled hundreds of thousands of acres of land, either through actual ownership or under lease. At the time of his death he owned the largest ranch west of San Antonio.

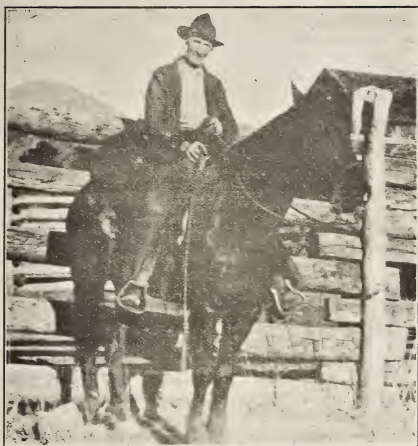
In 1888 Mr. Chittim was married to Miss Annie Elizabeth Oberle of Memphis, Tennessee. To them were born two daughters.

A BIG MIXUP.

W. M. Nagiller, Williams, Arizona.

I am one of the old timers that went up the old Chisholm Trail. I was born June 18, 1864, in Burnet county, Texas.

I started from Burnet in May, 1882, with 3,000 head of steers, owned by Hudson & Watson. Our trail boss was John Christian also of Burnet. We went north and crossed the Red River at Doan's Store. There we layed over two weeks for two more trail herds to overtake us which belonged to the same men, Hudson & Watson. When the two herds arrived we threw all three herds together, which made about 9,000 head of cattle. There were to be 4,000 head of picked cattle to be cut out of this herd. We started cutting out this number in the afternoon. By evening we had 500 head cut out, and my boss and his men took these cattle to hold that night. The other two bosses and their men took the remaining 8500 cattle to stand guard around. At sundown when we bedded the cattle down for the night there were eleven trail herds in sight. Along in the night a terrible storm came up. It



W. M. Nagiller.

was the worst that I ever experienced. The thunder, lightning and rain was awful. All the cattle were turned loose except small cuts we were holding. The following morning cattle were dotting the plains in every direction as far as the eye could see. All the trail herds were mixed up. After we had finished our breakfast we started to make the big roundup. There were about 120 cowboys. When we had the roundup made we had about 33,000 head in one bunch. We worked about ten days before we got the cattle shaped up to start on our way. One of the herds went to Caldwell, Kansas, and one to Cheyenne, Wyoming. The herd I was with went north of Cheyenne.

From Doan's Store we went on through the Indian

Nation to Dodge City, Kansas, and then on to Ogallala, Nebraska, where we crossed to the South Platte River. We passed through Fort Fetimon and Fort Larime and went northwest into Wyoming. We were on the trail four and one half months, and had to stand guard every night.

I now own a cow ranch near Williams, Arizona, and I have been here twenty-eight years.

GEORGE T. REYNOLDS.

George T. Reynolds was born in Montgomery, Alabama, February 14, 1844, and came to Texas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B.W. Reynolds, in 1847, locating in Shelby county. After residing there thirteen years the family moved to Palo Pinto county where he sojourned only a few months, finally locating on Clear Fork of the Brazos in Stephens county, where he engaged in the cattle business. A large herd of cattle was purchased from J. R. Baylor, Mr. Reynolds paying in part with a negro girl, valued at \$1,000, and giving the difference in gold. Young Reynolds was then about sixteen years old, and materially assisted his father in looking after the cattle. George T. Reynolds secured his first start in business by conveying mails for the government from Palo Pinto to Weatherford. Thirty or forty miles was covered on each trip, and he usually rode his poney at night to avoid meeting hostile Indians. When eighteen years of age he enlisted in the Confederate army and served until 1863, when he was severely wounded and received an honorable discharge to return home. In 1865 he made his first venture as a cattle speculator, purchasing 100 steers which he drove to Mexico and sold at a good profit. In 1866 he rented the Stone Ranch in Throckmorton county and strated in the cattle business on a larger scale. In an Indian fight near the south of Double Mountain Fork in 1867 Mr. Reynolds received a serious arrow wound. The shaft was removed but the arrow remained imbedded in the muscles of his back for sixteen years.

Mr. Reynolds was extensively interested in cattle and land in Throckmorton and Shackelford counties, and owned a large ranch in North Dakota, near the mouth of the Yellowstone River. He assisted in the upbuilding of Albany, Texas, organized the First National Bank of Albany, of which he became president, and was also connected with banks in Oklahoma.

COLONEL ALBERT G. BOYCE.

The subject of this sketch was born in Travis county, Texas, May 8, 1842, and his life was one of thrilling events in which courage, perseverance and fair dealing were manifested to a marked degree. His parents moved to Texas from Missouri in 1839 and located in Travis county. In 1853 the family moved to Round Rock, Williamson county, and thence to Burnet county, where the elder Boyce and his four sons established a ranch and farm, and were among the first to turn the sod and plant the Golden corn. Indian raids were frequent in those days and the Boyces could be depended upon at all times when courage and endurance were in demand. At the age of nineteen Albert G. Boyce enlisted in the Confederate army and spent four years of hard soldier life. He first saw service under Captain Nick Darnell, serving in the Mississippi department. He took part in several engagements, was captured at the fall of Arkansas Post, and was imprisoned several months at Fort Douglas, Chicago. He was afterwards exchanged, and was in General Bragg's Division, where he was wounded at Chickamagua in 1863. When able to travel, he was given a parole and walked the long distance back to his home in Texas. He afterwards was in General Ford's command on the Rio Grande, under D. M. Wilson, and was in the last battle of the Civil War, which was fought between Bank's soldiers and the Confederate on the old battle field of Palo Alto, April 13, 1865, four days after the surrender of General Robert E. Lee.

After the war Colonel Boyee embarked in the cattle business. He was one of the few men who drove a herd of Texas cattle to the California coast in 1867. The trip required two years, and the entire route was fraught with great danger from hostile Indians and bands of outlaws. In 1887 he took up his residence on the Staked Plains of Texas, as manager of the XIT Ranch, the largest in the world, composed of 3,000,000 acres. He was in active management of this ranch for eighteen years.

On December 20, 1870, he was happily married to Miss Annie E. Harris of Round Rock, Texas. Six children were born to this union. Mr. Boyee died at Fort Worth January 13, 1912.

BORN IN A LOG CABIN.

G. O. Burrow, Del Rio, Texas.

I was born in Marshall county, Mississippi, near Holly Springs, in a double log house (it was not a disgrace to be born in a log cabin in those days) in 1853. I lived in Mississippi until 1867. My father came home out of the war, sold what few things the Yankees had left us and moved to Texas.

My first recollections were of war times, as there were two or three battles fought right around where I lived. When we came out to Texas to Ellis county where Farris now stands, I heard so much of the West that I lit out for the West. I went to Fort Griffin where I went to work for Jim Browning, who afterwards became Lieutenant-Governor of the state, but at that time neither he nor I knew that Texas had a capital.

I had my share of hardships running from Indians and being about as scared as a fellow could be, and I had my times running out of saloons and gambling houses when some fool would start to shooting.

I left the Northwest and came to the Leona, in Zavalla county and went to work for Mont Woodward. I went up the trail eighteen different times. My first trip was

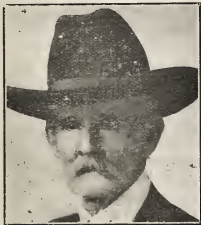
in 1878 or 1879, I forget which. In 1875 I bought cattle to this county, Val Verde, (Kinney then), for Mont Woodward.

I married here in 1877, and raised three children, one boy and two girls. My wife and boy are both dead, and I am just waiting for the Master to call me. The only real enjoyment I have is our reunions of the Old Trail Drivers.

SIXTY YEARS IN TEXAS, AROUND GOOD OLD SAN ANTONIO.

Jesse M. Kilgore, San Antonio, Texas.

My father, J. J. Kilgore, came from Mississippi to Texas in 1850, bringing with him slaves and coming through in



Jesse M. Kilgore.

ox-wagons. He bought land and settled on the Cibolo in Wilson county, five miles above the old Carvajal Crossing. Jose Luis Caraval was living there then, having settled there in 1830. Afterward other settlers moved in, among them being Isaac Butler, Joe Gouger, Geo. Hutchins, Bill Canfield, Sam Edmontson, and a few other people.

My father went into the stock business and was very successful. His brand, the old JK, was known far and near. When the Civil War broke out he joined Captain Duncan's company in San Antonio and served throughout the war, part of the time as flag-bearer. When he returned home there were not many cattle left.

In 1873 or 1874 a party of us followed a bunch of cattle rustlers from Gonzales county, in the West Hardin community. In our crowd were Jim Sutton, Fred House, Tom

Patton, Belger Baylor, J. J. Kilgore, Emil Neil and myself. We overtook the rustlers at Leon Springs, now Camp Stanley, with 350 head of cattle belonging to cattlemen throughout our section of the country, and we captured the whole outfit about sundown. After guarding them all night we took them to San Antonio and turned them over to the sheriff. The following day we drove the cattle back below Floresville and turned them loose. The leader of the gang was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for six years, but was pardoned shortly afterwards.

In 1871 my father went up the trail with a herd, his straight mark and brand. He came back with his outfit, horses and wagon. With him came Dick Crew, whose native state was Ohio. Dick lived with us quite awhile and we thought it strange that a man from the north could ride and rope so well. I would like to know what became of him. We all thought a great deal of Dick Crew.

In 1875 we left the Cibolo, in Wilson county, with 2100 head of mixed cattle going west. We followed the Cibolo as far as Selma in order to have water. From Selma we crossed the Salado at the old Austin Crossing, then to the head of the San Antonio river where Brackenridge Park is now located, where we watered. Then went on to Leon Springs. The next water was at San Geronimo, then Pipe Creek, and from there to Bandera, following the Medina river up to the present site of Medina City. Here we held the cattle and rested for a month. The cattle were sore-footed from traveling over the rocks, and the horses were skinned and poor; in fact some of them died afoot, and during the time we rested we sent back to the ranch for fresh horses. After breaking camp we followed the West Prong of the Medina river to its head, where we made another stop to rest. We were then on the divide. Leaving there we went out by the Frio Water Hole, and on to the Frio river where we again stopped, men and horses all in. Charles L. Kilgore, Joe Crossley and myself intended to start a ranch, but did not fancy the rocks.

The Indians came frequently with the moon, but so far had given us no trouble. No doubt they had sized up our

horses, concluded they could not use them and passed them up as too poor.

The following winter we gathered up and went Frio county, about one hundred miles south of where we were. After two days' travel down the Hondo, fifteen redskins came by our old camp in behind us. A man named Phillips ate dinner with us and started back to Bandera and was killed and scalped by those Indians. No doubt they saw our herd and passed us somewhere near Frio City. We had eight men in our crowd, John J. Strait, John Muhr, Price Preston, Charles L. Kilgore and myself, and others whose names I cannot recall. It is believed that the Indians thought our party too large to attack. Brother Charles and myself are the only members of that party that I know of who are still living. Reaching Frio county we bought land and fenced it with timber, like all the pastures were fenced in those days. Wire fences were then unknown.

About the last raid made by the Indians near Frio City was in 1877, when a band of redskins passed through the Oge and Woodward pasture five miles from Frio City. Louis Oge, Cav. Woodward, Bill Henson and two Mexicans took their trail, sending one Mexican to town to notify the citizens, and requesting help to meet them at the Votaw pens on Elm Creek. Some thought it was done to break up a dance that was coming off, so we did not go. During the afternoon another Mexican brought word that Oge and the others were fighting the Indians, so we rushed out there but arrived too late as they had fled, leaving forty-six head of stolen horses. There were ten Indians in the band. Some of the horses belonged as far up as Bandera. After the fight was over we had our dance.

Afterwards Billie Parks and the boys on the Leona killed an Indian. This was about the winding up of the Indian raids in this section.

Shortly after this Joe Crossley was killed at Uvalde by Sam Griner, and later Griner was killed.

In 1893 Chas. Kilgore and myself bought and drove

330 ewes to the Pecos river, and located a ranch fifty miles west of Fort Lancaster. Jack Sheppard was a third pardner. We were three months on this trip. We had a hard time crossing the Pecos river. It sure tries a man's patience to make such an undertaking as we attempted. You can't belong to the church and swim sheep across a stream. Only by the help of Half's cowboys were we able to get those sheep across, otherwise we would have stay on this side. They were like the old timer—can't make him "take water over the bar." Finally we sold out and quit the Pecos, going as far as Ft. Worth, later selling out there and came back home. Ft. Worth was quite a small place then. In volume 1 of this book our president, George W. Saunders, in his write-up of the settling of this country, and the hardships the people endured during those times, did not exaggerate in the least. His memory is wonderful, and the only thing he forgot to mention was about our living on "jerked" beef, and how old he was when he first saw any flour. I know I was a good sized boy before we had any flour. My father owned the first cooking stove and buggy on the Cibolo. Our few neighbors came over to see our stove and of course pronounced it a fake, but it was not long until the old skillet was cast aside and stoves were plentiful.

I first saw the light in Texas in 1854. I have two brothers living, Chas. L. and J. K. Kilgore. Have three sisters dead. Ella, the oldest, married L. H. Browne. They had two sons, J. L. and N. H. Browne, both of whom are now living in San Antonio. My next sister, Mattie, married J. J. Strait. Both are dead, but are survived by six children: J. B., J. S. and Y. C. Strait, Mrs. Viola Ward, Mrs. Dell Ward, and Mrs. Alma Parr. W. Y. Kilgore, now dead, married Miss Mary Little and has one child living, Mrs. Artie Barnhardt.

In 1879 I married Miss Flora A. Matthews of Palestine, Texas. In 1887 she died at the age of 26 years, leaving two children, both girls, Elna and Callie. Elna married George W. McDaniel, they have three children living; Flora V., Robert G. and Maggie. Callie married

first Geo. T. Crusins; they had two children, Geraldine K. and Alton B. Crusins. In 1918 she married Thomas N. Seroggins, a World War veteran and a member of the 36th Division.

I have five grandchildren and one great-grandchild living. We are passing away fast. In a few years we will meet here no more. If it had not been for the president of our association, George W. Saunders, there would have been nothing left for the younger generation to know who opened good old Texas for them to live in.

HARDSHIPS OF A WINTER DRIVE.

Alf. Beadle, North Pleasanton, Texas.

In January, 1894, Mr. Pruitt, whose ranch is situated twenty-five miles north of Alpine in the Davis Mountains,



Alf. Beadle.

put up a herd of cattle to be driven up into the Panhandle country. He hired Tip Franklin, Jesse Parker, Will Heard, myself, George Owens, Jim McMahon, Jess Pruitt and Will Pruitt; also a negro cook and negro horse-wrangler. Jess Pruitt was boss.

On the second day of February we started out with the herd in good shape. The first night out

the cattle stampeded several times and kept all hands up most of the night as well as the second night. One day about twelve o'clock a low cloud was seen in the north. Some of the boys said it was only the sand blowing on the plains, while others said it was a blizzard coming. We were then going over the long prairie near the Leon Holes and about 4 o'clock it struck us. It was a sand storm and

turned to sleeting. We were compelled to stand a midnight guard with the horses as well as the cattle. The cattle milled and ran most of the night. Could not bed them at all and we made slow progress owing to the cold. We got to the Horse Head Crossing on the Pecos river in the middle of the afternoon. The river was up and as we had good protection on that side of the river Jess stopped there for the night, but on account of the salt grass he had to double the guards again. Bob the horse-wrangler was put on guard again. The next morning we had no horses nor horse wrangler, all were gone. We found where Bob had burned a rat den and after it had burned out he raked the ashes away and lay down and went to sleep. Upon waking up, Bob discovered the horses were gone and he began hunting for them and got lost himself. We found him that day about one o'clock twelve miles up the river with two of the horses. We were there all the balance of the day getting across the river. Everything went well for several days. The day we went into the TX pasture at the foot of the plains. It began snowing again and we had to water the herd at troughs at some squatters in the TX pasture, and we worked most all day at that. When this was finished our boss ordered us to start on while he would help the cook fill up the water barrel on the wagon. On going upon the plains that night we tried to set a rat den on fire so we could warm, but were so cold we could not strike a match. It was then agreed to go back and tell our boss we could not hold them that night on the plains. Jess quickly agreed with us and we turned the herd loose and struck camp there in the sand hills at the foot of the plains. Every day we would wrap our feet in old gunny sacks and ride the string of fence and keep the cattle turned back as much as possible. One of the hands that worked on the TX Ranch was lost and stayed out all night and had both his feet frozen. We were several days late and as Mr. Pruitt had gone on the train to Midland and could not hear anything of us, he hired a horse at a livery stable and started out to find us. We were out of grub

and started the wagon on to Midland after more provisions when they met Mr. Pruitt. He came on and stayed several days with us. When we started to gathering the cattle again, we found most of them and went on with them. Things went smoothly for some time. Our next blizzard was not so bad, as it only rained and drizzled for some time. This was an unusually bad time for moving cattle.

MONT WOODWARD WAS A FRIEND.

G. O. Burrow, Del Rio, Texas.

Mont Woodward was born in San Antonio about seventy-five or seventy-six years ago; was raised out on the frontier; and was a Confederate soldier. After the war he married Miss Helen Thomas of Austin, moved out on the Leona and lived there for years in ranch business. He drove lots of cattle on the trail, and in 1876, he and Slaughter drove 7,000.

Mont Woodward was an honest cowman. If he promised to brand your calves for you, you could rest assured that he would do it.

His ranch was on the Leona about twenty miles west of Frio Town, where everyone passing was welcome to stop and rest, sleep and eat.

This little sketch of Mont's life would not be complete without saying something of his wife. When she married Mont Woodward she had never cooked a meal of victuals in her life; she was raised in the city, and came right out on the Leona with him and no man had a better wife than Mont Woodward. She stayed on that ranch as long as eighteen months without seeing any other woman. She sat in her door of the ranch several times and saw Indians rounding up the saddle horses.

Mr. Woodward's ranch was a great stopping place for people going to Carrizo and Eagle Pass, and it made no difference what time of day or night you got there,

Mrs. Woodward would get up and get you something to eat and do it with pleasure.

To show you what our old Texas women were made of, I will say that in 1873, when we were all gone to Kansas the Indians came into the country acting awfully bad. This was the same bunch of redskins that kiled Old Man Massey. Mr. Woodward's father, who lived in Frio Town, went out to the ranch to bring Mrs. Woodward and the children into Frio Town. On the way back they came over a brushy hill out on a prairie and saw five or six Indians coming towards them. Mr. Woodward wheeled the hack around back into the brush and unhitched the horses and told Mrs. Woodward to hide the children. He got his gun and walked out in front and looked around, and there stood Mrs. Woodward with her gun. He said: "Helena, what do you mean out here? Go back to those children." And she answered, "No, I will not. I will stay here with you and fight for those children."

The Indians squabbled around awhile and went off. This only shows what the old frontier women had to go through with. Mrs. Woodward lives at Pearsall now.

Mont Woodward went to Arizona and was brutally murdered for twenty-eight dollars, while giving two tramps a supper.

The world is better off that Mont Woodward lived in it.

DREAM WAS REALIZED.

Charlie Bargsley, San Antonio, Texas.

I was born near Austin, in Travis county, Texas, July 25th, 1867. My father was a native Texan, and was born in 1829. He fought during the Mexican War, and also fought Indians during the Civil War. He was a farmer and stock-raiser, not exactly what you would call a stock-man, but he had enough cattle to make a cowboy out of me, and like most young boys of that day and time, the dream of my life was to go "up the Trail" with a big

herd of cattle, and the dream of my life was realized in 1883 when I went with John and Bill Blocker. Louis Deets was foreman. Then in 1884 I went with Mayberry & Houston. Tom Buntin was foreman as far as Brady City, then he turned back and Andrew Duff, of Santa Anna, went as foremen for the rest of the trip. I will not relate any of my experiences on these trips, but will leave that for the older fellows to do, as I am sure their trips were more exciting than mine.



CHARLIE BARGSLEY.

Photo Taken at San Antonio Old Trail Drivers' Rodeo in
November, 1922, When He Caught His Steer in $7\frac{1}{2}$
Seconds.

**WHEN HE GOT BIG ENOUGH TO FIGHT, THE
INDIANS WERE GONE.**

W. T. (Bill) Brite, Leming, Texas.

I was born in this, Atascosa county, July 24, 1856, and I am now the oldest native-born white man in the county.



Bill Brite.

My father moved from Caldwell county in 1854 and settled seven miles above Pleasanton. This county was then a part of Bexar county, and was organized in 1856. I think he was the first treasurer the county ever had. In the campaign he and Captain Peter Tumlinson were candidates for the position and father was elected. He died in 1859. There were only three children in our

family; Charles, four years older than myself; he died in 1911; Dan, two years older than I, died in infancy. My mother moved to Bee county in 1860, and we lived in Beeville for a time during the Civil War. Coffee was then a dollar a pound and lots of people parched meal bran and sweet potato peelings for coffee. Flour bread was unknown to me until about 1867, and the first biscuit I ever saw I thought were about the prettiest things in the world. The only biscuit we had was the little fellow that was always cooked in the middle of three ponies of corn-bread baked in a skillet with a lid on it.

Indians were very bad in this county during the Civil War, but when I got big enough to fight them they were all gone. I saw lots of them, but the folks always put me under the bed when the Indians came, so I have never fought any Indians. They would make raids down into this country every light moon and take out a great many horses. At that time the country was very thinly settled

and every man that was able was fighting the Yankees in Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee and Virginia. When the war closed there were lots of cattle here, but no market for them until the drives to Kansas started in about 1870. Old Man Leroy Pope was about the first man to drive a herd from Atascosa. He started from his ranch on the La Parita, where Christine is now located, with 2200 big steers, none of them under seven years old and I think some of them were twelve or fifteen years old. People in those days called them "scalawags." He got them as far as Positas in Bexar county when they stampeded and he lost the whole herd. It took him about thirty days to get those steers rounded up. I helped in the round-up and we found most of them twenty-five miles away. Among those who drove herds from this section in those days were Bennett, Musgrave, Hines & Murphy, Drake, Gilliland, Jerry Ellis, John Dewees, Charlie Hines, Mitchell & Presnall, John Camp and many others. I helped to gather several herds, but never went up the trail very far. They paid only \$30 or \$35 per month for hands and I figured that I could do better on the range, so I stayed here. Some of the boys who went along never came back. I never liked to get up and herd cattle at night, so never had any desire to go to Kansas.

I married in 1879, just forty-one years ago this day, December 24, 1921, when I am writing this, and there are fifteen children in our family, nine boys and six girls, all living, and my wife and I are still hale and hearty. Including grandchildren there are about forty-five members of our family, and there has been only one death. None of my boys have ever been sent to the penitentiary or elected to the legislature, and I think that is a pretty good showing. I have had a good time all of my life, have had but few scrapes and what few I did have I always came out second best. I believe I have had pretty smooth sailing generally. When broke I could always strike a friend that would help me up, and most of them were old trail drivers. May the Good Lord look after them as He has looked after me, for they are the best people on earth.

FIFTY CENTS A DAY WAS CONSIDERED GOOD PAY

Louis and Joseph Schorp, Rio Medina, Texas.

Louis Schorp and Joseph Schorp were born and raised at Castroville, in Medina county, Texas. They went to school there until they were sixteen years of age, then were sent to St. Mary's College in San Antonio where they received the finishing touches to their education. After they returned home from College they went to work on their father's farm and looking after his cattle. The plowing was done with oxen, which were also used for freighting and hauling of the farm products to San Antonio. The last hauling these brothers did with ox teams was in 1878 when they hauled rock and sand to build the Medina county court house and jail at Castroville. In 1893 the county seat was moved to Hondo. When these brothers had no work on the farm and on the range they would hire out at whatever they could get for their work. Fifty cents a day was considered good pay. During the seventies they helped to round up steers for the trail drivers. Their father had about 500 head of cattle and they always had some of their own to sell. In the late eighties they purchased land on the line of Frio and La Salle counties and located a ranch, which they still own.



Joseph and Louis Schorp, Rio Medina, Texas.

WHEN THE ELEMENTS WEPT AND SHED TEARS.

W. F. Fielder.

I was born in Neshoba county, Mississippi, November 9, 1857, and landed on Seal's Creek, near Prairie Lea in Caldwell county, Texas in the spring of 1867, coming with my parents overland in a wagon drawn by oxen. My first experience with cattle was rounding up a bunch of milk cows with my uncle, Matthew Clark, Bill Butler and Frank Polk. In those days the cows were not heavy milkers, and it required from thirty to fifty cows to give sufficient milk for a good-sized family; and they raised families then, although they seem to have gotten away from the habit now. On those round-ups my hardest job was to keep up with the crowd. My uncle promised me a nice two-year-old heifer on one condition that I keep up with the bunch and not make so much noise when I got out of sight.

My first real job was herding sheep for Lee Holms near Prairie Lea. There were about 500 head in the herd, and I stayed on the job five months, or until he sold them in the spring of 1872. I formed a partnership with Tully Roebuck and we went into the cattle business. I soon got tired of mavericking and sold my interest to Tully in the spring of 1876, and went to work for my uncle, J. K. Blount, in Kendall county. He was buying cattle for Ellison & Dewees. I helped him for awhile, then went to work for A. J. Potter, the "fighting parson," who had a contract to gather a lot of cattle for Louis Heath which had been turned loose to winter on the Cibola. We were about a month on that job and delivered them to Jim Bandy and he drove them up the trail. I next worked with Jake Tally who was buying cattle for Jim Ellison, and was with him until the spring of 1877, when I agreed to go up the trail with Uncle Nat Ellison. We met at his home the first of March of that year, and went to the Guadalupe Pasture below Seguin to receive our herd. The winter had been dry and cold, the cattle were poor and were dying in such numbers that the three men in charge

of the pasture were considerably behind on skinning, so we went to skinning too and it wasn't long before it looked like our herd would all be hanging on the fence. There were about 300 acres fenced with rails and we had that fence pretty well covered with hides. However, about the first of April we began to round up the cattle that looked like they could pull through, getting about 2600 out of the 4600 that had been put in there in the winter. We moved out and stopped on the prairie near Lockhart for about ten days, and while we were there the hostler quit and Mr. Ellison asked me if I would look after the horses until he could get another hostler. I accepted the job and after a few days I told him if it was satisfactory with him I would just stay with the horses. They were so poor and sore-backed I thought the hostler had a better chance to ride than the boys with the cattle on the trail, and I had caught up with my walking while herding sheep. When we left Lockhart the outfit consisted of N. P. Ellison, boss; W. E. Ellison, E. F. Hillard, E. M. Storey, Albert McQueen, Ace Jackson, John Patterson, G. W. Mills, myself, a negro named Luther Merriweather and a negro cook named McStewart. Our first trouble was at Maze Prairie where we had our first stampede. The cattle got scared on the opposite side of the wagon from where we were sleeping and came directly toward us. The awful noise of their tramping feet and the rattling of their horns naturally stampeded the sleeping boys and they all broke for the wagon seeking safety. The excitement was only momentary for in a little while all hands were mounted and after the cattle. We soon had them circling and in a few hours they had quieted down on the bed ground. Hilliard was complaining awfully with his head, claiming that I had ran over him in the excitement and stamped him over the eye with my boot heel. The boys got a lantern to see how badly hurt he was. They found a circle over his eye, showing that in his fright he ran against the spindle of the axle of the wagon instead of being run over by me. Hilliard claimed he was not frightened, and the verdict was that the

wagon became frightened and ran over him. Everything went well for a few days, and then it began raining, and more trouble was in store for us. The elements seemingly selected the night time to do the weeping and tear-shedding act, and just at the time when the tired cowboy was sleeping and dreaming of home and sweetheart, the cattle would become restless and all hands would have to get up and get around them to prevent stampedes.

When we reached the Colorado river it was up and we had to swim it. We went on to Lampasas, Buffalo Gap and Fort Worth, which place was then just a small town. The grass was fine there and we grazed them right up to the depot and down the Trinity river. When we reached Red River it looked like a young ocean, so we camped on Panther Creek, which was rightly named for the screaming of panthers at night sounded as though there must have been several hundred of them. It was on this creek that our worst stampede occurred. They started about 1 o'clock at night and the next morning at daylight we were short 2200; we had only 400 head. In a few days we had about all of them under herd again, so we put them into the Red River and they went right across. We crossed at Red River Station, and when we got into the Indian Territory we found the grass fine and the cattle and horses began to fatten. You could see their hides moving away from the bones, but the elements didn't let up their tear-shedding job, and in those "diggin's" it thundered and lightnined so it was hard to tell whether it was thundering at the lightning or lightning at the thunder. It did both to a chilly finish, and these storms had a tendency to make a fellow feel homesick.

The saddest sight I saw on the trail was at a place where we had stopped to camp. We spied a little mound of fresh earth and a pair of new-made boots sitting by it. It showed the last resting place of some poor cowboy.

A few days after crossing the Washita river our boss received instructions to turn the herd over to Giles Fenner, and to bring his outfit to Dodge City. Four days

later we met Little Jim Ellison, son of the owner of the herd, who advised the boss that they would not need his outfit any longer, and wanted him to take the outfit back to Texas. Green Mills, Zeke Hilliard and Albert McQueen each bought a horse from the boss and went on, taking a chance on getting a job after reaching Dodge City. The rest of us turned our noses southward and landed back at Lockhart about the middle of August.

SKETCH OF CAPT. JAMES D. REED,

Lou Best Porter, Mountainair, New Mexico.

Capt. J. D. Reed, better known in the old days as "One Armed Reed," was born in Alabama in 1830. His parents moved to Mississippi when he was a small child, and remained there until he was about fifteen years old, then came to Texas with George W. Saunders' father, and settled in Goliad county. When the Civil War started he enlisted in Capt. Scott's Company, Curtis' Regiment, and was commissioned first lieutenant. At Arkansas Post in 1863 he was wounded and taken prisoner. The wound caused him to lose his arm. After he was exchanged he returned to Goliad county and organized an independent company and served his country until the close of the war.

In 1867 he married Miss Georgia Best, and for several years worked for wages, buying cattle for other parties, finally deciding if he could buy successfully for others he could buy successfully for himself. He was one of the first to commence driving after the war, and drove to Powder Horn, and Louisiana, and later to the Kansas markets.

In 1877 Capt. Read moved his family to Fort Worth, and bought a ranch in Stonewall county, placing Jack Best in charge of it. In 1883 he sold this ranch and his cattle and went to New Mexico and stocked it with cattle. He placed Jack Best in charge of this ranch also. In most

of his ventures he was successful and was often called the Cattle King of the West. He died in New Mexico in 1891. His wife died in Los Angeles, California, in 1919.

A TRIBUTE TO THE CHARACTER OF WILLIAM BUCKNER HOUSTON.

By Thomas H. Lewis.

William Buckner Houston was born in DeWitt county, Texas, May 6th, 1852, son of James A. and Julia Harris Houston. He departed this life at his residence in Gonzales, on the 22nd day of December, 1916.

James A. Houston was born in Mecklenburg, North Carolina, and in the early settling of Mississippi his father, Robert B. Houston, immigrated to that state with James and four other children. There he became an extensive planter and slave owner. James A. Houston was educated in Oxford University, Mississippi, and just after completing his course became impressed with the idea and determination to seek his fortune in the southwest, at that time considered the land of promise, of adventure and romance, and so he came to Texas. In his new home he turned his attention to farming and stockraising, and in 1848 married Miss Julia A. Harris, daughter of Hon. Buckner and Nina Steel Harris. Judge Harris was prominent in the early days of Mississippi in law and statecraft, and was closely related to that eminent lawyer and judge, Hon. Wiley P. Harris, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that state. James A. Houston bought a home in Gonzales county in 1863, but died before he came into possession. Of Southern blood, of Southern thought, sentiment and feeling, he had enlisted in the armies of the Confederacy, but was prevented by ill health from participating in active service. Shortly thereafter he died, leaving a wife and six children. William Buckner Houston was the third child and is the subject of this sketch.

On January 20th, 1884, the subject of this tribute was

married to Miss Ada Lewis, daughter of Judge Everett and Alice J. Lewis of Gonzales, Texas. One child, Ada Lewis Houston was born to this union. Mrs. Houston died January 5th, 1889. Mr. Houston was again married and selected as his second wife, Miss Sue Jones, daughter of Captain August H. Jones, a gallant soldier of the Mexican war, and Minerva Lewis Jones. Of a Southern ancestry, his lines were cast upon a stage of action harking back as a connecting link between the days of the old South and the more recent of the pioneer days which have made Texas the most prosperous and most progressive of states constituting the old Southland. Born in Texas, and bred in the wholesome, manly, broadening and liberalizing atmosphere of the Southwest, he developed a love for Texas, and things indigenous to her soil, as tenaciously patriotic as that of a Scotchman for his favorite meadows and moorland, his forests and fens and highland crags.

Mr. Houston was a man of large stature and commanding presence, remarkable for his clear logical thinking, a leader among his business associates and friends, so much relied upon by them that they fondly called him "General."

In politics he was a democrat, in religious affiliation a Baptist, fond of a practical joke, possessing a large fund of humor, a mimic beyond compare in portraying the eccentricities of human nature, generous to the needy and distressed, without show or demonstration, and in his daily walk of life and in his dealing with his fellows, an upright man.

While proud of his birth and lineage, and prizing most highly the inheritance of blood, breeding and a good name, he himself was a man of action and impatient of those who in their own life could only borrow and not reflect as much light as they received from a noble past. "Be an ancestor, not forever boasting one," seemed to be his motto.

Educated in the schools of Gonzales county, he received his broader culture in the open and under the

star-lit canopy of the ethereal blue, where heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork in the rugged and the rough experiences of daily life. If the poet was right in saying the chiefest study of man is man, then, where others became technical in colleges that teach the stress and strain of steel, to weigh with chemistry the material atoms, and to measure the heat of the sun and the distance of the stars, he became technical with rare exactment in his appraisalment and estimates of men, for man was his study. He studied the elements and the character that go to make up a man, as measured by the yard stick of those who have achieved the most, thought the noblest, and governed themselves the most perfectly.

Thrown on his own resources, without means, at the early age of nineteen, he branched out for himself in the cattle business, living chiefly on the range, breathing the fresh air of the open and communing with nature at first hand, developed a self-reliance which with native endowments of mind, keen perceptions and decisive judgments of things, of affairs, of human nature and of men, made him the master of his fate, with the result that wealth with honor was easily acquired and accumulated to comfort those dependent upon him.

Could from the tomb the lips of him in whose honor this tribute is written make answer to the inquirer, What did you in this life most value, and by what chart did you steer your course of action over life's sea? I am of the unalterable conviction he would quickly answer: Loyalty. Loyalty in all its ramifications and in all that trust and confidence, loyalty to the highest conception of honor's code, loyalty to the principles of justice and right and fair play, loyalty to one's dignity, manhood and self-respect, loyalty as a son, as a father, as a husband, and brother, loyalty as a friend.

Fidelity has been defined by one as the conformity of our actions to our engagements whether express or implied, if in such case love is added to fidelity it becomes loyalty.

This dominant trait of his character has been the wonder and admiration of his friends as they beheld his tender solicitous care for the grey-haired mother, his devotion to those he honored with the name of wife, his tender watchful care for his only child and the regardful concern and sympathetic interest in those whom he classed as friends. This trait made him to be recognized as a man in whom the fullest confidence could be reposed in whose bosom friendship could not be betrayed. This commendable trait bound to him, naturally, numerous friends, staunch and true. No deaf ear was turned to any appeal made in the name of friendship; nothing he could do was left undone at the behest of a friend; his time, his energy, his effort, influence, his credit, all were at the disposal of him who in his thought was worthy to be called a friend.

Let the drum sound a muffled note, the evening of life has come, his day is done, his sun is set. His spirit has taken its flight to its God. But his memory triumphant like the streamers and afterglow of an Italian sunset on a golden day, remains to remind those of us who look up and higher that a right life may be rightly lived.



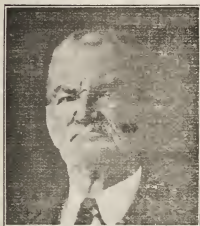
A Mule Pack Train in the Mountains.

SERVED WITH LEE AND JACKSON.

J. C. B. Harkness, Pearsall Texas.

I was born in Green county, Alabama, July 23rd, 1842. Enlisted in the Confederate

army in March, 1861, in Company "C" 11th Alabama Regiment. Was assigned to the army of Northern Virginia, commanded by Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Engaged in more than twenty battles. Was appointed captain of my company to date from the great Battle of the Crater at Petersburg, Va. Recommended by Generals Mahone and Sanders. I remained in the service un-



J. C. B. Harkness.

til the close of the war.

Came to Texas in 1874, and went up the trail to Ogallala for Slaughter & Woodard in 1876, with Allen Harris in charge. Owing to the mode of handling cattle like an army it was no new job to me. Returned to Frio county in 1877, and was elected sheriff of Frio county in 1878 and served in that capacity for ten years. Waiting in Pearsall for Gabriel to "toot his horn" but not by invitation from me.

HARROWING EXPERIENCE WITH JAYHAWKERS.

The following account is by J. M. Daugherty, of Daugherty, Texas, a charter member of the Old Trail Drivers. He is better known to all cattlemen as Uncle Jim Daugherty, and is one of the best known Texas cattlemen still in the business. At present he is sole owner of the Figure 2 Ranch, located in Culberson and Hudspeth

counties, Texas, estimated to be the largest and best equipped ranch in Texas. He maintains his headquarters at Daugherty, Texas. Uncle Jim has made many trail drives, starting as a boy in his teens in 1886 and continuing until 1887, during which time he has driven many trails and delivered many herds to all parts of Kansas, Nebraska, The Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Utah and Colorado:

In the spring of 1866 I made my first trail drive. Starting from Denton county, Texas, with a herd of about 500 steers and five cow hands and myself, I crossed Red River at a crossing known at that time as Preston. From there I drove to Ft. Gibson, Indian Territory, and from Ft. Gibson I drove to Baxter Springs, Kansas, close to the Kansas and Indian Territory line. I had started to Sedalia, Missouri, where I intended shipping the cattle by rail to St. Louis. On arriving at Baxter Springs I found that there had been several herds ahead of me that had been disturbed by what we called at that time Kansas Jayhawkers, and in one instance the Jayhawkers had killed the owner, taken the herd, and ran the rest of the cowboys off. This herd belonged to Kaynaird and was gathered in the southern part of the Choctaw Nation in the Indian Territory.

After hearing this news I decided to stop and lay up for awhile, and stopped with the herd on what was then known as the Neutral Strip, a strip of land about twenty miles wide that ran across the northern part of the Indian Territory, next to the Kansas line. Here I left the herd and my cowboys and I started to ride alone up the trail to investigate conditions.

I rode as far as Ft. Scott, Kansas, and there I met a man by the name of Ben Keys, whom I told I had a herd on the Neutral Strip I would like to sell. He agreed to buy them if I would make deliverance at Ft. Scott, Kansas. I returned to the Neutral Strip and we started driving the herd north along the Kansas-Missouri line, sometimes in the state of Kansas and sometimes in Missouri. From the information that I had received regarding the big risk we

were taking by trying to drive through, we were always on the lookout for trouble.

Some twenty miles south of Ft. Scott, Kansas, and about four o'clock one afternoon a bunch of fifteen or twenty Jayhawkers came upon us. One of my cowboys, John Dobbins by name was leading the herd and I was riding close to the leader. Upon approach of the Jayhawkers John attempted to draw his gun and the Jayhawkers shot him dead in his saddle. This caused the cattle to stampede and at the same time they covered me with their guns and I was forced to surrender. The rest of the cowboys stayed with the herd, losing part of them in the stampede. The Jayhawkers took me to Cow Creek which was near by, and there tried me for driving cattle into their country, which they claimed were infested with ticks which would kill their cattle. I was found guilty without any evidence, they not even having one of my cattle for evidence. Then they began to argue among themselves what to do with me. Some wanted to hang me while others wanted to whip me to death. I, being a young man in my teens and my sympathetic talk about being ignorant of ticky cattle of the south diseasing any of the cattle in their country caused one of the big Jayhawkers to take my part. The balance were strong for hanging me on the spot but through his arguments they finally let me go.

After I was freed and had joined the herd, two of my cowboys and I slipped back and buried John Dobbins where he fell. After we had buried him we cut down a small tree and hewed out a head and foot board and marked to his grave. Then we slipped back to the herd. This being soon after the close of the Civil War, the Jayhawkers were said to be soldiers mustered out of the Yankee army. They were nothing more than a bunch of cattle rustlers and were not interested about fever ticks coming into their country but used this just as a pretense to kill the men with the herds and steal the cattle or stampede the herds. After rejoining the herd I found that during the stampede I had lost about one hundred and fifty head

of cattle, which was a total loss to me. I drove the balance of the herd back to the Neutral Strip, and after resting a day or two, went back to Ft. Scott, and reported to Mr. Keys what had happened. Mr. Keys sent a man back to the herd with me to guide us to Ft. Scott. On my return to the herd with the guide we started the drive to Ft. Scott the second time. The guide knew the country well, which was very thinly settled. We would drive the herd at night and would lay up at some secluded spot during the day. After driving in this manner for five days and five nights we reached Ft. Scott about day-break of the fifth night and penned the cattle in a high board corral adjoining a livery stable, which completely hid them from the public view. We put our horses in the livery stable, and went to a place Mr. Keys had provided for us to sleep and get something to eat, as we had left our chuck wagon a day behind us on the trail. As soon as the cattle were penned Mr. Keys paid me for them. Then we ate our breakfast and slept all day. When darkness fell we saddled our horses and started back over the trail to Texas. I returned to Texas without any further incident worth noting, and continued to drive the trail, rarely missing a year that I did not make a drive.

MAJOR GEORGE W. LITTLEFIELD.

The passing of Maj. Geo. W. Littlefield in November of 1920 took from the cattle industry of Texas one of its most spectacular figures for Maj. Littlefield's life was really a section of Texas history. A connecting of the hardships and chivalry of the days of the trail to the wonderful development and progress. In each section he acted well his part. He was not lucky in the shirkers' idea of the word. From boyhood he worked with unremitting diligence and saved part of what he made.

His early life was spent largely on the free and open range—a life that is conducive to fairness in a deal,

loyalty to comrades. Both of these attributes Maj. Geo. W. Littlefield had to a great extent.

Maj. Littlefield was born in Mississippi June 23, 1842, but came with his parents to Texas when only eight years old. True to his ideals he enlisted in the Confederate Army when only eighteen as second lieutenant. On May 1, 1862 he was made first lieutenant, and within a few days rose to the rank of captain of his company which was a part of the famous Terry's Texas Rangers. He was promoted to Major on the battlefield for exceptional bravery in action. A severe shrapnel wound disabled him and he was sent home to Gonzales.

It was here he embarked in the cattle industry that proved the golden trail for him. His first money was invested in land which became the nucleus for the famous Yellow House Ranch in Lamb county. Later he bought other land and established other ranches in Texas and New Mexico. From the longhorn of the range he bred days from five to six thousand calves were branded on up to the very best type of Hereford. In the good old his ranch every year.

Maj. Littlefield moved to Austin in 1883, and from that time he conducted his enormous business interests from Austin. In 1890 he opened The American National Bank in Austin with a capital less than a \$100,000.00. It has grown and expanded until now its resources are over \$10,000,000. With the expansion a bank home commensurate with the dignity of the business became necessary and the Littlefield Building on Sixth and Congress became a monument of his business success and enterprise. The splendid nine story building of steel and brick with trimmings of gray Texas granite and terra cotta is fire proof throughout. It is equipped with two 16-passenger elevators. The wainscoting of the main corridor is of Pavonazzi marble in frames of verde antique. The corridors and floors including the bank are of tile. But the bank was his pride. In it he builded the memories of a life time. The huge bronze doors of the main entrance are of bronze representing actual scenes on Maj. Little-

field's ranch and the door handles are steers heads. The Financier of New York featured these doors as a frontis piece saying they "were the most famous bronze doors in America. That other doors featured carnage and destruction but these doors represented a great industry." On the exquisitely tinted walls the mural paintings depict scenes from Yellow House Ranch and an apple orchard from his ranch near Roswell. A huge American Eagle sent from one of the ranches stands guard with outstretched wings over the main entrance exemplifying one of Major Littlefield's strongest characteristics, Loyalty. During the late war Maj. Littlefield gave his money without stint to the Red Cross, and bought Liberty Bonds in sums that made the uninitiated gasp. They were only outward expressions of this brave old soldier who chafed that he could not join the fray in person.

Maj. Littlefield's palatial home adjoins the University of Texas campus—nay is now a part of it and he learned to love this institution of learning as if it was a favored child. Specially was he interested in the Department of Southern history, that future generations might look with pride on the deeds of the Southland. His bequests from time to time grew into the goodly sum of nearly three millions, The Wrenn Library, his personal gift, makes the name of Littlefield known on two continents as a philanthropist of a high order.

His gentle little wife, Mrs. Alice Littlefield lives in his palatial home and her devotion to "George" is as loyal today as when she was a real helpmate to him in days when with other splendid Texans, the Old Time Trail Drivers, builded better than they knew.

Maj. Geo. W. Littlefield left as trustees for his large estate men who have been by his side a lifetime—kinsmen tried and true: J. P. White of Roswell, New Mexico, Whitfield Harral of Dallas and H. A. Wroe, president of the American National Bank of Austin, Texas.

KIDNAPPED THE INSPECTORS.

Leo Tucker, Yoakum, Texas.

I was born October 16, 1851, at St. Mary's, Perry county, Missouri, and came to Texas when a very small child with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hilary Tucker.



Leo Tucker

When I was twelve years old I was seized with the desire to travel, and made my first trip from Bovine to San Antonio with a load of government bacon which was to be sent to Ft. Smith, Arkansas. This trip required four weeks and the one thing that stands out most vividly in my recollection is the trouble I encountered with Mexicans, when I awoke to find they had stolen my best pair of oxen. This was in 1863.

I began my work with the cattlemen in 1869, going up the trail and serving as cook at a salary of \$10 per month, which was later raised to \$35. Sitting around the campfires and listening to the men tell of their trips caused me to decide that the life of a cowboy was the route I wanted to follow. Fortunately I was associated with a few of the grand old stockmen of Lavaca county, namely, Jim Hickey, John May, Joel Bennett, J. X. May, Bill Gentry, Dick May and A. May, to whose fine characters I am indebted for that training which carried me through many trying times.

In 1871 I left Bovine, Lavaca county, going out by the Kokernot Ranch, by Peach Creek, passing Gonzales, and Lockhart, and on by Onion Creek; then passing Donohue, the old stage stand, following the trail on by Austin, Round Rock, Georgetown, Waco, Belton, to the left of Dallas, by Sherman, then to Gainesville, and crossing Red

River out by Carriage Point, by way of Fort Arbuckle into Indian Territory, out by Oswego, Kansas. Here we met a bunch of friendly Comanche Indians who had been out on the banks of the Arkansas River making a treaty with another tribe. Our next place was Ellsworth, Kansas. Here we met George West and a bunch of boys on the trail. As Abilene was the end of our trip I returned home.

In 1872 I made a trip with A. May. This trip nothing unusual occurred, except we met a lot of Osage Indians who had their faces painted. They were great warriors but were afraid to attack a bunch of white men if they were out numbered.

In 1873 I again started up the trail with my old comrade, D. May. When we reached Red River Station two inspectors came up and looked over our herd and found two unbranded beeves. They told us we would have to pay \$50 each for having cattle without a brand. There were thirteen herds belonging to a man named Butler. Mr. Butler instructed the boys to capture the two inspectors and put them in a wagon. They were taken into the Indian Territory, across Pond Creek, where they were turned loose, and they had to swim the creek to get back home. This was the last trouble we had with inspectors.

In 1874 with John May and Joel Bennett, I made one of my hardest and most eventful trips. We left Bovin in February with 3,000 head of cattle and had a splendid drive, with a few mishaps, until we reached Rush Creek. From here we proceeded to Hell Roaring Creek, about fifteen miles north, with a blizzard raging. That night was the coldest I ever experienced. Snow, sleet and ice was one and a half feet deep, and our stock suffered. Our loss was not as heavy as some our neighbors, under Sol West, whose horses froze under their riders. West, Boyce McCrab and Al Fields lost many of their horses. We went on to Ellsworth, and from there to Norfolk, Nebraska, on the Missouri River. Millett & Mayberry were to receive the beeves here, but made us an offer of \$1000 extra

if we would deliver them across the Missouri river to Yankton in Dakota. We would not take the risk of the loss of the cattle as we knew a blizzard might overtake us while the 3,000 beeves were being crossed over. However, we swam them across 75 at a time, the boys using three canoes and kept fighting them in the face with water to keep them from angling across. It was there I first saw a steamboat. It was the Mary Magdalen. The next morning a thousand Indians passed us going from Neobrara and going southward. We talked and traded with them through their agent. The squaws had their children strapped to their backs.

At Brookville, Kansas, in 1874, I took charge of 3,000 beeves for Dick May and Bill Gentry, and took them to Shenandoah, Iowa, where I delivered them on Christmas Eve to Mr. Rankin on his large ranch. I experienced many hardships in Iowa on account of the blizzards. In order to secure water for the cattle I had to break ice for over a month. Dick May was taken very sick and I started back with him. When we reached Kansas City we put up at the Lindell Hotel, and were assigned a room on the highest floor, but for some reason or other I objected to it, and we were given a room on the lower floor. We left next morning for Brooksville and when we reached there we learned that the Lindell Hotel had burned down.

The year 1875 marks the end of my going over the famous old trail, with its excitements of killing buffalo and elk, meeting Indians, and swimming streams. I have swam the Red River, often half a mile wide, as many as thirteen times in one day, always going ahead of the herds, and right here will say that after all of my good swimming I was finally nearly drowned in a small creek named Elm near St. Joe. I was asleep when the noise of the rush of water brought about by a cloudburst caused the cattle to stampede. Jumping on my horse I made a dash to cross the stream to get to the cattle when the water swept my horse from under me. Jim Skipworth saw my peril and threw a rope around me and dragged me to shore.

After hard work they succeeded in resuscitating me, but I was unconscious all day. My faithful pony was drowned. I made the last trip with May & Hickey, to Ellsworth, Kansas. While we were returning home, and when east of Fort Sill, the Indians got on the warpath on the night of July 24, 1875, and burned all the stage stands from Caldwell, Kansas, to Red River Station in Texas. They rounded up three government wagons, killed the drivers, shot the oxen, burned the wagons, and stole the horses. We crossed the river just in time to miss them and saved our lives.

On October 5, 1875, I was married to Miss Jane Hogan in Yoakum, Lavaca county, and to us were born seven children, all yet living. They are John H. Tucker, Alfred Tucker, San Antonio; Lorena Dullye, San Antonio; Mary Kuenstler, Yoakum; Rosa Dullye, Yoakum; Vira Sheffield, Yoakum; Minnie Buenger, Edna, Texas.

DAVID C. PRYOR.

David Christopher Pryor was born on a plantation near Alexandria, Louisiana, March 27, 1850, of Scotch-Irish descent. His parents were David C. and Emily A. McKissack Pryor. His father died when he was four years of age and his mother four years later. Mr. Pryor was reared by a maternal aunt and uncle jointly in Alabama and Tennessee. In 1870 his eldest brother, A. M. Pryor, then living in Texas, visited relatives in Alabama and Tennessee and advised his brothers, David C. and Ike T. Pryor, to return with him to Texas and seek their fortunes. Immediately on their arrival in Texas, David C. was employed as a cowboy to help drive a herd of cattle up the trail. This occupation appealed to him, so he drove to Western markets for several years. Then came the railroads with rapid transit, and trail driving ceased to be the popular route for marketing cattle, after which time he made his home in Austin, Texas, and in the state of Colorado, following various occupations. Finally in 1889, when Oklahoma was opened for white

settlement, he was "on the ground," secured a claim, and has lived there ever since, save a few years in which he managed a West Texas ranch for his brother, Ike T. Pryor. For some years he has been engaged in oil development in Oklahoma. By nature Mr. Pryor is a gentleman of the "Old South;" is well informed on historical and current events, fond of literature, of a literary mind and has written some clever verses. In politics he is a Democrat, takes a lively interest in both State and National politics. While not actively engaged in the cattle business, nothing delights him more than to meet the "boys" of the early seventies and live over the good old days of trail driving, "chuck-wagon eats," night watch and when the Indian and buffalo roamed the plains.

HELPED DRIVE THE INDIANS OUT OF BROWN COUNTY.

By J. W. Driskill, Sabinal, Texas.

I was born in Missouri on January 15th, 1854, and moved to Texas with my father's family in 1858 and settled four miles south of the town of San Marcos.



J. W. Driskill.

I made my first trip to Kansas in 1871 with William Hewitt and my father's cattle; in 1872 with West & Musgroves' cattle; in 1873 with Sam Johnston's cattle and my uncle, J. L. Driskill's cattle in 1874 and 1875. Then I quit the trail until 1880.

In the fall of 1875, I moved to Brown county with about three hundred and fifty head of cattle and helped to drive the Indians out of that country. I settled on the Pecan

Bayou seventeen miles below Brownwood. Stayed on the Pecan Bayou forty-two years. That was a good stock country when I moved there. Then I drove mine and my brother's, S. L. Driskill's cattle. That was a dry year and when I got to the Indian Territory, I had to make a drive of ninety-six hours without water. I thought my time had come, but on the fourth day, just about sundown, I struck water and all the old trail drivers can guess how those cattle looked. I had about fourteen hundred and fifty head, drove them to Dodge City, Kansas, with four men and myself and only lost one cow.

I now live in Uvalde county, at Sabinal. The latch string hangs on the outside of the door and if any old "trail driver" should chance to come this way, stop and see me. I have had many ups and downs in this life but I am proud of one thing: I have plenty to keep me and my wife the rest of our days.

ROBERT E. STAFFORD.

Robert Earl Stafford was born March 27, 1834, in Glynn county, Georgia, of English-Welsh descent. His parents were Robert and Martha A. Stafford. He received an academic education at Waynesville, Georgia. His nature was highly unselfish, his mind broad, generous and enterprising, and his spirit courageous. His purse was ever open to the calls of charity and his ear attentive to the appeals of the unfortunate. Having, unaided fought his way, encountering many of the vicissitudes of life, his heart instead of becoming hard and cold was capable of a warmer and wider humanity. December 27, 1854, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah E. Zouks of Liberty county, Georgia; to this union seven children were born, of which only one survives them. Ambitious and progressive, his attention was attracted to Texas as offering a fine field for financial advancement, so in 1858 he came to this state and located in Colorado county and engaged in stock-raising and farming on a small scale.

When war was declared between the states in 1861, he joined the Confederate Army as a volunteer in Company B. commanded by Captain Upton, Fifth Texas Infantry, John B. Hood's Brigade. He was as faithful a soldier as any who shared the fortunes of that band of veterans. At the close of the war, he like many others, came home penniless, but resumed the conduct of his affairs with an energy that knew no dimunition and an ability capable of accomplishing any undertaking.

In the spring of 1869 he drove a herd of cattle to Kansas. This venture proved successful and he enlarged his business by purchasing all the brands in his section that were for sale. In 1872 he entered into a contract with Allen Poole & Co. to supply beef for the Havana, Cuba, market. The returns of this enterprise not being satisfactory he abandoned it and engaged in selling cattle to Western men for Indian contracts. In 1878, when the firm of Allen Poole & Co. failed he bought their cattle, ranches, etc. His fortune increased rapidly and finding it profitable to manage his own exchange in 1882 he organized a private bank, R. E. Stafford & Co. of which he was president and sole owner.

In 1883 the idea occurred to him that it would be profitable to the stockmen of his community to sell dressed beef in Western and foreign markets, so he therefore organized a stock company known as the Columbus Meat and Ice Company. He was unanimously elected president and put in a plant at the cost of \$250,000, with capacity of 250 head of cattle and forty tons of ice per day. The company filled an order with an English syndicate and for some time shipped dressed beef to Chicago, New Orleans, Galveston and other points. But the business was not as successful as he desired so he closed the factory, and again confined himself to selling to Western buyers, and shipping from his ranches to New Orleans, Galveston and Houston.

July 7, 1890, about seven o'clock in the afternoon, Robert E. Stafford and his brother John, a partner in many enterprises, although unarmed and unable to de-

fend themselves were slain upon the streets of Columbus, by men, one of whom Robert E. Stafford had befriended. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity and of the Knights of Honor. In politics he was a Democrat and took a deep interest in public affairs. He was many times a delegate to state conventions.

Robert E. Stafford was a devoted husband, kind and loving father, true friend and a citizen above reproach. He did much to develop the section in which he lived.

LAFAYETTE WARD

Lafayette Ward was the son of Lafayette Ward, Sr., a Kentuckian by birth, and Agnes Ward who were married in Missouri and moved to Texas in 1840 and settled on Carancahua Bay, in Jackson county, where the elder Ward helped make a part of early Texas history. It was here that Lafayette Ward was born in the year 1854. He grew to young manhood under his mother's guidance having lost his father when he was only seven years old. His mother operated a cattle ranch and young Ward grew up in the business, looking after his mother's interests and then began operations for himself when still a young man. His education was received at Concrete and at Salado in Bell county, to which place he rode horseback from the Gulf. In the latter seventies he carried large herds of cattle up the trail, wintering near Dodge City, Kansas. In his later years he was a member of the Old Trail Drivers Association.

He was married to Miss Lottie B. Compton of Galveston in 1880, and is survived by his wife and two sons, A. P. Ward, and Lafayette Ward, Jr., and one grandson, A. P. Ward Jr., all of San Antonio, Texas.

Mr. Ward began buying the rich Jackson county lands very early in his career and stocked them with cattle until he owned at one time 76, 000 acres in a solid body and at the time of his death still owned 40,000 acres of the choicest lands in the county, in the center of which is located

the town of La Ward on the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico railroad. In keeping with his naturally progressive nature he was a pioneer in the Gulf Coast country in the breeding up of cattle until today his herds of Herefords and Brahmas are classed among the best in the state.

In addition to his holdings in Jackson county Mr. Ward owned large holdings of city property in San Antonio and a ranch of 18,000 acres in Kimble county and 23,000 acres in Hardeman and Foard counties.

THOMAS JEFFERSON MOORE.

Possessed of rare virtues of heart and mind, a personal magnetism rarely met with in life, a personality that stamped him as a man of prominence and a leader in every gathering, the late Thomas Jefferson Moore, of Llano, Llano county, Texas, at the time of his death, Wednesday, May 31, 1911, was recognized by all as a pre-eminent leader in the livestock world, and one of Texas' great men. Born in Tuscaloosa county, Alabama, March 31, 1847, of good old Irish stock, he came to Texas with his parents, Jefferson Moore and Susan Jeffreys Moore, in 1855. Guadalupe county, near Seguin, was the location selected for the new home, where the elder Moore engaged in farming and stock raising on a small scale. Endowed at his birth with a splendid constitution and a magnificent brain, young Moore was given the sturdy training of the frontier. Industry and work came to him as a matter of course, and throughout his long and eventful life, he was an indefatigable worker. His business acume was recognized in every section of the Southwest and many of his associates in the livestock industry came to him for advice which when followed out, almost universally led to success.

At the age of sixteen young Moore joined the Confederate army, enlisting in Captain Nixon's Company, Woods Regiment, and with this splendid fighting organization

he saw service until the close of the war. He never shirked a duty, his bravery was tempered with kindness and generosity and he had many warm friends among the members of his regiment. Seeing the proverbial Irish sense of humor and optimism, he set an inspiring example of cheerfulness under every hardship.

When the war closed, young Moore returned to Guadalupe county, where he worked on his father's farm and engaged in the freighting business with ox teams. This was the only means of distributing merchandise in those days, and the work, while very arduous at times was highly remunerative. His first venture in the cattle business was in the early 70's, when he bought cattle in Blanco county and drove them up the trail to Kansas, where he wintered his stock and sold in the spring. He continued in this work for several years, and his buying and selling of stock reached a point where he handled thousands of head each year. He used the trail for marketing cattle as long as it remained open to the North. In the latter 70's he went into stock raising on a large scale and this was his life occupation. He was a pioneer in stock improvement and early began improving registered bulls, although he made a speciality of prize-winning stock.

His various land and cattle investments were not confined to Texas, where he had extensive possessions in Llano and Webb counties, but in 1889, with John T. Lytle, J. R. Blocker and W. H. Jennings, he purchased more than 500,000 acres of land in Coahuila, Mexico. This tract of land is known as the Piedra Blanco Ranch, and is stocked with thousands of head of high-grade cattle. Captain Lytle died in 1906, when the remaining members bought out his heirs. The Piedra Blanco Ranch is still owned by the T. J. Moore estate, W. H. Jennings and J. R. Blocker. The Piedra Blanco Ranch was a source of much satisfaction to Mr. Moore, and many hours of his last years on earth were spent in mental direction and advisement of procedures on his property.

Mr. Moore became a member of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association early in its organization and was

alive to its interest and progress. Through personal influence and acquaintance he secured a large number of members for the Association among the stock raisers of North and South Texas. As an active worker in the Association he contributed toward the upbuilding of the cattle industry in the Southwest. For many years he was president of the Llano County Bank, of Llano, Texas, which later became the Home National Bank, and in which Mr. Moore was the largest individual stockholder.

Mr. Moore was married to Miss Carrie Roberts, a daughter of Captain and Mrs. Alexandria Roberts, of Blanco county, August 10, 1875. Of this union there was born one child, Edna Jeffreys, who now resides with her mother in the Moore home at Llano. Mr. Moore was reared in the Primitive Baptist faith, and his early Christian training shaped his entire life. His life long friend, John C. Oatman, pays this tribute to his memory:

"As a husband and father, he was ever loving and tender. To supply their wants and make his wife and daughter happy was the greatest joy. As a friend, he was as true as the magnetic needle to the north star. In the darkest hour of their adversity he stood closest to his friends, and with his money and his counsel he assisted many. We are told in Holy Writ that pure and undefiled religion consisted in visiting the widows and fatherless in their afflictions, and it was in this Godlike and Godgiven trait of character that Tom Moore shined brightest. How many unfortunate, helpless persons he assisted during his life only the Great Father knows. True it is that he never turned any way empty. All this he did for sweet charity's sake, for no one ever heard him boast of what he had done."

WILLIAM G. BUTLER.

When the trains began to haul their first long strings of clacking freight cars loaded with cattle, many ranchmen were happy that for their sons the getting of cattle

to market in the future would be so simplified. Weeks on the trail, driving their slow moving herds, through days of sun and days of rain, with always nights on the great outside, were now over. But life has a way of compensating, and from these men who had been called on to use the best that was in them of courage and of resourcefulness through those years, there grew a line of sturdy, hardy men who could not have just happened to be as they were. They had been developed.

Among these Knights of the Cattle Trail—the old trail drivers—was William G. Butler, of Karnes county, known all the way up and down the trail as Bill Butler.

When Texas was young and raw and the bad man seemed ever ready to get the better of the good man, because there were more of them, Bill Butler came with his father and mother, Burnell and Sallie Butler, in 1852 to Texas from Scott county, Mississippi, he being eighteen years old at that time. The trip was made, as were all others in the days before the railroads had come, overland in wagons; there were three ox-drawn wagons, the family and seven negro slaves. At the end of three months they reached the San Antonio river on December 24th, 1852. Home was there made, they then began the raising of cattle and the taking up of wild and—then thought to be—almost worthless land.

In 1858 Mr. Butler was married to Miss Adline Burris and they made their home always in the same old county of Karnes, near Kenedy. Their family consisted of Newton G., who died March 12th, 1895; Mrs. Helen Nicholes, Mrs. Lou M. Adams, Emmett, who died December 26th, 1884; S. C., T. G., Cora, and William G. Jr., who died November 20th, 1913. Mrs. Butler, who as a wife and mother was never found lacking in the courage and comfort these early days demanded, died April 7th, 1908, and Mr. Butler four years later, June 14th, 1912.

When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted and fought through its long years of struggles. Coming home at the close of war he found his cattle had scattered and were suffering from thieving bands who were accustomed to

go through the country and drive along all the cattle they could find. One such band he located to the Northwest of San Antonio; gathering a number of men to go with him, they set out to overtake these thieves, the leader of whom was known to him to be as bold as he was evil (bad.) Mr. Butler came on them with their big herd of cattle forty-five miles above San Antonio, they being in plain sight in a valley below, and when the thieves saw the pursuing party, they gathered in a group and stopped; the Butler party kept advancing and when not far away the leader boldly spurred his horse forward to meet Mr. Butler who had done the same and they thus came face to face, both being ready for what we of late days would call "an eventuality." The man recognized Mr. Butler and because he was known everywhere as having the courage of a lion and nerve of steel and the most unswerving honesty and justice, the meeting proved to go after this manner: "What do you want, Mr. Butler?" And the answer, "To cut my cattle from that herd," and "It is all right with me, sir," which was done. When some miles from San Antonio on the trip back, they met Buck Pettus and Tom O'Conner going to hunt for the thieves, Mr. Butler had just visited. Mr. Butler was asked to go back with them and, although he was homeward bound with his own cattle and the going back was hazardous, these men were his friends and he turned and went with them, sending his own herd on with his men. This is but an illustration of what it meant to be Bill Butler's friend, and if we were called on to name the dominating trait of this man, we should say "loyalty to a friend." If you were poor or if you were rich; if you were right or if you were wrong, and you were in trouble, he was with you and for you, and there were many men who were better men for having had this trust placed in them. In the early days when life was more often demanded and taken than now, he was ready always to help his friend, even risking his own life; in later years his resources and counsel were as freely given out to a needy friend, and there are many, who becoming

stranded through the ceaseless buffetings of an unkind fate or maybe from a sudden stroke of ill fortune, found a new chance given them through Bill Butler's generosity, "for auld times sake."

His first string of cattle were driven to Abilene, Kansas, from Karnes county in March, 1868, with the following hands: Robert and Wash Butler, his brothers; L.C. Tobin, Buck and Jess Little, John Sullivan, Jim Berry Nelson, Boxie White, John Brady, M. Benavides, Juan Concholer, Juan Mendez, and Levi and William Perryman, the latter two negroes. Only Tobin, Jess Little and the Perrymans survive today. From one to three herds were driven by him every year afterward up to 1886, in some of these he was his own boss and some were in charge of Pleas and Fayette Butler, A. J. (Bud) Jourdon and Alfonso Coy. Some of the herds were driven to Ogalalla, Nebraska, and Dodge City, Kansas.

For many years he and Maj. Seth Mabry of Austin, were partners and sent up many herds of cattle. During these years I should estimate that he sent 100,000 cattle up the trails. In Karnes county he owned neary 75,000 acres of land, had leased 25,000 acres, fenced and stocked with 10,000 head of cattle.

After sixty-five years, there are left of the family who moved to Texas from Mississippi, Pleas Butler of Karnes county, Albert of Bee county, and Mrs. Ruth Burris of Karnes county.

SETH MABRY.

Major Seth Mabry, who was a major in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, was one of the pioneer drivers of cattle from Texas to Northern markets beginning immediately after the Civil War and success crowned his efforts in this direction. He bought a large ranch in Mason and Kimble counties and built one of the most beautiful homes in Austin, Texas in the seventies. From

Austin he moved to Kansas City at which place he died leaving a wife and one daughter.

J. B. MURRAH CAUGHT THE MEASLES.

Dan Murrah, Del Rio, Texas.

In the spring of 1885 I went over the trail from the Williams Ranch in Brown county to Dodge City, Kansas.



Dan Murrah

We had plenty of rain on this trip, and the creeks and rivers were all full and we had to swim. My brother, J. B. Murrah, was boss, and in our bunch were J. R. Murr, John Goode, Lavigor Goode, myself, and a negro boy named Buck Johnson, When we reached Fort Griffin, J. B. Murrah broke out with the measles, and had to return home. J. R. Murr took charge. Grass

was fine and our horses fattened every day. As we neared Bear Creek, we came to where hunters had been in camp and had just killed a bear. One foot was lying in the main trail, and when the horses smelled the blood they seemed to telephone to the rear that they were coming, and they went. Goode and I were pointing, and I was riding a race mare bought from Judge Vardeman at Gatesville, and we succeed in getting to the top of a hill where we threw them into a mill and the other boys brought up the drags. We reached Dodge City in good shape, and met several Texas men there, among them Jim Dobiè, Bonner, Hawkins, Lemons and others.

MEDINA COUNTY PIONEER.

Xavier Wanz, Castroville, Texas.

I came to Medina county with my parents from Alsace, France, in the year 1845, with other Castro Colonists, and first settled in Castroville. About a year afterwardss we moved about fifteen miles northwest of Castroville to what was then known as "Vanderburg," and settled down, as I may say, in the midst of a tribe of tame Indians who had their camps about two miles from our location. When I was quite a young boy I remember seeing these Indians coming to our little burg with venison and bear meat and honey to trade to us for bread, whiskey and tobacco. In the little settlement of Quihi, about six miles from Vanderburg, there was a small saloon, and an Indian went there and got on a spree. He stayed around for about a week, drunk, but did not molest anyone. A man named Allen came along and found this Indian there and killed him without cause, and from that time on the Indians became hostile and killed many of the settlers.

My father died while I was quite young, but before



Xavier Wanz and Ed Tschirhardt.

his death he bought two cows, and from this start we raised a nice stock of cattle. When the Civil War broke out I joined as a private and remained in the army until the close of that great struggle. When I returned from the war I found that our nice stock of cattle had dwindled down to only a few head. But, not discouraged, I made another start in that line and after several years of trading, buying and raising I accumulated several hundred head of cattle and fine horses.

A long time before the Civil War we had to plant and hoe our corn in the open land, as there were no fences. We had no teams or implements to prepare our land. It was a hard matter in those days to make a living, but we had to pull together—and pull we did. We had no school or church in our neighborhood, none nearer than Castroville, fifteen miles away, and through such misfortune I received no education. I am now 77 years of age. In conclusion I wish to say that I farmed and raised cattle and good horses from the time I was a boy until a few years ago, when I retired and sold my entire stock of cattle, horses and my brands, and divided my ranch lands among my children.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Since the above sketch was written, Mr. Wanz had been "gathered unto his fathers," his death occurring in the fall of 1922.

EXPERIENCES OF A TEXAS PIONEER.

By John M. Sharpe.

No resume, write up or talk on the development of the cattle industry in Texas, or the Northwest for that matter, would be complete without giving considerable space to the achievements of the Snyder Brothers, D. H. and J. W., who have been residents of the state for more than sixty-five years, their operations extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific slope. While it is almost impossible to speak of the experiences and achievements of the one without the other, for they were not only

brothers but steadfast friends and business associates, it is our privilege at this time to speak of a few of the vast and ever-changing experiences of Col. Dudley H. Snyder, the oldest brother and senior member of the firm, who was known for more than fifty years in all the great cattle marts of the country as the one man who could, and did, fill his contracts promptly, it mattered not the number of the thousands of head he had agreed to furnish nor the distance it was necessary to traverse in order to make the delivery. There was never any doubt in the minds of the contractors who had purchased cattle from him they knew that delivery would be made on the day appointed and at the place agreed upon.

Col. D. H. Snyder was born in the grand old state of Mississippi in 1833, the year the stars fell. His father died in 1840 leaving a widow and four children, three sons and one daughter. The father, a prudent business man had prepared for the eventuality of death, and left the dependent wife and mother in reasonably good circumstances, her property being composed of interest-bearing securities, loans, etc. In 1841 the year following the death of the father, the great panic came upon the Republic and the studied investments of the widow were carried away on the swelling tide of misfortune, leaving the family in circumstances, from a financial standpoint, that were more meager than they had ever known before. Col. Snyder being the eldest son, assisted in caring for his mother and the younger children, during the years that intervened, and in 1854 he came to Texas by way of Ozark, Ark., and Mansfield, La., having secured a position with a horse dealer who furnished him a horse to ride and the food he ate in consideration of his services with the herd. From this trader, Col. Snyder says he learned one of the most important lessons of his life, "a man never makes money in selling a horse—the money is made in buying it."

Arriving in Texas, his first stop was at Round Rock, in Williamson county, where he visited his grandfather, Dr. Thos. Hale, who also was a pioneer merchant. The

good man gave the young grandson a job collecting accounts at ten percent on the total amount collected. This work carried him on horseback all over Central West Texas, and from the employment he realized a net earning of fifteen dollars per month. Finding this very slow process toward fortune the young Mississippian concluded he would try farming the next year. Renting some land from one of the settlers in the community where his grandfather resided, he set to work getting things in order to make a crop. He had no team, but succeeded in borrowing one work-ox from a neighbor with which to to his plowing. One not being enough, the resourceful pioneer caught up a wild steer from the range and with the team set to work breaking land and planting his crop. After gathering the crop he secured a team of five yoke of oxen, a heavy wagon and hauled cedar from mills in Bastrop county to Williamson and Travis counties. After that he made several trips to Missouri, returning at intervals with teams and new wagons, and these were loaded with apples and other delicacies unobtainable in Texas, which were sold at a good profit.

Deciding to go into the horse business, Col. Snyder walked to San Antonio where he put all of his earnings into a small herd of Spanish ponies, which he drove to Missouri and exchanged for Missouri horses. These he brought back to Texas, and on account of their size and adaptability as draft horses he sold at good prices and a substantial gain over their purchase price, taking advantage of the valuable lesson he had learned from his first employer, i. e., that the money made in handling horses is to be made on the purchase and not the selling price.

In 1862 Col. Snyder received a proposition from Terrel Jackson, a wealthy planter and land owner of Chappell Hill, Washington county, proposing to put him in charge of a contract to deliver beef cattle to the Commissary Department of the Confederate Army, he having made a contract with Major Ward, of that department, to furnish the Confederate government with thousands of

head for the purpose of providing meat for the soldiers. These cattle were driven to a point of delivery under the personal supervision of Col. Snyder through sparsely settled and dangerous country, and in order to reach their destination it was necessary to swim the herd across some of the greatest rivers of the South, one of these being the Mississippi. In order to expedite the work of crossing these rivers Col. Snyder secured two "lead steers" which were trained swimmers, and upon arriving at a stream these water steers would plunge right in and the herd would follow without trouble.

After the close of the war, in which Col. Snyder did valiant service, both as a citizen furnishing beef and as a soldier, he turned his face to the great Northwest, and his herds year after year, in ever increasing numbers, for more than a quarter of a century, wended their way toward the setting sun, followed by the sturdy cowboys of that day who placed their faith in God, their trusty six-shooter and the "chuck wagon."

In the spring of 1868 Col Snyder employed Col. W. C. Dalrymple, of Georgetown, a noted scout and Indian fighter, to command his outfit, and with a large crew of cowboys, every one veteran, well provisioned and armed, started Northwest with a herd of fourteen hundred head of cattle. These were secured in Burnett, Llano, and Mason counties and were paid for in gold at the rate of \$1.50 per head for yearlings and \$2.50 for two-year-olds; \$3.50 for three-year-olds and cows and \$7.00 for beef steers. On this drive Col. Snyder learned another important and remunerative lesson. It had been the custom of cattlemen when driving large herds of cattle across the unwatered plains to stop and kill all the calves in the herd on the theory that they impeded the progress of the herd and were unable to stand the tortures of thirst. After putting in a day at this gruesome business Col. Snyder ordered the men to proceed, and the calves reached their destination in as good condition as any of the balance of the cattle, and there were never any more calf-killing days with the Snyder men. The herd

was driven through New Mexico and part of them into Colorado, the beef steers being sold at Fort Union, N. M., for \$35.00 around, and the balance were finally sold to Goodnight & Curtis at \$7.00 per head. This was in many respects, perhaps, the most notable, though not the longest, drive made by this famous stockman, in that the entire herd reached their destination, although the course of the drive led through an Indian infested region and the entire herd of the Chisholm outfit was captured by the redskins just after crossing the Texas-New Mexico border. Col. Snyder attributes this to the presence of Col. Dalrymple, who was a terror to the Indians, and the constant readiness of the entire personnel of the outfit to fight at the very first sign of trouble. So constant were they on the lookout that the drivers of the supply wagons were instructed to throw out any side-arms left in the wagons. This caused the men to always keep their guns in their scabbards, and consequently they were ever ready for any emergency that might arise. At this time there were no ranches from the Concho River to Las Vegas, N. M. The payment for these cattle when sold was made in greenbacks, which at that time was not worth its face value in Texas, and upon arriving home Col. Snyder was compelled to exchange same at seventy-one cents on the dollar, but in spite of all handicaps he cleared five thousand dollars on the trip.

In 1869 the drive to Abilene, Kansas, from Texas through the Indian Territory was made. There were fourteen hundred head in the herd when the drive began, but 140 head were captured by the Indians while passing through the Territory. A neat profit however, was realized in spite of this misfortune. A claim was placed with the U. S. government for pay for the cattle lost to the Indians, and after the unwinding of much red tape and several years time, the amount was finally paid. In 1871 and 1872 the drive was made to Wyoming. Cheyenne was then a great and popular trading point. These were uneventful years; the trading was good and all went well with Col. Snyder and his men, but the

following year 1873, was to see reverses.

Again in 1873 the Snyder outfit was headed for Wyoming with a splendid herd that it seemed might prove the most profitable of his career up to that time, but alas, upon arriving at his destination he found the greatest panic that the country had ever known in full blast. Friends that were worth millions the week before were almost paupers now—everything had been swept away and bankrupts were on every side. It was a time for cool heads and deliberate action. Col. Snyder made arrangements for money to winter his herd at three per cent per month, thirty-six per cent, per annum. This was dear interest to pay, but the money thus obtained saved himself and his associates. The next year he sold the cattle for \$38.00 per head, thus being well paid for the trying experience that he had undergone during the winter previous.

In 1877 Col. Snyder made what proved to be the greatest deal of his experience and began huge operations that led to the making and losing of hundreds of thousands of dollars. A contract was made with J. W. Iliff, then noted banker and ranchman of Denver, who proposed to furnish ninety per cent of the money for the operation, Snyder Bros. to furnish ten per cent and handle all the details of the transaction. Iliff was to receive forty-five per cent of the profits and Snyder Bros. the remaining fifty-five per cent. The contract called for the delivery in Colorado of 17,500 head of two and three-year-old steers, and not only was this contract fulfilled, but a total of 28,000 head were handled by these wizards of the cattle industry before the season closed. Before the contract was completed Mr. Iliff died and upon request of Mrs. Iliff, Col. Snyder closed up the business of his deceased friend and business associate. The estate owned one of the greatest ranches in the Northwest, and Captain J. W. Snyder was placed in charge of this vast property and handled same in a most successful manner for nine years, the business growing into a great syndicate with thousands of head of the

finest cattle and horses in the world within its confines.

In 1885 Col. Snyder made his last great drive to the Northwest, and as a boy, this writer saw the splendid herd of five thousand beef cattle in its seemingly endless column pass, as he sat on a gate-post and gazed in childish wonder and admiration at the stately herd and the gallant cowboys charged with their delivery in a distant state. Little they dreamed of the disappointment that awaited them; little they suspected that even then events were shaping themselves that would not only preclude the vast returns from the year's work that were expected, but would wipe out accumulations studious men had spent years in gathering. From the broad plains of Texas the vast herds were picking their way across the trackless miles of terrain that separated them from the markets that promised such a rich return for labor expended. In Wyoming the junior member had handled the vast holdings successfully. An offer of one million dollars cash was received at headquarters for the property. Snyder Bros., who knew a good deal when they saw it, favored closing the trade; others interested



Heat and Thirst.

From Book of Cowboys.

in the holdings objected and their desires were respected by the big hearted men who were responsible for the success of the undertaking.

Against their better judgment Snyder Bros. refused the proffered million for holdings in Wyoming, and in a few months the panic of 1886 began. Like a clap of thunder from the clear sky it came, and there were but few who were able to withstand its fury—huge fortunes that it had taken years to accumulate were swept away in a day and wealthy men were made penniless overnight. Everything was sacrificed by these giants of business acumen and honesty to protect those with whom they were associated and save them from absolute ruin.

Returning to Texas, Col. Snyder began anew to retrieve the great losses sustained in the terrible crash of the panic. Ranches were conducted in Cook, Mitchell, Stonewall, Lamb, and Hartley counties, the one in the last two counties named comprising 128,000 acres of land. All were well improved, having comfortable ranch houses, and numerous wells for the furnishing of water for the stock. The business was continued until 1894, when it was closed out and one of the men knew as much about the cattle business as anyone who had ever followed in the wake of the lowing herd, retired to a quiet life.

This closes a brief review of the experiences of Col. Dudley H. Snyder in the cattle business, but there are other activities in which he has been engaged that gives a larger vision of the real heart that beats within this man of big affairs than any that have gone before; a few of these we will mention here. Throughout the years now far gone he has been a friend of the friendless and many a successful business man owes his success to the kindly spirit of Col. Snyder and his good and faithful wife. A staunch Methodist, he has given unstintedly and repeatedly of his means to her institutions and Southwestern University has been particularly an object of his benefactions. Many who have received their training within those walls owe their privilege of doing so to Colonel and Mrs. Snyder, whose home has been a mecca

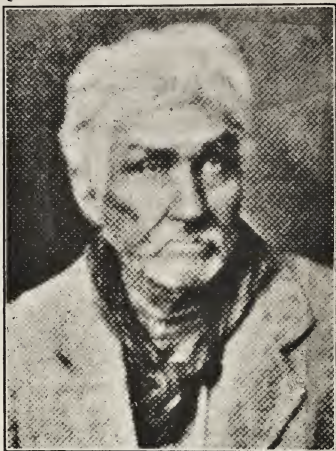
for those who come to teach or to learn throughout the years of its splendid history.

September 20th, 1905, Col. Snyder suffered the total loss of his vision and now after a well spent life, although he sits with, "the door shut in the street," the "silvery chord" of his life of happiness and activity is just as sweet as in the days gone by. The companionship of the devoted wife of his youth, his children, and friends makes the remaining days of this grand old cattleman, scholar, and friend of man, a pleasant one, and they, in turn, know that his pilgrimage here has been a benediction to them. May his fourscore years ripen into the fifth and his good deeds continue to bring their reward.

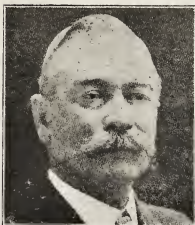
Since the above sketch was written Col. Snyder has crossed the Great Divide to roam on fairer ranges. He died at his home in Georgetown, Texas, in August, 1921.

MEN WHO MADE THE TRAIL FAMOUS.

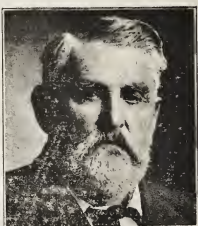
The following several pages are devoted to the grouping of some of the most noted of the earliest trail drivers of Texas, and heaviest dealers during the existence of the trail. It is safe to say that these men and their connections handled more than seventy five per cent of the cattle driven out of Texas during those days, and made possible the wonderful growth of the cattle industry of the United States. The several groups of pictures following show about eighty of the foremost drovers of that period. Other pictures appearing in this book are of the younger men who took up the work where their predecessors left off, and cow hands and trail bosses who had their share in the work of driving the herds to the Northern markets.



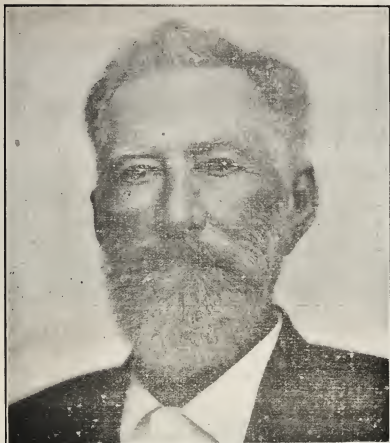
Jesse Chisholm, Father of the Trail.



J. M. Daugherty
Sketch on Page 137

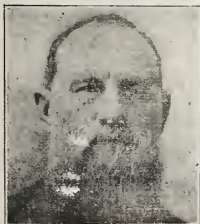


Chas. Goodnight
Sketch in Vol. 1



W. A. (Buck) Pettus

See Page 183



R. E. (Bob) Stafford
Sketch on Page 148

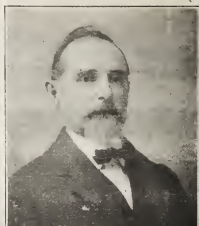


Wm. B. Houston
Sketch on Page 133



W. B. Blocker

See Vol. I

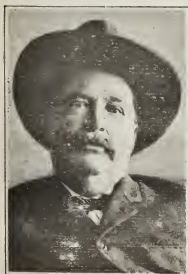
R. B. Pumphrey
Sketch in Vol. IAlbert G. Boyce
Sketch on Page 115



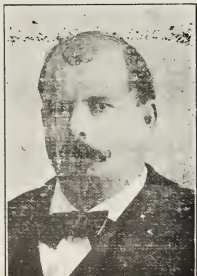
George West



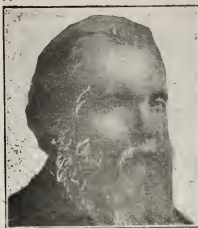
Mayer Hallif



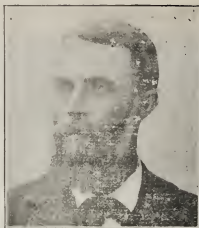
Lew Allen
Sketch in Vol. I



Sol West
Sketch in Vol. I



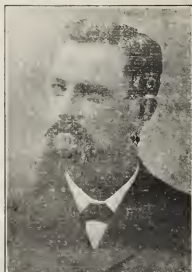
Col. J. J. Meyer.
Sketch on Page 82



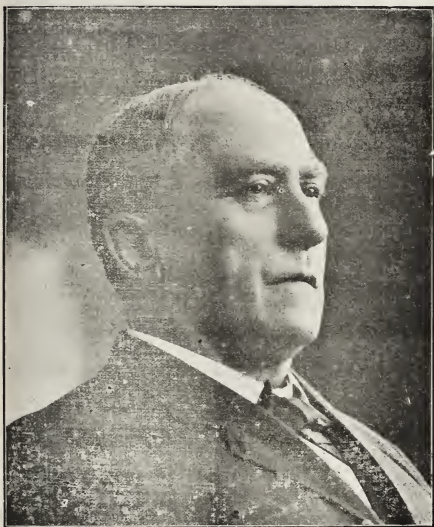
W. H. Dick 1881
Sketch on Page 183



Jerry M. Nance
Sketch in Vol. I



Mark A. Withers
Sketch in Vol. I



Capt. Charles Schreiner
Sketch in Volume I

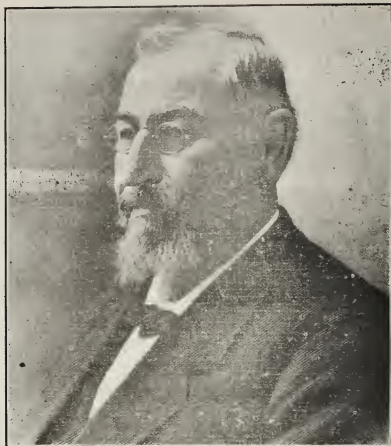


Yours Truly
Geo. H. Hinder

Sketch in Volume I

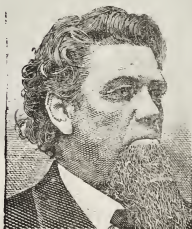


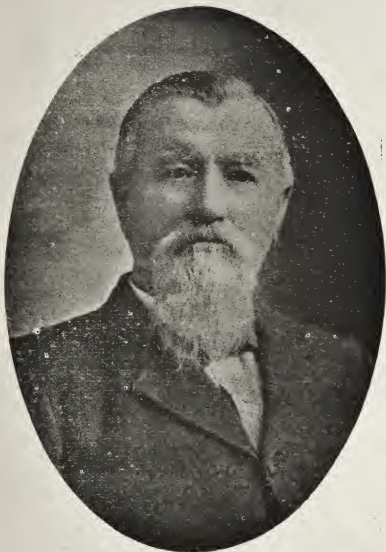
Dillard Fant
Sketch in Volume I



J. A. McFaddin

See Page 57

Capt. Richard King
Sketch in Vol. I.Capt. J. D. Reed
Sketch on Page 132



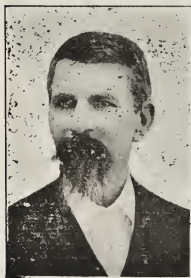
Capt. John T. Lytle
Sketch in Volume I



B. A. Borroum
Sketch in Vol. I



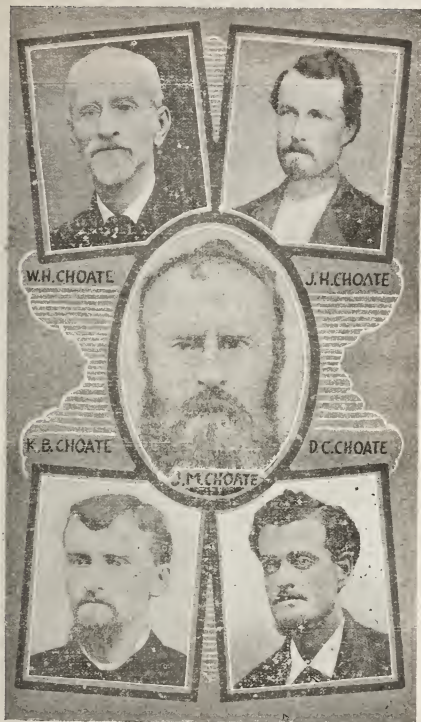
Thos. M. Hodges² #4
Sketch in Vol. I



J. E. Pettus
Sketch in Vol. I

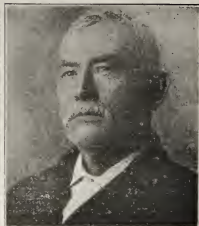


J. B. Murrah
Sketch in Vol. I

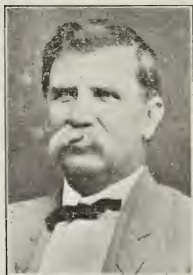




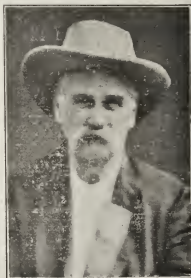
Mont Woodward
Sketch on Page 132



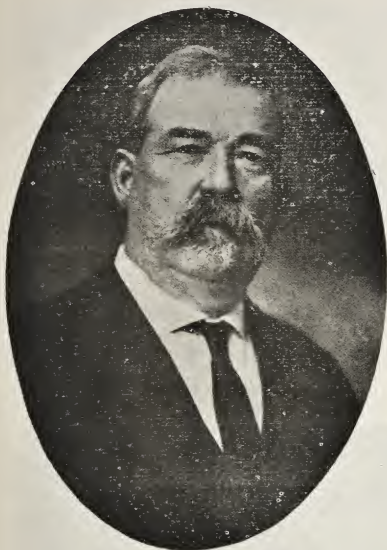
William James Slaughter
Sketch on Page 54



R. F. Sellers
Sketch in Vol. I



Tol McNeil
Sketch in Vol. I



John R. Blocker
Sketch in Volume I



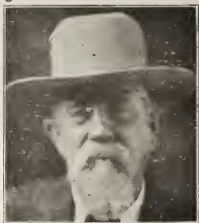
Geo. T. Reynolds
Sketch on Page 114



David C. Pryor
Sketch on Page 146



Lafayette Ward
Sketch on Page 150



Thomas Welder
Sketch in Vol. 1

W. A. (BUCK) PETTUS.

There are thousands of people in Texas to-day to whom the name at the head of this page would seem unfamiliar, but would recognize our subject at once under the familiar designation, "Buck" Pettus, by which he was known all over the state. In the Southern counties he was particularly well known, for it is there that his entire life was spent.

His father, John F. Pettus, was a Virginian of Scotch-English ancestry, born in 1808, and was brought to Texas in his fourteenth year by his parents. The family settled at San Felipe, in Austin county, where they were granted a league of land and engaged in farming and stock raising. John F. Pettus was a man of great daring and enterprise, and took an active part in the early struggles of the Texan colonists for their liberty. He was one of Milam's 216 men who were in the storming of San Antonio in 1835, and was also at the battle of Conception, where ninety-two men, under Captain Fannin, met and repulsed Morales batallion, the flower of the Mexican army; was at the battle of San Jacinto, in which the power of Mexico was broken and her warrior president was captured. He took part in many of the minor engagements of the war, and after its close had but little opportunity to lay aside his arms, for, for many years the settlements were constantly harassed by Indian and Mexican bands, and the fighting men of the "colony" found ample use for their nerve and skill in border warfare. John Pettus married Miss Sarah York, born in Alabama, but a resident of Texas since her early infancy. They were married in 1836 and became the parents of six children, of whom our subject was the eldest.

W. A. Pettus was born in Austin county, near the town of Industry, November 17, 1838. He attended schools in Austin county for a few months, and was several sessions in attendance on those of DeWitt county, where his parents moved when he was in his ninth year. After his seventeenth year his education received no further atten-

tion, for he had tired of schooling and his help was needed in handling and caring for his father's cattle. To this work his attention was exclusively given until the beginning of the war. He enlisted in the 21st Cavalry under Captain Martin M. Kinney, and leaving the cattle, which he personally owned, with those of his father, marched forth with his brave companions to meet enemies of the Confederacy. He was with Gen. Marmeluke in his unsuccessful assault upon the Federal forces at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, and after this engagement was sent south with his command to contend with Banks, who was then pressing through the Red River country on his memorable "expedition." Skirmishes were of daily occurrence, with occasionally a fight worthy of being termed a battle; the most important of all being that of Yellow Bayou.

When the war ended Mr. Pettus returned to his home and began the work of gathering his scattered cattle and getting his herd, though sadly reduced in size, in shape for a satisfactory resumption of business. This was a task of no small difficulty, for the range was open in every direction, and had to be thoroughly worked over to discover the numerous strays that had wandered into other herds. He was married February 4, 1866, choosing for his mate Miss Myra A. Lott, one of the fairest flowers of Southern Texas. She was the daughter of Thomas P. C. Lott, one of the pioneer settlers of Goliad county, and about the first of its citizens to engage extensively in cattle raising. Mrs. Pettus was born in Harrison county, Texas, April 24, 1842, and shortly after her birth her parents moved to Jackson county, continuing westward a year later to Goliad county, where they established the ranch which is now the Pettus' home.

After his marriage Mr. Pettus continued to reside with his father, who was too feeble to attend to his own business interests—a task which devolved upon the son. Mr. Pettus built and occupied a home of his own in 1870, in Bee county.

Mr. Pettus, when he moved to his Bee county ranch, was the owner of about 800 head of cattle; but he continu-

ed to manage his father's herd until 1873, receiving for his trouble a one-third interest in the cattle. His first beginning in the business had been secured, as we have seen, through his personal efforts, and in his subsequent transactions he had never any great amount of capital to operate upon. Therefore, he had no opportunity to engineer any extensive deals; but by close attention to his business he prospered and the extent and value of his property gradually increased. He had, all his life, been a ranchman; a cattle grower of the oldest and best type; but never a speculator. He followed in the footsteps of his father, who certainly can be accepted as the true type of a cattleman, since his history as such antedates the history of the state, and even of the republic which preceded it. The colonists at San Felipe had no cattle except a few which were purchased along the Louisiana line, and John F. Pettus got his first cattle in exchange for horses driven by himself and Captain John York to Louisiana. There were no "cowboys" in those days, and the first to be given that name were a number of reckless young fellows who would make trips into the Rio Grande country, gather cattle among the Mexicans and drive them East in search of a market.

W. A. Pettus always conducted his business in an honest and honorable manner, believing that ill-gotten gains can never prove of actual benefit to their possessor. His father never branded a "maverick" in his life, and neither would he permit his son to do so, and the Pettus family—father and sons—have always stood in readiness to assist in putting down cattle stealing or any other lawlessness. The reputation earned by W. A., or "Buck" Pettus, in this work of necessity and general importance is universally known through out the Southwest. He was for years a terror to the cow thief, the "rustler" and evil-doers of other descriptions, and aided very materially in making the sinister efforts of such characters unsafe and consequently unpopular.

The banner years of our subject's life, so far as his record as cattle grower goes, were 1877-88. His herd

then numbered about 10,000 head; but the depression in price led Mr. Pettus to reduce his holding considerably. He possessed a large number of cattle, mules and horses, and about 60,000 acres of land altogether. His home farm embraced about 325 acres of good bottom land, all in cultivation. He had also another farm of about the same size, and some smaller ones, which bring the total area of his farming lands up to nearly 900 acres. He was interested to some extent, in property of other descriptions, and with Messrs. Levi, and Maetze, owned the bank of Goliad.

Mr. Pettus died at his ranch home in Goliad county, February 20, 1922. He is survived by his wife and seven children, three daughters and four sons, all married, as follows: Mesdames Al McFaddin of Victoria, G. B. Reed and John Dial, and W. F. Pettus, R. L. Pettus, T. W. Pettus, and J. M. Pettus.

R. G. (DICK) HEAD.

The subject of this sketch, generally known as Dick Head, was born in Saline county, Missouri, April 6, 1847. When six years old his father moved to Caldwell county, Texas. When he was thirteen years of age young Head entered the employ of Bullard & McPhetridge, who were preparing to move a herd of cattle to Missouri, but the breaking out of the Civil War prevented the drive and the herd was sold to the Confederate government. At the age of sixteen he entered the Confederate army and served until the close of the war, and after farming for about a year Mr. Head entered the service of Col. John J. Myers, the pioneer drover of Texas, who took the first herds to Abilene, Kansas, which place was then a mere post containing but half a dozen habitations. Mr. Head camped a herd of cattle on the spot where the city of Wichita, Kansas, now stands, when not a white man resided there, but as many Indians as there are now white inhabitants. He began working for Col. Meyers at a salary of \$30 per

month, which was steadily advanced until the third year, when he took entire control of his employer's trail business at a salary of \$1800 per year and expenses. He continued in this position for seven years, during which time he drove herds to Abilene, Wichita, Great Bend, Ellsworth and Dodge City, Kansas, and also to Cheyenne, Wyoming, Salt Lake City, Utah, and the Humbolt River in Nevada, across to California, and to the various Indian agencies on the Upper Missouri River and the Black Hills country. His business relations with Colonel Meyers were terminated in 1873 by the death of the latter gentleman. In 1875 he assumed the general management of the extensive cattle business of Ellison, Dewees & Bishop of San Antonio, handling from 30,000 to 50,000 cattle annually. In the spring of 1878 the firm dissolved, and Mr. Head formed a partnership with Mr. Bishop for the handling of the cattle on the ranch and on the trail. The firm of Bishop & Head existed until 1883, when the prevailing high prices induced Mr. Head to insist upon a sale of the partnership property, which was accomplished over the friendly protest of Mr. Bishop. In May, 1883, Mr. Head accepted the management of the Prairie Cattle Company, the largest concern of the kind in the world. He filled this position for three years, during which time he marketed from the ranches of the company 54,000 head of cattle, netting \$1,300,000, and branded for the company from its herds more than 83,000 calves, and after paying all expenses, interest on debenture bonds, and also paying dividends to its stockholders amounting in three years to 42 per cent of the capital invested, the company had about 5,000 more cattle than when he assumed the management of its business, and an undivided surplus of about \$80,000. His salary for his service with the company was \$20,000 per annum. When he severed connection with the Prairie Cattle Co., its employees presented him with a solid silver service costing \$1,500.

In 1886 Mr. Head was elected president of the International Range Association, representing the live stock industry of the plains, from the Gulf of Mexico to British

Columbia, and west to the Pacific coast. He was one of the original promoters of the American Cattle Trust, and maintained his headquarters in Denver, Colorado, while acting as general manager of that association. He was principal owner of the Phoenix Farm and Ranch Co., of Mora county, New Mexico, which was one of the most systematically conducted properties in the entire West. Mr. Head was also a large stockholder in the Fort Stockton Livestock & Land Company of Texas, which owned 50,000 acres of land, 20,000 of which was under irrigation. He also owned a farm of above 700 acres at his old home in Caldwell county, Texas.

In 1892 Mr. Head moved from Denver, Colorado, to his famous Phoenix Ranch near Watrous, New Mexico, and from there to Las Vegas in the fall of 1901. He died April 8, 1906, leaving his wife, two daughters, and a son, R. G. Head, Jr.

SKETCH OF J. M. CHOATE.

The subject of this sketch, known to all the old cowmen as "Monroe" Choate, was born in Tennessee April, 28, 1822. He was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Adkinson June 2, 1844, and they had ten children, eight boys and two girls. Only one of these children is living today, S. P. Choate of Kennedy, Texas, who was next to the youngest child.

Mr. Choate moved to Karnes county in 1855 and settled on Hondo Creek, where he lived until his death, which occurred August 9, 1899. He was buried in the Runge cemetery.

Monroe Choate was one of the largest cattle operators in that section of the state, and often drove cattle to Louisiana before the trail opened to northern markets. When the driving of stock to Kansas started he was among the first to send cattle up the trail. He was a man of many sterling qualities, generous, whole-souled, thoughtful of his men, full of wit and humor, and the life

of his outfit on the trail and in camp. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and after the trail driving days were over he settled down to a quiet and active life on his place in Karnes county.

Several of his sons were trail drivers, among them we mention; J. H. Choate, born in Mississippi, August 29, 1847, died at Helena, Karnes county, Texas, and is buried there; D. C. Choate, born February 17, 1851, in Leon county, Texas, died in Dodge City, Kansas, in 1878, and is buried there; K. B. Choate, born February 1, 1858, in Karnes county, Texas, died in Dodge City, Kansas, July 4, 1884 and is buried at Goliad, Texas.

W. M. CHOATE

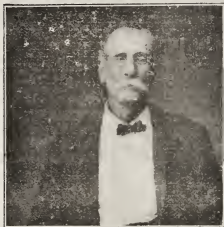
W. M. Choate was born in Leon county, Texas, May 14, 1854, moved to Karnes county with his parents in 1856 and lived there continuously until 1889, then moved to Del Rio, and worked cattle in Mexico for three years. He was for two years a deputy United States marshall at Del Rio. In 1895 he returned to Karnes county, and was appointed inspector for the Cattle Raisers' Association, which position he held for fifteen years, living at Karnes City and Cuero during the time. Later he made his home in San Antonio for three years, and then moved to Beeville where he died in June 1915.

Mr. Choate made his first trip up the trail when he was fifteen years old with his father's herd. Later he drove horses for himself to Kansas. The greater portion of his life was spent in stock business. On January 9, 1884, he was happily married to Miss Pollie Porter, who still survives him and resides at Pettus, Texas.

CROSSED THE ARKANSAS RIVER IN A SKIFF.

James Henry Saul, known among the old timers as

Little Jim Saul, was born six miles from Huntsville in



Jim Saul

Walker county, Texas, June 26th, 1849. While he was quite small his parents moved to Williamson county, and located on the San Gabriel, twelve miles above Georgetown, where they lived for two years, then moved to Brushy Creek, about twelve miles below Round Rock.

Mr. Saul grew up in the cattle business.

When he was 23 years old, in 1872 he took a herd of 1000 head of his own cattle from Williamson county to Baxter Springs, Kansas. Among his hands were Buck and Jack Blanton, the Crum brothers, the Summers brothers, and his brother, Charlie Saul.

His next drive was made in 1879 to Ogallala, Nebraska with 2800 head, and in 1879 he drove 2900 head to Caldwell, Kansas. On one of these trips, when Mr. Saul reached the Arkansas River he found it on a rampage and about five hundred yards wide. The ferry had washed away, so he employed some Indians to make a skiff out of a cottonwood log, and the men and supplies were taken across in this skiff, while the wagon was taken down and floated across. The herd took the water and made it by swimming.

In his trail driving Mr. Saul had no trouble with the inspectors, and very little with the Indians. When the redskins asked him for a beef they got it.

Mr. Saul now resides on his ranch near Bandera, Texas, and delights to meet up with comrades of those good old days when "going up the trail" was in order.



ON THE TRAIL TO KANSAS.

A Painting By Warren Hunter, From a Description Furnished by George W. Saunders.

WHEN THE TEMPERATURE WAS 72 DEGREES BELOW ZERO

C. C. French, Fort Worth, Texas.

My father, Joseph, H. French, and family left Philadelphia in the late fifties and came west to the Ohio river,



C. C. French.

then down the Ohio to the Mississippi to New Orleans, then to Galveston by steamer, from Galveston to Columbus by rail, hence to San Antonio by four-mule ambulance. During the Civil War father had a contract for delivering beef cattle to the Confederate army. He was paid in Confederate money and it broke him. After my father's death, my mother took my bro-

ther, sister and myself back to Philadelphia.

My brother Horace G. French, was one of the bosses who drove many herds of cattle over the trail. In 1874 he had delivered a herd in Wyoming and while on his way back to Texas, he came to his old home in Philadelphia to visit us. I was then a boy in school, but my brother's narratives about trail driving interested me so that I determined to come to Texas the first opportunity that presented itself. In the spring of 1876 I landed in Austin, and the first sight I had of the trail was that wonderful herd of wild steers Ab Blocker tells about, in the first volume of this book, that were roped on the Berdimaes by John and Bill Blocker. It was a sight and it is a great pity that a picture of that herd was not made and kept.

In 1878 a small outfit left Austin in charge of my brother and we received a herd of steers and a herd of cows and calves on the head of Camp Creek in Coleman county. We had a trail wagon in which to carry the

calves that were born on the trail. The herd was owned by Col. Wm. Day. We reached Dodge City, Kansas, in good shape, but it was a wretched trip as the calves gave us a lot of trouble. The next year we started a herd of steers from Kimble county for Major Seth Mabry, going to Ogallala, Nebraska. There the herd was re-arranged and we started with 4,000 steers for the Cheyenne Agency in Dakota. Half of the herd went to Bismark, Dakota. The herd we drove to the Cheyenne Agency was for the United States government and were fed to the Sioux Indians. One day early in December an Indian courier came to our camp with a message from the commander of the post saying that if the mercury went to 28 degrees below zero he wanted 250 steers that day, to commence killing for the Indians' winter beef. We delivered the steers and the Indians killed them all in one day. The meat was exposed to the cold for a few days and then stored in an immense warehouse to be issued out to the Indians every week. During the killing period about 800 steers were slaughtered. About 7,000 Indians were present at the killing. It was no uncommon sight to see a squaw at one end of an entrail and a dog at the other end, both eating ravenously. When the killing was completed we had about 600 steers that had to be crossed over the Missouri river on the ice, which was then about 28 inches thick across the channel. After this was done we had to deliver the horses at Fort Thompson. At this time the government thermometer at Peeve recorded 72 degrees below zero. On our way home we were in that fearful blizzard which froze the bay at Galveston and ruined the orange trees in Florida. I have never liked cold weather since that time.

HISTORY OF AN OLD COWMAN

Robert Samuel Dalton, a wealthy stockman of Palo Pinto, controlling extensive and important business interests, wherein he displays excellent business ability,



Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Dalton

marked enterprise, and keen discernment, was born March 8, 1859, on his father's ranch on the Brazos river, eighteen miles north of Palo Pinto county, Texas. His parents were Marcus Lafayette and Lucinda Gamble Dalton. The Dalton family, together with the family of Rev. Slaughter, father-in-law of Robert Dalton, were among the oldest and most noted in Northwestern Texas. Marcus L. Dalton was born in Tennessee and came to Texas in 1838, locating first in Red River country, whence he removed to Palo Pinto county in 1855, settling at the mouth of Rock Creek on the Brazos River. It was a wild and unsettled country, infested by hostile Indians, who made raids into this locality from their reservations in Indian Territory. Mr. Dalton was an excellent business man and prospered in the cattle business notwithstanding the fact that frequently his cattle were stolen by the Indians. As the years passed his lands and cattle increased in value. He made many trips over the trail with his cattle to Kansas and on returning from one of these trips he was killed by the Indians, November 4, 1870, in Loving's Valley, six miles north of the present town of Mineral Wells and twenty miles east of his home on the Brazos. He had left Weatherford, Texas, and from that town he was accompanied by James Redfield and James McCaster. The latter was driving a bunch of horses, while Mr. Redfield

and Mr. Dalton each had a wagon and team. They were attacked by the Indians at the point mentioned and all three men were killed, the Indians taking everything they could carry but leaving an iron-bound leather trunk in which there was \$11,000. In Mr. Dalton's shoes were \$11,000 in bills of large denomination, which was not taken by the Indians.

Mr. Dalton of this review still has one of the bows from which was shot the arrow that killed his father. The three men were scalped and their bodies mutilated in an inhuman manner.

Robert S. Dalton was reared upon the home ranch to the life of the cattle trade, his boyhood days being fraught with exciting incidents and dangers characteristic to that period in the development of Palo Pinto county, when it was a largely unsettled district and the Indians were on the war-path. In the course of time he embarked in the cattle business on his own account and his entire career as dealer in the stock has been successful and free from financial embarrassment of any kind even in times of widespread financial depression. He is today one of the largest taxpayers and one of the wealthy citizens of that part of the state. His first independent venture in the business was when he was fifteen years of age. His mother gave him twenty-five calves and it was at this time that he started the brand L. A. D.; which has ever since been the brand he has used.

On the 8th of October, 1879, in Palo Pinto county, Mr. Dalton was married to Miss Millie Slaughter, the fifth daughter of Rev. Geo. W. Slaughter, a historical character of Western Texas. She was educated at Emporia, Kansas, and at Staunton, Virginia, and is a lady of superior culture and refinement. Her father, Rev. Slaughter, was trusted lieutenant of Houston during the early days of Texas and afterwards a Missionary Baptist minister for more than half a century and a devoted exponent of the gospel. He was also a physician and practiced medicine, thus carrying healing to the body as well as to the souls of men.

At the time of his marriage Mr. Dalton started with his bride for Western Texas, where at the foot of the great plains on the Salt Fork of the Brazos he established himself in the cattle business. He took over 800 head of his own cattle in addition to several thousand belonging to his mother and brothers, all of which he herded on a free ranch, such as was common in those days. He lived there for five years. In 1884 he sold his cattle on the ranch for fifty-one thousand dollars and returned to Palo Pinto county, where he purchased the Kyle ranch. Later he sold this place and for some time engaged in the business of buying and selling cattle. His next transaction of note was the purchase of his present ranch six miles north of the town, for which he paid eleven thousand dollars, but which has gradually increased in value through the addition of other tracts of land and the improvements he has placed upon it. His ranch now comprises over nine thousand acres all in one body. This is a beautiful ranch located in the rich Brazos Valley and is stocked with immense herds of fine cattle. In 1909 Mr. Dalton removed from his residence on the ranch to Mineral Wells, where he has since made his home.

Unto Mr. and Mrs. Dalton have been born eleven children, namely, Otto D., George Webb, Marcus, Lafayette, Millie Robert, Sarah Jane, Georgia Lee, William Carroll Slaughter, Columbus Charles (deceased), John Bell, Vivian Ruth, and Mary Allie Leta. Mr. Dalton is a member of the Knights of Pythias fraternity, prominent in the organization, and enjoys the unqualified esteem of his brethren of the fraternity and of the general public as well. His life history, especially concerning his boyhood days, if written in detail, would furnish a most thrilling story. He has lived to see great changes while in Western Texas as the comforts and conveniences of a civilization have been introduced, while the business methods of a settled district have given place to those of pioneer times. In all his business transactions he has displayed marked ability, strong purposes and unfaltering diligence and his investments have been carefully

made so that he has gathered therefrom a rich financial return.

In the past year oil has been discovered on Mr. Dalton's Palo Pinto county ranch and he has today from his lease royalties an income of \$800.00 per day.

The old ranch is not what it used to be before these wells were discovered, so far as his cattle interests are concerned. He will not be permitted to raise any more herds of cattle on this ranch as it is now a great oil field.

INDIANS GOT THEIR HORSES.

W. H. Crain, Pipe Creek, Texas

I was born in Leon county, Texas, November 25, 1849, in a log house which my father and neighbors built. In those days when a new family moved into a community everybody attended the "log rolling" and helped to put up a comfortable log cabin for the newcomers to live in. Our farm was just in the edge of the timber and the Leon prairie spread out in front of our cabin and we had a fine view for miles. There were no fences then, everything ran loose. People depended on bells and hobbles to keep their work animals near home. My father sold this place and bought land in Burleson county, and we lived there until some time in 1864, when we moved out to McCulloch county, on the Colorado river. Our nearest postoffice was Camp San Saba, about twenty-five miles distant. My father's brother-in-law, Judge John Beasley, had moved out there from Missouri, and father decided to make his home there too, but after a time the Indians became so troublesome he concluded to move again, and we went to Kendall county in 1865. Marion Hodges, well known in Bandera county for many years, came along with us. His wife, Nancy A. Hodges, was my father's niece. We rented a log house from Charlie Sughart on the east side of the Cibolo, and the next year we raised a fine crop of corn right in the heart of the present town

of Boerne. We often went out and caught wild cattle and made good steers of them after they became gentle.

In 1869 I went back to McCulloch county with Jim Dophlemier and Billie Beasley to help Newt Beasley gather a herd of cattle to drive to Kansas. I had to ride a mule. Her name was not Maud, but she proved herself to be Maud's equal. When we reached Newt Beasley's we found George Chamberlain, Tom Keese, Jim Parker, Dick Hudson, Charlie Ellington, Jeff Singleton helping to gather the cattle. Jeff Singleton, Newt Beasley and myself went out to gather some cattle one day and rode up on three Indians. One of them had a very pretty striped blanket and before Newt could prevent him Jeff made a dash for the Indian, saying that he was going to have that blanket. He ran right up to the Indian, with his pistol in his hand, but when he saw two of them armed with guns he turned his horse quickly and started back toward us. The Indian with the blanket shot him in the back with an arrow. The other Indians then began shooting at Jeff, and Newt went to his assistance, having only an old cap and ball pistol with three loads in it. The Indians beat a retreat and got away. I was only a boy in teens, and riding that mule I thought my time had come, but I kept up with the other boys. We took Jeff to Mrs. Lindley's house and with a pair of dentist's forceps pulled the arrow out of his back.

Newt Beasley and a man named Gotcher had just bought twenty fresh cow ponies in Coryell county, and had them out grazing. When we went out to bring them in to camp about fifteen Indians dashed in between the boys and the herd of horses, and they had to run for hiding as they had no arms to fight the redskins with. The Indians got every horse they had for the drive, and left Beasley and Gotcher with a thousand cattle rounded up and only about twelve head of tired, worn out horses to take the trail with. They had to go on to Kansas with what we had.

When I got back to Boerne in Kendall county, William and Henry Deaters were preparing to go down to Powder

Horn after a steam engine for their mill, and I went with them. It took us twenty-one days to make the trip.

I have a small ranch at Pipe Creek, in Bandera county, where I am raising a few cows, horses and goats. If any of the old trail drivers ever get lost up on the Bandera rooad I want them to hunt me up.



The Chuck Outfit in the Early Days



The Chuck Wagon Came Later.

GEORGE WEBB SLAUGHTER

George Webb Slaughter was a native of Lawrence county, Mississippi, his birth occurring May 10, 1811, William Slaughter, his father, was a Virginian, born in 1781, his death occurring in Sabine county, Texas in 1851. The elder Mr. Slaughter was a farmer and had seen service in the war of 1812, fighting with Jackson at New Orleans. He married Miss Nancy Moore, of South Carolina, and was the father of eight children, four of them boys. In 1821 the family moved to Copiah county, Mississippi, and four years later started to Texas, but stopped for a time in Louisiana, and it was while living in the latter state that George Webb Slaughter received the only schooling (three weeks in all) which he ever had an opportunity to obtain. In 1830 the Slaughter family crossed the Sabine river and settled in what was then the Mexican state of Coahuila and Texas. At that time the country east of Austin was divided into municipalities governed principally by military laws. Petty officers were in charge at the different points and alcaldes, or magistrates, were appointed by them, while all matters of importance were referred to the District Commandant. Col. Piedras was in charge of the country along the Sabine, with headquarters at Nacogdoches. He was a man of narrow and decided views and but poorly qualified to exercise authority over a people reared in the enjoyment of American liberty. There was no tolerance of religious belief beyond a blind adherence to the Catholic church and an arrest by Col. Piedras of several Protestant clergymen, who had attempted to hold services in the colony, precipitated one of the first conflicts between the colonists and the Mexican government. G. W. Slaughter, then a boy of nineteen or twenty, took an active part in the armed resistance to this act of tyranny, and his relation of the events which followed is vivid and interesting. A commissioner, sent to Col. Piedras to intercede for the prisoners' release, was treated with contempt, and Col. Bean Andrews, who repaired to the City of Mexico on

the same errand, was thrown into prison. Despairing of obtaining recognition and relief through pacific methods, the colonists held a mass meeting at San Augustine about June 1, 1832, and resolved to take matters into their own hands and release the prisoners, if need be, through force of arms. Preparations for this decisive step went quietly on, and in a short time 500 armed men met within two miles of Nacogdoches and sent Col. Piedras under a flag of truce, a demand for the prisoners' liberation. In reply a company of cavalry came out with a counter demand for the surrender of the whole party. Immediate hostilities followed. The Mexicans were driven back to town after one or two ineffectual stands, and eventually forced to evacuate the fort and seek safety in flight. Quite a number of Mexicans were killed, but only three Americans, one of whom was G. P. Smith, an uncle of G. W. Slaughter. At that time the Angelina river was swollen with recent rains, its bottom lands flooded and impassable except at one point, some eighteen miles from the fort, where a bridge had been built. Here all the men who were provided with horses, were directed to hasten and stop the retreat of the panic-stricken Mexicans, while the remainder of the force followed on thus bringing the enemy between two fires and compelling the entire command to surrender. Col. Piedras was allowed to return to Mexico under promise of excusing the colonist's acts and interceding for their pardon, but he proved false to his trust and his report of the affair at Nacogdoches only still further incensed the government. Mr. Slaughter was under fire for the first time in this skirmish or battle. During the temporary lull which followed previous to the general out break of war, he was occupied in freighting between Louisiana and Texas points, and one of his loads—perhaps the most valuable of them all consisted of the legal library of Sam. Houston, which he hauled to Nacogdoches in 1833. He had previously met Houston while attending court at Nacitoches, La., and he mentions the fact that upon this occasion the future president of the Texas Republic was dress-

ed in Indian garments and decked out in all the glory of scalp-lock, feathers and silver ornaments. Mr. Slaughter was an earnest admirer of Houston and was more than pleased when the latter assumed control of the Texan forces. The company in which he enlisted reported to Houston for duty at San Antonio, and was in several engagements which immediately followed, among others the famous "Grass Fight," one of the hottest of the war. Houston then advanced toward Mexico, but halted near Goliad upon intelligence that Santa Anna was approaching with an army of 15,000 men. Col. Fannin with the forces under his command was encamped in a strong position in a bend of the river below Goliad. Travis was in the Alamo with those gallant spirits who were to remain with him faithful and uncomplaining until death. Houston, safe in the consciousness that on the open prairie lay perfect safety from beleaguerment, watched the approach of the Mexican army and pleaded with Fannin and Travis to abandon the fortifications and join him. Mr. Slaughter served as a courier, making several trips to Fannin and Travis in the Alamo. On one of the latter, in obedience to instructions from Gen. Houston, he delivered into the hands of Col. Travis an order to retreat. After reading it, Travis consulted his brother officers, acquainted his men with the contents of the message, and drew a line with his sword and called upon all who were willing to remain with him and fight, if need be, to the death, to cross it. The decision was practically unanimous to defend the fort to the last extremity. Only one of the little band chose to make his way to the main army; he was let down from the walls and made his escape. Travis hoped for reinforcements that would enable him to inflict upon Santa Anna a bloody and decisive repulse that would check him on the outskirts of the settlements, or, failing in this, detain his army a sufficient length of time to enable the colonists to mass an adequate force to meet him successfully in the open field. He fully realized the peril of his situation and concealed nothing from his comrades. They deter-

mined to stake their lives upon the hazard and were immolated upon the altar of their country.

Mr. Slaughter returned to headquarters and reported



Houston's trusted Lieutenant, George Webb Slaughter, delivering a message from Houston to Travis, Bowie and Crockett advising the Evacuation of the Alamo.

the result of his mission. Later while on a hazardous trip to the Alamo, then known to be invested with Santa Anna's army, he encountered Mrs. Dickinson and her negro slave, survivors of the massacre, who had been released by the Mexican commandant and instructed to proceed to General Houston with tidings of Travis' fate. The butchery of Fannin and his men followed shortly after, and Santa Anna pressed on after General Houston, who had retreated to the east side of the Brazos. Meantime Mr. Slaughter was employed in carrying messages and in procuring subsistence for the army, accepting many dangerous missions and performing them all to the satisfaction of his commanding officer. History relates how Houston and how the Mexican army followed until they were led into the trap at San Jacinto, where

the tables were turned and Santa Anan defeated and captured, his troops slaughtered, and his invasion brought to an ignominious end. The victory at San Jacinto was not the end of hostilities; but, following it, there came a breathing spell, of which Mr. Slaughter hastened to take advantage. Gaining a leave of absence, under promise of returning at once in case he was needed, he hastened to his home, and on the 12th day of the following October he was married to Miss Sarah Mason, to whom he had been engaged for some time. The ceremony was only deferred to this date because under the disorganized state of the country there was no officer with legal authority to perform it. The marriage of Mr. Slaughter was the first ceremony of the kind under the sanction of the Republic which he had been instrumental in establishing. The newly wedded couple settled in Sabine county, and Mr. Slaughter resumed freighting for a livelihood, engaging in the employ of the new government.

At the time of the Cherokee troubles, in 1839, the eastern counties organized companies in pursuance of President Houston's orders, and Mr. Slaughter was elected captain of the company organized in Sabine. The newly recruited forces assembled at Nacogdoches, and in a body marched to reinforce General Rusk, who was stationed with a small force on the Neches river, near where Chief Bowles was encampel with 1,600 Cherokees. Two days were spent in an ineffectual attempt to arrange a treaty and the Indians dropped back from their position, but were followed and a fight ensued in which the Cherokees lost eleven killed and the whites only three, though fourteen of their number were wounded. The Indians again retreated and the following day there was a general battle; Chief Bowles was killed, with several hundred of his followers, while the remainder of the Cherokees fled westward, being followed to the Bois d' Arc fork of the Trinity, three or four days march, by companies of Captains Slaughter and Todd.

The need which had prompted the organization of an armed force now no longer existing, the men disbanded,

and Mr. Slaughter returnel to the labors and attendant comforts of home life. In 1852 he moved to Freestone county, intending to turn his attention to stock-raising. He brought wittth him ninety-two head of cattle and established a ranch near the old town of Butler, and in five years he resided there his herd increased to 600 head. Mr. Slaughter believed there were better opportunities to be gained by removal further west, and in 1857 drove his herds to Palo Pinto county, locating five miles north of the town of that name, at that time known as Golconda. He bought 2,000 acres of land and located by certificate 960 acres more, and the ranch located at that time was thereafter his home, though his residence at this point was not continuous. In 1858-59 Mr. Slaughter was occupied in raising stock and running a small farm, but the following year moved his stock to Young county, at a point near the Ross Indian Reservition. He had then 1,200 head of cattle and a small bunch of horses, but lost forty head of the latter through theft by Indians in 1860, and for these and other property stolen, he later filed claims against the government aggregating \$6,500.

Mr. Slaughter's holdings of cattle had increased in 1867-68 to such an extent that he decided to sell the greater portion of them, and he accordingly disposel of 12,000 to James Loving and Charles Rivers at a uniform price of \$6.00. Rivers was afterwards killed by the Indians while in camp in Jackson, in June, 1871. Following the sale of his cattle Mr. Slaughter formed a partnership with his son, C. C. Slaughter, and began driving cattle through to Kansas. The first drove only consisted of 800 head, but they brought the neat little sum of \$32,000. For the seven years up to and including 1875, the herds of Slaughter & Son were driven to Kansas points and thence shipped to St. Louis and Chicago. The drove in 1870 was probably the largest, numbering 3,000 head, and the returns from this herd footed up \$105,000. In 1870 Mr. Slaughter moved his family to Emporia, Kansas, in order that his children might have the advantage of the superior facilities at that point, but in 1875 he returned to

Texas and resumed operations on his old ranch in Palo Pinto county. The number of cattle handled and the money received from their sale can be expressed in round figures as follows:

1868, 800 head, \$32,000.00; 1869, 2,000 head, \$90,000.00
1870, 3,000 head, \$105,000.00; 1871, 2,000 head, \$66,000.
1873, 2,000 head, \$66,000.00; 1874, 2,000 head, \$60,000.00:
1865, 1,000, \$45,000.00. Such figures as these go a long way toward impressing the reader with the importance of the cattle business twenty years ago. In 1876 Mr. Slaughter dissolved partnership with his son, C. C. Slaughter, taking into business with him another son, Peter, and in 1878 they sold and shipped 4,000 cattle. Six years later, on account of declining health, Mr. Slaughter disposed of his cattle interests and afterwards devoted his time to the care of his ranch and other property. He had at his Palo Pinto ranch 1,280 acres of land, and owned 1,300 acres in other portions of the state, besides town property in Mineral Wells. Securing his land when nearly the entire country was open for selection, Mr. Slaughter had one of the most desirable locations in the country, and prized it more highly in remembrance of the hardships and dangers attendant upon its settlement. During the first few years of his residence in Palo Pinto county the Indians were very troublesome, and Mr. Slaughter could relate many incidents of border warfare from the standpoint of an eye-witness and participant. In 1864 he had a skirmish with seven Indians on Cedar Creek, in Palo Pinto county, several shots were fired, but the Indians were finally frightened away. Three years later the Indians made a raid on his ranch and stole all the horses, and John Slaughter, a son, received a bullet wound in the breast. Skirmishes with the red-skins were then of too common occurrence to attract much attention beyond the immediate neighborhood. The entire Texas border was a battlefield, and those who lived on the upper Brazos had to guard themselves the best they could. In 1866 Mr. Slaughter was driving a small bunch of cattle on Dry Creek, near Graham, when he

was attacked by thirteen Indians, but his carbine and revolver proved too much for their courage and they retreated after he had wounded one of their number. In the month of April, 1869, a bunch of Indians surrounded and massacred thirteen government teamsters near Flat Top Mountain, in Young county. Mr. Slaughter was within two miles of this place, camped with fourteen men, holding 800 head of cattle which he had gathered. The Indians attacked them, and they only escaped through strategy. Six of the men were sent with the cattle in the direction of Sand Creek, and the remainder of them, including Mr. Slaughter and his son, C. C. Slaughter, made a breastwork of the horses and awaited an attack. Profiting by a deep ravine at hand, some of the men crept cautiously away, and suddenly appearing at another point, made a charge upon the Indians, who supposed there were more re-inforcements coming, and beat a retreat.

Mr. Slaughter was an earnest worker all his life, and few men proved themselves so useful in so many and varied capacities. He was for many years a minister of the Baptist church. During his ministry he baptized over 3,000 persons and ordained more preachers and organized more churches than any other person in the state of Texas. When Rev. Mr. Slaughter first came to Palo Pinto county, in starting out to fill his appointments as minister, he would saddle his horse, fill his saddle bags with provisions, take along his picket rope and arm himself with two six-shooters and his trusty carbine. The distance between the places where he preached being sometimes as great as sixty miles, it was often necessary for him to camp overnight by himself. Twice he was attacked by Indians but escaped uninjured. On one occasion, while he was preaching in the village of Palo Pinto, the county was so filled with hostile Indians and wrought up to such a pitch that Mr. Slaughter kept his six-shooter and his carbine at his side during the sermon, and every member of his congregation was likewise armed. He never permitted business or fear of the Indians



Mrs. George Webb Slaughter George Webb Slaughter

to interfere with his pastoral work, and always made it a point to keep his engagements.

He first united with the Methodist church in 1831, but in 1842 joined the Baptist church and in 1844 was ordained to preach. He studied and practiced medicine, and was for a number of years the only physician in Palo Pinto county. It would be impossible to overrate his usefulness during those long years when the citizens of the northwestern counties were practically isolated from the world and dependent upon each other for comfort and aid in times of extremity. Ever thoughtful and kind, Mr. Slaughter gave freely of his time and money to the poor of his community.

Eleven children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter, six boys and five girls. Seven of them are still living, as follows: C. C., Peter E., W. B., Fannie, Sarah, Jane and Millie. Mrs. Slaughter died on the 6th of January, 1894.

He died at his home, six miles north of Palo Pinto Texas, at 11 p. m., March 19, 1895. During his last illness he had the consolation of having with him his three sons, C. C., J. B., and W. B. Slaughter; his three daughters, Mrs. Jennie Harris, Mrs. Millie Dalton, and Miss Fannie Slaughter, and also his long cherished friend, Rev. Rufus C. Burleson, of Waco, and a number of neighbors

and other friends. His end was peaceful and in keeping with his Christian life. Just before he died, he expressed his willingness to obey the summons, his trust in God, and his belief in a happy immortality.

THOMAS M. PEELER.

Thomas M. Peeler was born November 15, 1848, in Koseinsko, Mississippi. He came to Texas when about eighteen years of age, and from Texas went to Idaho and Wyoming and spent eight years on ranches there, then came back to Texas and lived on the Irvin & Millet ranch in Baylor county until that ranch was sold to Simpson. Then Mr. Peeler settled in Atascosa county in 1882 and



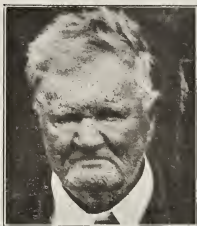
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Peeler

lived there until his death May 18, 1897. He was married January 21, 1880, to Miss Alice Jane Irvin, and to this union were born seven children, five boys and two girls.

HARDSHIPS OF A COWBOY'S LIFE IN THE EARLY DAYS IN TEXAS.

James T. Johnson, Charco, Texas.

I was born in Jackson county, Mississippi, April 15th, 1852, and came to Texas with my parents at the age of



James T. Johnson

six months, landing at Corpus Christi in October. My father was county clerk there for one term. Mother took sick on the ship coming to Texas, and lived only six weeks after landing at Corpus Christi. My grandfather came to Texas with the Irish colony, and served a few years in the Confederate army, was wounded and came home on a short furlough, but took blood poi-

son and lived but a few hours

At the tender age of nine years, I was left an orphan, and was sent to live with the Bookman family, where I was treated as one of their own children. For two years I enjoyed myself in the home of these good people, but an uncle in Falls county sent for me to come and live with him, but I was abused so much that I left and went to live with another uncle who was just as bad, so I drifted out into the wide world for myself at the age of thirteen.

I worked for Kade Lewis, in the town of Bremond, hauling water, and freighted to the town of Kosse. I stayed two years with this job earning \$400 in wages, but when I tried to collect, I had to be satisfied by exchanging my saddle, worth about \$9.00 for his, which was not worth over \$15.00. Soon afterwards, I began to work for widow Thomas, gathering and herding range horses, where I learned my first work on a ranch.

I hired to Wash Grey to bring a herd of cattle to Goliad county, delivering them to his brother, Bob Grey. I remained in Goliad county and worked as a freighter again, hauling supplies from Old Indianola to Goliad and Sutherland Springs. The ox teams we had to drive were too slow for a boy of my age, and I longed to get back on a ranch chasing mavericks. For the next four years, I worked for H. A. Lane, near my present home, twelve west of Goliad. Here I received \$20 per month, breaking broncos, gathering and branding cattle, etc.

At the age of twenty-one years I left Goliad with a herd of mixed cattle for H. A. Lane and J. Gus Patton, and drove these cattle over the Old Chisholm Trail to Dodge City, Kansas, with only two stampedes on the entire trip.

One year later I again went up the trail with a herd of mixed cattle of over 3000 head for J. Gus Patton, who is now our county attorney, and one of the truest friends I have ever known. On this trip we had Patton for boss, and Sidney Chivers, Uncle Billie Menafée and Will Peck as cowboys. Returning from this trip, I gathered wild horses in Goliad, Victoria, Refugio, Bee, Live Oak and Karnes counties, gathering several thousand head for the various ranches.

In 1876 I again went up the trail with 4500 head of aged steers for Dillard Fant, with Charley Boyee as herd boss. On this trip we had the worst weather I ever experienced, losing cattle in blizzards with the most vivid electrical displays imaginable. We had seven stampedes on this trip.

In the winter of 1871 and 1872, I helped skin dead cattle on the prairies in Goliad, Victoria and Refugio counties, as the cattle were starving to death by the thousands, and very few grown cattle lived through this terrible winter. I have seen as many as a thousand head of dead cattle in one day's ride on the prairie near Lamar. Horses, cattle, deer and sheep suffered awfully during these times. Wild game in those days were almost a nuisance. I have seen deer a few miles southeast of Go-

liad in droves of fifty or more at a time, and all the settlers had hogs running wild on the range, fat in the fall of the year on post oak and live oak acorns, pecans, etc.

In 1876 I returned to Limestone county, near Pottersville, where I was married to Miss Martha Thomas, who has been the most faithful helpmate and pardner a man could be blessed with, and is still doing her part in every way to assist me in the ups and downs of this life's uncertainties. Returning to Goliad, we settled near the Minneahuila Creek six miles north of Goliad, where we tried farming, while I worked at odd jobs for the late John Taylor for fifteen years. In the early seventies I experienced quite a lot of difficulty trying to play neutral in the Taylor, Sutton and Tumlinson feuds, as my sole desire was to work for wages and not get mixed up with either side.

All the schooling I ever got was about two weeks a year for three years. I did not have a chance to attend school as other boys did in those days. I realize now more than ever what I have missed by not having an education, and it has been one of my greatest desires in life to give my children a good education. I live on my farm near the town of Charco, on some of the same land I roamed over as a cowboy, when land could be bought at thirty cents per acre, and which is now worth \$75 per acre, and considered as good as the state has. I am now seventy years of age, can do a hard day's work yet, and as old as I am, I feel like I could go through all these hardships again if necessary. If any of my old friends happen to see his article I would be glad to hear from them.

ASSOCIATED WITH FRANK JAMES.

Sam H. Nunneley, San Antonio, Texas

I was born in Hickman county, Middle Tennessee, April 3, 1851, and in 1869 I started to Texas. I arrived



Sam H. Nunneley

at Memphis on a train, then the terminus of all roads going west. There I took the steamer, Bismark, down the Mississippi to the mouth of Red River, and up Red River to Soda and Caddo Lakes to Jefferson, Texas. I had lots of sport shooting alligators on the trip. From Jefferson I traveled in a freight wagon drawn by eight yoke of oxen to Bowie county. The next year I

saddled my horse and pulled out for West Texas, landing at McKinney, Collin county, where I met Townsend Megeath, and we traveled together, slept together and that winter we stayed with Sam Hilderbran, which was an assumed name I learned in after years. Mr. Megeath turned out to be Frank James. Both were good, unassuming gentlemen in every way. It was from this county I made my first trip over the trail with Sneed, Clonch and Gatling. I made one trip with horses to Mississippi and after selling them I went down into Florida, where I remained all winter, then went to New Orleans and Shreveport, and on to San Antonio, and then out to Uvalde, where I went to work helping drive over the trail for Hughes, Nunn, Hood and Birchfield. We had fourteen thousand cattle cut into four herds, and we drove them to Wichita, Kansas. This was in 1875. After all were sold I came back to Texas on the train to Seguin, and there took the stage to San Antonio, and stayed all night at the well known Menger Hotel. Next morning I purchased a saddle for \$40 and a horse for \$16 and rode to Uvalde. There I fell in with a bunch of fellows, eleven in all and we started horseback to Silver City, New Mexico, a distance of 900 miles. We went there to live but nobody lived there outside of government forts ex-

cept wild Indians, so we started back to Texas, coming to Fort Stanton, down the Pecos river to Horsehead Crossing, then across the plains ninety-five miles without water to the headquarters of the Concho river. There I killed my last buffalo. I spent two weeks with a buffalo hunter there who had killed that season upwards of 5,000 buffaloes for their hides and tongues. He sold the hides to Fort Worth people at six bits to a dollar each.

From Johnson county I drove 125 horses to Arkansas for a Mr. Sparks. I bought beef cattle in the Indian Territory from the Indians for four years, and drove them to the Hot Springs market, then bought cattle in Arkansas to drive to Kansas, but sold them to the chief of the Choctaw Nation, after which I went back to Arkansas and engaged in the mercantile business for awhile. I was in the "run" in Oklahoma, and helped to make a state out of the Territory of Oklahoma. I now live in San Antonio.

THE TANKERSLEY FAMILY.

Mary Tankersley Lewis, San Angelo, Texas

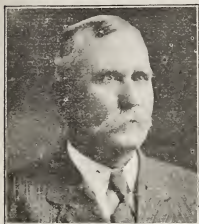
Richard Franklin Tankersley was born February 19, 1828, in Mississippi. Moved to Texas in 1853, stopping for awhile at Round Rock, Williamson county, afterward living in Cherokee county, then in San Saba, then in Brown county, and from there moved to the head of the South Concho river, in Tom Green county, which was not organized until many years later. He served in the Texas Rangers from 1863 to 1865.



R. F. Tankersley

About January 1st, we were visited by a band of Kickapoo Indians who

were going to Mexico and had sopped at Dove Creek spring to spend a few days. We at first thought they were hostile Indians and my father had drawn his gun on the leader, who waved a white cloth and called out,



G. W. Tankersley



Fayette Tankersley

"me no fight." There were about fifty men and two women in the party. They were very friendly and in scouting some days later, found some of our horses which had strayed off and brought them home. On January 8, they were overtaken by a company of Texas Rangers under Captain Gillentine, and a fight was forced on the Indians. A number of white men were killed and my father helped bury hem. While living at the head of the Concho, he gathered a herd of cattle with the intention of trailing them to New Mexico, but he sold them to John Chisum, and the Indians took them from him on the plains. In June 1869, my father trailed a herd of twenty-five hundred cattle to Los Angeles, California, being on the trail about eight months. On the way home, two men who camped with him for the night, cut open a saddle bag and stole five hundred dollars. In the pair of saddle bags there was twenty-five thousand dollars in gold, and why they did not take it all is a mystery. At that time and for many years afterwards there were no

banks in this part of the state, so all the money we had was buried under the house.

Increasing depredations by the Indians caused us to move to Fort Concho in 1869. Many times every horse and mule on the ranch was taken. All the satt we used was hauled by wagon from the Pecos. On one of these trips my father and a hired man were run into by Indians near the head of the Main Concho. They got into the river under bushes and fought the Indians off. My father was shot in the ankle and the bullet was never extracted. In February, 1870, we were living in San Angelo, about where the American Legion opera house now stands, and Indians came, trying to get horses out of the corral back of the house. About 10 o'clock that night the late Judge Preusser came to our door and said he had dreamed of seeing Indians and looking out saw them in fact. About that time they began yelling and shooting. They did not get the horses and it was thought that an Indian was wounded as a bloody war bonnet was found the next day. In this fight a Mexican was shot through one ear.

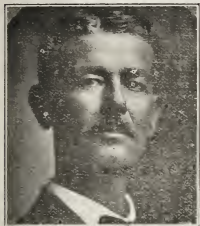
A kind and all-wise Providence guarded us through all the dangers and hardships of pioneer life and will be with us to the end. Father passed away December 11th 1912, leaving three sons, G. W., Fayette and H. M. Tankersley, and four daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Emerick, Mrs. Clarissa Frary, Mrs. Sallie Phelan and Mrs. Mary Lewis. Since his death, the oldest son and youngest daughter have "crossed over the river," and are resting with him "neath the shade of the trees."

TRAIL DRIVING WAS FASCINATING

W. A. Roberts, Frio Town, Texas

My parents were J. E. Roberts and Elizabeth Stahl Roberts. I was born in Montgomery county, Texas, January 16, 1863, and came to Frio county with my father and mother in 1869, where I have lived ever since.

We made the trip to this county in an ox wagon, and about the only thing I remember about the trip was crossing the Brazos river on a ferry boat. When I was about thirteen years old I went to work for Capt. B. L. Crouch on his Frio county ranch, and worked there for several years. I made three trips up the trail. In 1863 I went



W. A. Roberts

to Benkelman, Nebraska, and remained over for the fall round-up on George Benkelman's ranch on the South Prong of the Republican river, then returned to my old job on the Crouch ranch.

In 1884 I went to Seven Rivers, New Mexico, and remained there to help gather and deliver the D. J. Crouch cattle to the Holt Cattle Company in November of that year.

then drove a bunch of horses from Seven Rivers to Marfa, shipping them from Marfa to Uvalde and drove them from Uvalde to the Crouch ranch in Frio county.

In 1885 I went with a herd of steers for Crouch & Crawford to the Chickasaw Nation in the Indian Territory. Bert Brown was our boss on this trip.

Barring stampedes, and storms when balls of lightning played on the tips of our horses' ears and great balls of electricity came rolling along the ground, trail driving was a fascinating life. We have forgotten the hardships and remember only the pleasant things.

FOLLOWED CATTLE FROM THE RANCH TO THE SHIPPING PEN.

Mrs. A. P. Belcher, Del Rio, Texas

Alvis Powell Belcher was born September 7th, 1854,

in Jackson county, Missouri. His parents came to Sherman, Grayson county, Texas, when he was six weeks old. He commenced



A. P. Belcher

going up the trail with herds of cattle at the age of fourteen. From 1870 to 1878 he made many trips trailing cattle to Kansas and Missouri. In 1878, together with C. W. Easley he established an R2 ranch on Wander's Creek in Hardeman county where the town of Chillicothe now stands. A short while

afterwards the Indians made a raid down through that portion of the country and killed two cow-boys working on the ranch. Because of the danger from Indians he sold the R 2 stock of cattle, consisting at that time of 10,000 head, and located on the Wichita near Henrietta, Texas, where he lived and ranched until he moved to Southwest Texas in 1897.

He went through all the hardships of the ranchman, wirecutters, droughts and many panics, but he always came back believing he could win out. He started up the long, long trail the 3rd of March, 1919, and it is certain that he and T. B. Jones and a host of other trail drivers will greet the drags as they cross the river with the same cheery smiles and handclasps that they gave them while here.

Surely I am eligible to a membership in the Old Trail Drivers' Association, for my Grandfather Emberson trailed his little herd of steers from Lamar county to Arkansas and sold them to the United States Government. A few years prior to 1830 my father, Calvin Copenhagen trailed cattle to Shreveport and other places in the fifties and sixties, and my husband, Alvin Belcher, in the seventies to eighties. My sons have driven herds throughout

Western Texas. I have trailed behind the old chuck wagon, have eaten soup of a gun from a tin plate off the chuck box and followed cattle from the ranch to the shipping pen.

TELLS OF AN INDIAN FIGHT

W. A. Franks, Pearsall, Texas

I first saw the light in Montgomery county, January 24th, 1853, the family came to Frio county in 1869, in the month of June I worked for B. L. Crouch and his brother, Joe Crouch for twelve years and want to state right here that the Crouches were two as fine men as I ever knew. Captain B. L. Crouch came from Michigan just after the Civil war, and was a captain in the Union army. He first engaged in the sheep business in Williamson county, from there he came to Frio county, where he became one of the big cow-men of Texas, becoming the owner of a ranch between Old Frio Town and Pearsall, containing some sixty thousand acres. My mother had charge of the boarding or dining hall, at the head ranch, where the cowboys and anyone visiting the ranch got their meals. I recall one incident, to show the true gentleman the captain was. Some three or four of his rich friends from the north were at the ranch on a visit, and a cowboy of the one-horse kind came to the ranch looking for a cow that had been lost out of a small herd when passing through the ranch. When the bell rang at the dining hall for supper, twenty-five or thirty men marched into the hall, took their respective places, and there they stood while Captain Crouch took the one-horse cowboy by the arm and escorted him to a seat at the table. After he had been seated, he said, "Gentlemen be seated." I don't think he had a superior for being a refined, cultured, polished, intelligent gentleman, and those who transacted business with him held him in the highest esteem. The cowboys who worked for him loved him like a father. He, like his "Pisano," Henry Ford, believed in



Wm. A. Franks

a fair wage for the working man. Though he had lost his fortune,, in his later years he never quit working for the flock master, by advocating the scalp law against the predatory animals.

My first trip on the trail was made in the spring of 1874, with J. W. Allen as boss. The herd was owned by Lytle & McDaniel, and was delivered at Dodge City, Kansas.

In 1874 we went from the Crouch ranch and shipped to Wichita Falls, Texas, then drove to Bingam, Nebraska, on the Republican river. A bad storm struck us on Smoky River, five herds being in sight, and we were the only boys that held our herd. George Wilcox, the boss,

said it was the worst storm that he had ever seen and he had been on the trail thirteen yars. Will King from Lockhart, Texas, came near being drowned that night, as the face of the earth was covered with water, and one could not distinguish ravines from level ground.

In June, 1873, during the light of the moon, while working on the Crouch ranch one of the sheep herders failed to show up. Some two weeks after he disappeared I found his remains about one mile and a half from the ranch, his body stripped and mutilated, hands tied behind and seven arrows sticking in his back.

In 1875 Indians made a raid on the Crouch ranch during the night and the next morning when we discovered their trail and missed the horses, seven of us followed them. Nelse Brice, Jap Brice, Jim Crawson, T. W. Everete, L. L. Everete, Ben Steadman, M. W. Franke and myself. We overtook them at Loma Vista in Zavala county. The country being open, they discovered us when we were a half a mile behind them, so we had a running fight for a mile, until they took the brush. We captured sixty head of horses, twenty of them belonging to Rothe on the Hondo. There were nine Indians in this bunch. The horses they were mounted on were all they got off with. Quite a number of shots were exchanged, but I don't think any damage was done on either side.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD TRAILS

C. F. Doan of Doan's.

I am now 74 years old and looking back over my life, I find the main part of it has been spent near the old Chisholm trail, or on the Dodge City, Kansas, trail.

My first introduction to the old Chisholm trail was in 1874 when in company with Robert E. Doan, a cousin, and both of us from Wilmington, Ohio, we set out for Ft. Sill, Indian Territory, from Wichita, Kansas. We made this little jaunt by stage coach of 250 miles over the famous trail in good time.



Original Settlement at Doan's

In 1875, very sick I returned to my home in Ohio from Fort Sill, but the lure of the West urged me to try my luck again and October 10, 1878, found me back in the wilds and ever since I have lived at Doans, the trail crossing on Red River known far and wide by the old trail drivers as the jumping off place into the great unknown, the last of civilization until they hit the Kansas line.

While sojourning in the Indian Territory in 1874 and 1875 with Tim Pete, Dave Lours and J. Doan, I engaged in trading with the Indians and buying hides at a little store on Cache creek, two miles from Fort Sill. Our life at this place was a constant thrill on account of Indians. During the month of July 1874, the Indians killed thirteen hay cutters and wood choppers. Well do I remember, one day after a hay cutter had been killed, a tenderfoot from the east with an eye to local color decided to explore the little meadow where the man had been killed expecting to collect a few arrows so that he might be able to tell the loved ones at home of his daring. But the Indians discov-



Doan's Crossing on Red River

ered the sightseer and with yells and his collection of arrows whistling about his ears, chased him back to the stockade. Terror lent wings to his feet and he managed to reach safety but departed the next day for the east, having lost all taste for the danger of the west.

January 8, 1875, found me caught in a blizzard and I narrowly escaped freezing to death at the time. Indians around Fort Sill demanding buckskin, as their supply had run low, I was sent by the firm on horseback to the Shawnee tribe to buy a supply. This was my second trip. Soon after my departure the blizzard set in and I was warned by the mail carrier, the only man I met on the trip to turn back or I would be frozen. But the thoughts of buckskin at \$4.00 per pound caused me to press on. I managed to reach Conover ranch badly frozen, I was taken from my horse and given first aid treatment. I was so cold that ice had frozen in my mouth. The mail carrier, who had advised me to turn back, never reached the fort, and his frozen body was found some days after the storm.

For two weeks I remained in this home before I found strength to continue the journey. I was held up another week by the cold near Pauls Valley, but I got the buckskin, sending it back by express-mail carrier and returned on horseback.



Doan's Store in the Seventies

Indians during this time were held in concentration camps near the fort, both Comanches and Kiowas, and beeves were issued twice a week. A man by name of Conover and myself did the killing and about seventy-five or eighty head were killed at one time. The hides were bought from the Indians and shipped to St. Louis.

After the bi-weekly killings, the Indians would feast and sing all night long and eat up their rations and nearly starve until the next issue day came.

It was at this time that I met Quannah, chief or the Comanches who was not head chief at that time, and Satanta, chief of the Kiowas. I was warned during that time by Satanta that the Indians liked me and they wanted me to leave the country because they intended to kill every white man in the nation. I rather think that the friendly warning was giving me because I often gave crackers and candy to the hungry squaws and papcooses and of course Satanta's family received their share.

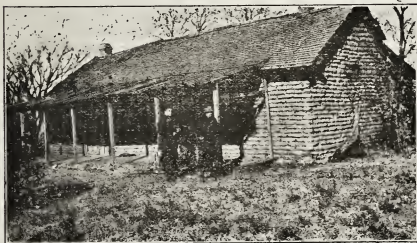
Satanta escaped soon after that and near where El Reno now stands, at the head of his warriors captured a wagon train and burned men to their wagon wheels. He was captured again and taken to the penitentiary where he committed suicide by opening a vein in his arm.

After moving to Doans of course I saw a great deal

of Quanah, who at that time had become head chief. He told me that he had often been invited to return to his white relations near Weatherford but he had refused. "Corwin," he said, "As far as you see here I am chief and the people look up to me, down at Weatherford I would be a poor half breed Indian." Perhaps he was right.

Big Bow, another Kiowa chief, often followed by his warriors rode up to the little store on Cache Creek one day and arrogantly asked,, would we hand over the goods or should they take them? We told them we would hand over the goods as he designated them. Later when Big Bow and I became good friends; he said, "Us Indians are big fools, not smart like white men. Cause you handed over the goods that day, but Washington (Uncle Sam) took it out of our pay." It was quite true for as soon as the wards of the government had departed, the bill was turned into their guardian, Uncle Sam.

We had but one bad scare from the Indians at Doans,



Adobe Home of Capt. C. F. Doan

Captain Doan and his daughter, Mrs. Bertha Ross in the foreground. Mrs. Ross was the first white child born in Wilbarger county. The adobe house shown in this picture was destroyed by fire December 26, 1922, since this sketch was written.

and that date April, 1879, is indelibly fixed on my memory. The Indians came close enough to the house to be recognized by the women and they ran our horses off. I was up in the woods hunting at the time and reached home at dusk to find three terror stricken women, a baby and a dog for me to defend. All the other men had gone to Denison for supplies and our nearest neighbor was fifty miles away; so thinking that discretion to be the better par of valor, we retreated to a little grove about half a mile from our picket house and spent the night, expecting every moment to have a "hair raising" experience. The Indians proved to be a band of Kiowas returning from near where Quanah now stands where they killed and scalped a man by name of Earle. Three days later the soldiers came through on the trail of the Indians expecting to find our home in ashes and the family exterminated. The Indians had returned to the reservation. The Kiowas told me afterward quite coolly that they would have attacked us that night but believed us to be heavily garrisoned with buffalo hunters—a lucky thing for us. This was the last raid through the country The Indians after that became very friendly with us and told me to go ahead and build a big store, that we would not be molested. They had decided this in council.

The spring and summer of 1879, I saw the first herds come up the trail; though the movement had started two years before. My uncle, J. Doan, who had been with me the two years in Fort Sill had established this post at Doans, April, 1878, and we had arrived, that is myself, wife and baby and the Judge's daughters, that fall. So we had come too late to see the herds of 1878. One hundred thousand cattle passed over the trail by the little store in 1879. In 1881, the trail reached the peak of production and three hundred and one thousand were driven by to the Kansas shipping point.

In 1882 on account of the drouth, the cattle found slim picking on their northern trek and if it had not been for the "butter weed" many would have starved to death as grass was all dead that year. Names of John Lytle,

Noah Ellis, Ab and John Blocker, Harrold and Ikard, Worsham, the Belchers, Ligon and Clark, Wiley Blair, the Eddlemans and others come into my memory as I write this. Owners and bosses of the mighty herds of decades ago. One man, Dubose' with whom we would go a piece, like school kids, up the trail, complained plaintively that he never in all those summers had a mess of roasting ears, of which he was very fond, as the corn would be about knee high when he left Corpus Christi and as he came slowly up the trail he would watch the fields in their various stages but by the time he left Doans and civilization it was still too early for even a cob.

Captain John Lytle spent as high as a month at a time in Doans preparing for his onward march. Accompanied by his secretary he would fit out his men and everything would be ship shape when he crossed Red River. He was a great man and his visits were enjoyed.

Wichita Falls, failing to provide suitable branding pens for the accommodation of the trail drivers, pens were provided at Doans. Furnaces and corrals were built and here Charley Word and others fitted with cartridges, winchesters by the case, sow bosom and flour, and even to Stetson hats, etc. This store did a thriving business and thought nothing of selling bacon and flour in car load lots, though getting our supplies from Denison, Sherman, Gainesville, and later Wichita Falls.

The postoffice was established here in 1879 and I was the first postmaster. It was at this office all mail for the trail herds was directed as, like canned goods and other commodities, this was the last chance. One night while a crowd sat around the little adobe store some one struck up a lively air on a French harp and the door opened and in sailed a hat followed closely by a big black fellow who commenced to dance. It was one of Ab Blocker's niggers who had been sent up for the mail, giving first notice of the herd's arrival. Many a sweetheart down the trail received her letter bearing the postmark of Doans and many a cowboy asked self consciously if there was

any mail for him while his face turned a beet red when a dainty missive was handed him.

The old trail played a part in the establishment of the Doans picnic. For in 1884 when grass had risen and the cowmen had gone up the trail or out to the spring round-ups; the women of course were playing the role of "the girl I left behind me" so a picnic of five women and one lone man was inaugurated. I have never missed a picnic from that day. Now the crowd is swelled to thousands, the dinner is a sumptuous affair and every two or three years the state and county candidates for offices plead with the people to give them the other fellow's job or one or more chance as the case may be.

The first house at Doans was made of pickets with a dirt roof and floor of the same material. The first winter we had no door but a buffalo robe did service against the northers. The store which had consisted mainly of ammunition and a few groceries occupied one end and the family lived in the other. A huge fire place around which Indians, buffalo hunters and the family sat, proved very comforting. The warmest seat was reserved for the one who held the baby and this proved to be a very much coveted job. Furniture made with an ax and a saw adorned the humble dwelling.

Later the store and dwelling were divorced. An adobe store which gave way to a frame building was built. Two log cabins for the families were erected. In 1881 our present home was built, the year the county was organized. This dwelling I still occupy. Governors, English Lords, bankers, lawyers, tramps and people from every walk in life have found sanctuary within its walls. And if these walls could speak many a tale of border war fare would echo from its gray shadows.

Here, my old adobe house and I sit beside the old trail and dream away the days thinking of the stirring scenes enacted when it seemed an endless procession of horses and cattle passed, followed by men of grim visage but of cheerful mien, who sang the "Dying Cowboy" and "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie" and other cheerful tunes as

they bedded the cattle or when in a lighter mood danced with the belles of Doans or took it straight over the bar of the old Cow Boy saloon.

MADE MANY TRIPS UP THE OLD COW TRAIL.

E. P. Byler, Wadsworth, Texas.

I made my first trip up the trail in 1868. In May of that year Brother Jim Byler and myself hired to Steve Rogers, who was boss for Dave Puckett, to take a herd of 1,000 long horn steers through to Abilene, Kansas. Wages were low then and we drew only \$30 per month and expenses. We were allowed a month's pay returning home. This was all an inexperienced hand could get, while experienced men drew \$40 per month. We had to stand guard from one-third to one-fourth of every night except when it rained, and then we stood guard all night. We were supposed to travel fifteen miles per day. When we left Helena, in Karnes county, with cattle in living order, if they didn't stampede at night and run too much, they would be in good shape when we reached our destination. Each man had four horses, and we never fed them grain for the grass was good and sufficient to sustain them on the trip. There were no fences—the range was open from the Gulf of Mexico to North Dakota as far as I went.

Fortunately on this trip we did not have to swim any swollen rivers, and made good progress.

Each evening when we prepared for the night we would catch up our night horses and stake them so each man would be ready to go on guard when he was called. In catching our horses we took lariats, tied one end to the wheel of the chuck wagon, a man holding the other end. and form a sort of a corral into which the horses were driven. The horses soon became accustomed to this and would not try to get over the rope pen.

On this trip we left Helena, Karnes county, and went by way of Gonzales. When the herd strung out it was

over a half a mile long. The chuck-wagon, drawn by a yoke of oxen driven by the cook, brought up the rear. While we were passing a settler's cabin an old setting hen flew cackling across the herd, and there was a stampede. The cattle in the lead kept going right on but the cattle in the middle of the herd doubled back and ran pell mell in the opposite direction. The men held them for awhile but they ran over the cook's steers and partly turned the wagon over. We had to run them for awhile before they became quiet again, but we had to take them around the place where they found the old setting hen.

We left Gonzales and camped on "Mule Prairie," and here they stampeded again and next morning we did not have a hoof left. We hired a number of men to help us get them together again. We went by way of Lockhart, crossed the Colorado at Austin, on to Georgetown, Salado, Belton, Valley Mills, Fort Worth and Denison, and crossed the Red River at Gainesville, and from here we went to Boggy Depot near the Arkansas line, and on to Abilene, where the cattle were put on the market.

We started back home and were on the return trip a month. These cattle were full grown steers, and were good walkers. I hugely enjoyed this trip, as well as coming back and was ready to go again when the opportunity offered.

In 1870, by which time I had become an expert cow hand, I was hired by Choate & Bennett at a salary of \$75 per month, to go through with a herd in charge of Dan Pace. Brother Jim was also with me on this trip. I worked in the lead, and we went the Chisholm trail as before, crossed Red River and went on up through the Indian Territory, where there were but few settlements. When we reached Wild Horse, that stream was up, and we had to take our wagon bed, put a wagon sheet around it and make a ferry boat which carried our things over. On the banks of the North Canadian we found a newly made grave with a head-board bearing the inscription, "Killed by Indians." I do not know who the unfortunate victim could have been, but these graves were not uncommon.

We went on and delivered the cattle at Wichita, Kansas, and then took the trail for home.

On March 15, 1871, Brother Jim, as boss, started with a herd for Choate & Bennett. I went through the same route as before. On this trip we saw plenty of buffalo and antelopes, and the country was full of wolves. At Wichita, Kansas, we threw the two herds together, Brother Jim and hands came back home, and I went north with the cattle a thousand miles, passing through Nebraska, crossed the Platte Rivers and struck the Missouri River which was a mile wide, and steamboats were on it. The stream was so wide the cattle could not see the landing on the other side, and we worked nine days trying to get them across. We hired some civilized Indians to assist us, but they were of very little use. Three hundred head of the cattle refused to swim the river and we sold them on this side to the government. We hired a man with a small boat to ferry our bedding and provisions across, and we took our wagon apart and floated it over. We had forty head of horses, and only four of them succeeded in swimming the full distance, the others would swim a part of the way and then turn over on their side and float. We had to hold their heads up to keep them from drowning. They were taken over two at a time alongside the little boat. So you can imagine what a time we had getting across that river, and how much time was lost. We gave the man with the boat the best horse we had for his service.

From here we went right up the north side of the Missouri river to deliver them at a place three hundred miles distant. That country was full of savage Indians, but we did not encounter any of them. There were several government forts along the way, and these cattle were being taken there to feed the civilized Indians, who came to the forts at regular intervals for "rations" which the government issued to them.

On our way up we had the exciting experience of being almost swept away by a cyclone. This was in Dakota. It was without rain, but the noise was awful. None

of us had ever seen a cyclone, and did not know what it was until it struck the ground, milling and twisting the sage grass. Right there we let the cattle take care of themselves, and every man made a run to get out of the path of the twister. It soon passed, going north, and missed the herd and men but a very short distance. We all felt that we had a very narrow escape from death.

We went on up through North Dakota to a point near the line of Canada where we delivered the cattle, and then started back home. On our way back we camped at the home of a white man who had married an Indian squaw. That night three of our horses disappeared. We hunted for them a couple of days and not finding them we were satisfied they were stolen. Lew Allen, owner of the cattle reported our loss at the nearest fort and soldiers came down and arrested the squawman, burnt his sraek, and made him tell where the horses were. He had the Indians steal them and take them across the Missouri river. They were found where he said they were.

We moved on back towards home, and one night something stampeded our horses, all getting away execept one little Spanish pony. We hunted for them two days and located them where somebody had penned them, and we had to give a horse for trouble and damages elaimed.

Lew Allen persualed me to bring an Indian boy back with me. He was about fifteen years old, and lived with Allen in Lavaea county until grown. This Indian killed a man there and in trying to escape was killed himself.

I stopped at Wichita, Kansas, and hired to Read & O'Conner as boss, and took charge of their cattle until the following November. When the cattle were disposed of I came back through Indian Territory and reached home all right. For nine months I had not slept in a house.

On my fourth trip up the trail I took 1,000 beeves for Read & O'Conner, and was paid \$100 per month and all expenses. This was in March 1872. We left Goliad and went up the same route as before. We held these

cattle at Wichita, Kansas, out of the settlements, and herded them on one bed ground for five and a half months. As I was boss I didn't have to herd. I looked after three herds until December when they were fat and we put them on the market. I didn't sleep in a house for nine months and kept well all the time. After the cattle were sold I took a bunch of ten men and the chuck wagon and struck out over the back trail for home, and got back in time to be married to Miss Fannie M. Crossley, on Christmas Day, 1872.

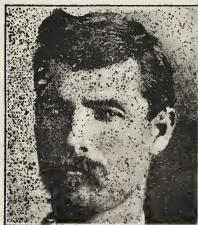
In March, 1873, I was again employed by Read & O'Conner, this time at \$125 per month. Mr. O'Conner and I gathered cattle around Matagorda Bay. There were a thousand head of beeves, and seven hundred of them had O'Conner's brand on them. We took them to J. D. Read's near Goliad, and put the road brand on them. The road brand was made in the shape of a horseshoe. We headed toward Yorktown, where we struck the old trail and followed it all the way. Not a stampede occurred on the trip of over a thousand miles. We delivered these cattle to Shanghai Pearce at Wichita, Kansas. I had formerly worked for Pearce, and he induced me to deliver these same cattle down in Missouri. Now there was a law in that state against taking cattle through which had not wintered over, but we took the chance. When we got to Missouri with our old beef hide still hanging under the wagon it looked suspicious to a fellow who came out to our camp one evening. He asked me my name and a few fool questions, and then departed. Pretty soon this fellow came back to camp accompanied by several men riding longtailed horses, and carrying muskets. They served a writ on me and said, "E. P. Byler and crew, consider yourselves under arrest." And I did not resist. When we got to a little town I wired to Shanghai Pearce at Wichita about the mess I was in. They put a man to watch us and see that we didn't move the cattle, and we awaited Pearce's coming. He soon got there with a bunch of men, and we decided on a course of action. Pearce got very intimate with the guard and

took him for a buggy ride. The hands he brought took charge of the cattle and told us to rattle our hocks and strike for an Indian reserve about ten mile away where we would be safe. When Pearce got back with the guard we were gone—"E. P. Byleer and crew" could not be found. The guard was put in jail. Pearce got into a wrangle with the authorities about the cattle, but a compromise was effected and we returned and took them to where he wanted them delivered. I then took the train for my home in Helena, Karnes county, Texas, and this wound up my trail driving.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

J. J. (Joe) Roberts, Del Rio, Texas.

I was born in Caldwell county, Texas, in the year of 1851, and made that country my home for twenty years.



J. J. (Joe) Roberts.

It was in the spring of 1871 that I took my first trip up the trail. I drove for Joe Bunton and our destination was Abilene, Kansas, but owing to the rapid settlement of that surrounding country, there was but little room to hold a herd of cattle so we stopped this side near Newton, Kansas, which was the terminus of the Sante Fe Railroad. I drove the next year for Col.

Jack Meyers who will be remembered by many old time drivers. Those were in the days of Dick Head, Billy Campbell and Noah Ellis.

My later drives were for Billie and Charley Slaughter of Frio county, who sent cattle as far north as Wyoming and Montana and I continued with them up to 1876, when

I went into the ranch business for myself. I settled in Kinney county and remained there for about five years, but now I am in Val Verde county, a part of old Kinney county, where I lived for forty-five years. The hardships and privations of the trail life has been duly set forth by those who have preceeded me and in a passing way I will say that we all fared about the same.

It has been my pleasure of late years to visit some of the towns and stations in Oklahoma, Kansas and Colorado where the old Trail passed through in those early days, and the change that meets your eyes is but little short of marvelous. Where saloons and dance halls stood are now substantial school buildings and magnificent churches and the merry prattle of happy children is heard on every corner. And it was a deep feeling of pride that came to me, to know that I had had an humble part in bringing about this wonderful change, which in a measure helped to settle the great Northwest, which has proven so valuable an asset to our country. Memory fails me in recalling the names of the old boys who were associated with me in those early days. Milton Taylor and Joe Loxton of Frio county were with me on my last trip and I have been in touch with them ever since. Doubtless many of them have passed away and those who still remain are, like myself, aged and gray. And it will not be long before we will have taken our last drink out of the old canteen of life that has refreshed us so often in days gone by.

May the blessings of our Heavenly Father attend us in our last days and when we come into His presence may we hear that welcome plaudit—"Well done my good and faithful servants, enter into thy rest."

P. E. SLAUGHTER.

Peter Eldridge Slaughter was born September 11, 1846, in Sabine county, Texas, the third son of George Webb and Sallie Slaughter. His father moved from Sa-

bine county to Palo Pinto county in 1857, when he was eleven years of age. He joined the Confederate Army in 1864, belonging to Capt. Jack Cureton's Rangers, Cureton being under Col. Sull Ross, who afterwards was governor of Texas. He would not attend school at the little school in Palo Pinto county. His father gathered twenty head of cattle and sent him to McKenzie College, conducted by a leading Methodist preacher, who had established a boarding school for young men eight miles southwest of Clarksville, Texas.

A younger brother, W. B. Slaughter, assisted him in driving these cattle to this school from Palo Pinto a distance of 250 miles. The younger brother returning with the saddle ponies and pack horse, as soon as he arrived and delivered the cattle to the school. He remained eight months in the school and came home. In 1868 he went to Abilene, and two years later to Coffeyville, **Kansas**.

The representative of the Fort Worth Live Stock Stockyards, W. J., (Billie) Carter went with him up the trail in 1871. That year he was married to Miss Mollie Chick, of Palo Pinto, and from this union six children were born—five sons and one daughter, namely: Monte, Arthur, Paschall, Joel, and John, and Callie. His youngest son went to France as a soldier and now sleeps on Flanders' Field. He drove two herds of cattle to Cypress Hills on the line of Canada and Northern Montana, and three herds to California. He and his father under the style name of G. W. and P. E. Slaughter, were extensive cattle traders in North Texas, during the years 1876, 1877 and 1878.

W. E. Crowley, former secretary of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, and at present a leading Attorney of Fort Worth, says that in 1877 P. E. Slaughter delivered a small herd of steers to him, and he had no check book nor blank paper, and it was at one of the old ranches whose roof was made of cypress shingles. He pulled out a shingle from the roof and wrote a check for the amount due him on it. He was doing business at this time with J. R. Coutts & Co., of Weatherford, Texas, and

Crowley presented the shingle check and it was paid. He and his father dissolved partnership in 1878, and he moved his herd of stock cattle to Crosby county, West Texas, and the town of Doekum now stands on his ranch ground.

In 1882, he moved his cattle from Crosby county, to the head of Black River, the main tributary of the Gila River, in Arizona, and he ranched there until he died. He was buried at St. Johns, Arizona, Nov. 6th, 1911. He left a large herd of cattle to his children, now valued at \$500,000.00. His death was caused by a cancer at the root of his tongue, claimed by physicians as caused by the amount of tobacco he used.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN J. J. (JACK) CURETON.

W. E. Cureton, Meridian, Texas.

My father, Capt. Jack Cureton, enlisted in Company H of Col. Yell's regiment of Arkansas as a volunteer soldier under General Taylor, bound for the war in Mexico. Colonel Yell was killed in the battle of Buena Vista. Father's company was commanded by Capt. William Preston, afterwards a famous frontier captain in the Indian wars of Texas. He was discharged at San Antonio, Texas, in 1846, in his nineteenth year. He went back to Arkansas, married, and four boys were born in that State as the fruit of this marriage. In 1852 he joined the gold rush for California, and carried a bunch of cattle to the gold fields of that state from Ozark, Arkansas. On return he shipped from San Francisco "around the Horn" to New Orleans, and thence by boat up the Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers home. In the winter of 1854 he moved to Texas, crossing the Red River at Old Preston, famous in the history of the settlement of northern Texas, and began raising cattle on the wide prairies he had traversed while chasing the Mexicans during the Mexican War and on his trip to California in the wake of the forty-

niners. He had settled first on Keechi Creek, near the Brazos River, in the territory afterwards, in 1857, organized into what is Palo Pinto county. At that time the Comanches, Caddos, and other tribes of Indians were partly on two reservations, one under Captain Shaply Ross, father of General Sul Ross, one of the most knightly and famous soldiers ever produced by Texas, who afterwards became its Governor; the other under Capt. John R. Baylor, afterwards General Baylor. Captain Ross and Captain Baylor were agents for the Indians under the government on the reservations in Young county territory, one being stationed near where the town of Graham is now located. These reservations, though designed by the public authorities for a good purpose, in effect only furnished supply stations for others of the Indian tribes who claimed to be wild Indians, and depredated on the few settlers all along the border from the Red River on the north to the Rio Grande. They came regularly to the reservations to replenish their supplies of arms, ammunition, beads, etc., trading the horses and mules and other plunder they had looted the whites of to the friendly "buds" on the reservation.

Matters grew from bad to worse until the settlers arose in their wrath about 1858. On Salt Creek, below Belknap, quite a battle was fought, all Indians looking alike to the Texans. Several were killed on both sides, Captain Cureton being in command of his neighbors. It may be said that these old frontiersmen sometimes had more courage than discretion in these conflicts, and in this instance Captain Cureton had to be on guard to keep William McAdams and others of the company from exposing themselves by climbing on the tops of some log cabins which afforded them shelter. In order to appease the outraged citizens, the United States Government in a few days moved the Indians from the Brazos, in Texas, to Fort Sill, Indian Territory. After this open warfare by all of these tribes, augmented by the assistance of the Kiowas and Navajos of New Mexico, became general and more relentless all along the Texas border. Captain

Cureton and his neighbors were in the saddle almost constantly every light moon, without any pay or equipment from the government. Many Texans who became noted in after years were of these noble patriots who suffered through these perilous days. Among them I might mention: Col. Charles Goodnight, of Goodnight, Texas, who produced the cross between the cow and buffalo, **known** as the catalo; Col. C. C. Slaughter and his brother, Pete; one of the Sangers, of Sanger Brothers, the famous merchants; the Hittsons; the Bells; and many others.

Of the numerous battles these volunteer pioneers had with the Indians, I will mention one on Yellow Wolf Creek, a tributary of the Colorado, near old Fort Chadborne, in which several Indians were killed and Jimmie Lane, one of the whites, was mortally wounded. In the last days of November, 1860, the Comanches murdered several people, including women and children, near where Mineral Wells, Texas, is now situated; and on the 5th day of December, 1860, Captain Cureton assembled his citizen soldiers, and the noble merchants of Weatherford, Texas, Carson, Lewis, and others, freely gave supplies for their packs, and they took the trail. At or near Belknap, Captain Cureton sent a messenger to Captain Sul Ross, who had a small company of state troops nearby, and Capt. Ross applied to the United States commander at Fort Camp Cooper, and the latter sent a lieutenant with forty men with the expedition. When the forces arrived on a tributary of Pease River, they encountered the Comanches under Chief Peta Nocona, father of Quanah Parker, and pretty well slaughtered the entire **band**, Captain Ross wounding the chief in a hand to hand encounter in the battle. Upon refusal of the chief to surrender he was killed by Captain Ross' interpreter. In this battle was captured Cynthia Ann Parker and baby girl, who were brought back to her relatives, who had not seen or heard of her since her capture by the Comanches at the massacre at Parker's Fort in the 30's.

In March, 1861, Captain Cureton and his old frontier volunteers joined the Confederate Army, and served in

the territory assigned them during the entire period of the Civil War.

In the meantime, the Indians were a great menace, and there were many adventures and battles too numerous to mention in this brief sketch of my father's life.

A band of Lipans, Kickapoos, and Potawatamies left Fort Sill to emigrate to Old Mexico, purporting to keep out of the war, in which they had nothing in common with the combatants. They routed themselves just beyond the Texas ranchers; but, unfortunately perhaps, Captain Gillentine, of Erath county, was buffalo hunting near old Fort Phantom Hill, located in what is now Jones county, in 1864, and discovered the trail of these Indians going southwest. Captain Gillentine at once gave the alarm, and some 500 Texans rushed to the scene, Captain Cureton in the thick of the swim. They took the trail of the Indians near the place of discovery, and on the 8th day of January, 1865, came upon them on Dove Creek, a tributary of the Concho, and the fight was on. In the encounter the Texans lost some 30 or 40 men, and had to outrun the Indians to save the others. In fact, it may be said that the Texans were routed "boots and spurs."

Many times the Indians sacked the town of Palo Pinto, robbed the stables of horses and mules, and on one occasion shot John B. Slaughter when he stepped out of his house at night.

We early Texans of the upper Brazos had to go to Dallas or McLennan county, Texas, for our breadstuff in those early times. Near the beginning of the Civil War, Cravens and Darnell built an inclined wheel cornmill in Golconda, the first name given to Palo Pinto, run by the tread of oxen on the wheel, and we fared well, as we were able to grow corn along the Brazos where the Indians had set the example before us. But the Red Man, always bent on some mischief, came along and killed the big mulatto negro who was the miller while he was out hunting his oxen, and we had to fall back on the old hand steel mill, which was demonstrative evidence that man should eat his bread by the sweat of his face.

In 1870 Captain Cureton took an emigrant train of 70 people overland from Texas to California, and owned most of the herd of cattle carried by his boys to the Pacific coast at the same time. Captain Cureton returned from California, and was sheriff of Bosque county from 1876 to 1880, the period of time immediately succeeding the reconstruction days, when the country was infested by the worst of criminals, and when the sheriff and his deputies literally stood between the inhabitants of the community and assassins and thieves. He died and was buried in Bosque county in May, 1881, survived by all of his children and by his wife, who survived him until May, 1906, when she died at the home of her daughter, the wife of Judge O. L. Lockett, of Cleburne, Texas.

TRAIL RECOLLECTIONS OF GEO. W. ELAM.

I was one of the earliest settlers in Bandera county, when that section was wild and unsettled. The country was full of game. I established my ranch on the West Prong of the Medina river. As with most of the pioneers of those days, I erected a log house, and left the opening for the fire place, and was waiting for a chimney builder to come and put up my chimney. To keep the rain out, I covered the opening with a wagon sheet. One night, after we had gone to bed, a negro boy whom I had brought with me from Dallas county, and who slept on a pallet on the floor near the fire place, suddenly cried out, "O, mas Elam! Fo God! Ole Satan hisself is here, an done come for us!" I raised up, and looking towards the frightened "coon," whose eyes were bugged out so that you could have roped them with a grape vine, I saw, to my surprise, a great big, black mountain bear making himself at home in the room. There he sat on his haunches, by the fire place, looking as unconcerned as you please. Before I could get my gun, Mr. Bruin suddenly jumped out of one of the window openings and disappeared in the darkness.

Stock raising was the principal and virtually the only industry in the country, and the range was open and free for all. I did not go up the Trail until 1875. In the spring of that year we left Bandera with a herd of one thousand head for Ogallala, Nebraska. Lige Childs was boss, but as he was not as well acquainted with the country as I was, I was virtually made boss of the herd. Our outfit in addition to Childs, was composed of Sammy Schladaer, John McKenzie, John Brock, Sylvester Bethreum, and myself, with one or two others whose names I have forgotten. When we got to the Colorado river, it looked to me like it was five miles wide. This, however, didn't "faze" us in the least, and we swam the herd across without any material loss. As the weather continued bad, with rains and storms, we had to swim the main Brazos and the Clear Fork. When we got to Denison, on Red River, Childs sold out, and we came back over the trail.

Some funny things happened on our way up, but one of the most serious episodes occurred when we got near Fredericksburg. One of the sturdy farmers of that section (there were but few farming settlements in the country) near whose farm we had passed, came to the herd and to his surprise saw his old family milk cow, as he honestly thought, marching slowly and peacefully away from home, in the midst of our cattle. The news spread through the settlement like wild fire, and in a short while there must have been a hundred or more indignant neighbors of his around our herd. They had the effrontery to insinuate that Childs was trying to steal old Betsy. The result was that Childs was arrested by the Sheriff and taken to jail at Fredericksburg. It did look like he was a "goner." However, just as they got him to the jail door, one of the boys who had gotten there and had shaken hands with Childs, suddenly reminded him that he had a bill of sale to that cow in his coat pocket. Whereupon Childs reached into his pocket and produced the paper which showed that he had bought old Betsy down in Atascosa county. There was a con-

sultation among the irate farmers and the Sheriff. It didn't hardly look right to put a man in jail for stealing an animal when he had a bill of sale to it. So they told Childs he could go, but that the farmer would keep the cow. Childs grew indignant, and told them that just as soon as he had delivered his herd he was coming back and file suit for his property and would have that cow if he had to take the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. For some reason or other, Childs never did file that suit. This unjust and unfortunate suspicion on the part of that farmer caused us to hold up for three days on the Perdinales. After proving his innocence, Childs went back to Bandera for five hundred head more cattle, and I was on in charge of the herd and waited at the Colorado for him to come up.

Those old times, with their frontier ways and customs have long since been superceded by the modern conveniences and developments of civilizations. But the men who blazed the way for the material greatness which is ours today, were grand and noble spirits and are entitled to the grateful remembrance of their fellow countrymen.

TELLS ABOUT BOB ROBERTSON.

W. B. Hardeman of Devine, Texas

R. W. Robertson was a soldier under General Shelby of Missouri. On receiving his discharge here in Texas, he and a number of others went to Mexico expecting to join General Maximillian's army. On reaching Mexico they discovered Maximillian's cause was a hopeless case. They then tendered their services to the Mexican government and were offered only a dollar a day and they bear their own expenses. Being disgusted, he sold his gun and pistol for \$43.00, mounted his weary cavalry horse and came back to San Antonio, after having purchased some pretty fair clothing in Mexico. He then went to the Menger Hotel and asked for a bed, where he understood many Confederate soldiers had been given free beds. The clerk

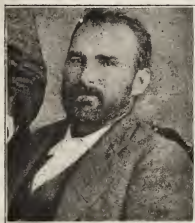
remarked, "You are dressed very well and we are not giving away free beds any more." General Tarver, a brother-in-law of the late General Ham P. Bee, having overheard part of the conversation stepped up and said, "What's the trouble?" Bob Robertson stated his case and Tarver said, "Give the man a bed; I'll pay for it." The next morning he went to Sappington's Livery Stable, mounted his horse and pulled out for San Marcos, where he knew a comrade by the name of Breeding resided. On reaching San Marcos neither he nor Breeding could find any work for him. There was to be a picnic the next day and a dance that night which he attended, and the next morning he went down the San Marcos river and landed at Prairie Lea. Shack Jones coming out of a groggery hailed him saying: "Where are you going?" his reply was "I am hunting work." Shack, being a big-hearted fellow and an ex-Confederate soldier replied, "Well let's go in and get a drink, then you come on home with me to my mother's," which he did. The next morning at the breakfast table Mrs. Jones said, "Johnnie," (speak to Shack) "I don't want you to leave, I need you here to help run the farm," so he gave his job of cow punching, down near Gonzales, to Bob Robertson.

Bob Robertson settled in Guadalupe county and married Miss Mary Lancaster, daughter of a pioneer Methodist preacher. He became deputy sheriff in that county and did efficient service. He afterwards drove cattle to Kansas with Will Jennings and Jake Ellison as partners. His wife died many years ago. Sid Robertson, a prominent business man of San Antonio, owning the White Star Laundry, was his son and died during the war with flu. There were five brothers, Bob Robertson being the oldest, who had not been together in twenty years. They all met in Pearsall in 1883 and five finer looking specimens of manhood I don't think I ever beheld.

"DOC" BURNETT.

Mr. C. Burnett, better known as Doc Burnett, was

born in Harris county, Texas, April 10th, 1835 and died

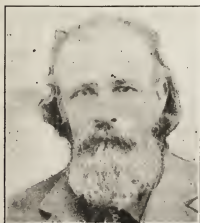


Doc Burnett the part he played in developing Texas was surpassed by very few men.

in Gonzales county, January 12th, 1915. He was one of the first to drive herds to Kansas in the late 60's and has the credit of driving the last herd out of Gonzales county to the northern markets. No man was better or more favorably known in Texas, on the trail, and on Northern markets than Doc Burnett. His many good deeds and

BEN C. DRAGOO.

Herewith is presented a likeness of Veteran Ben C. Dragoo, who lives at Eden, Texas. Mr. Dragoo is now



Uncle Ben Dragoo

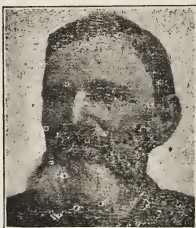
and assisted in the identification of the unfortunate girl when she was recaptured. Mr. Dragoo relates many

nearly ninety years old, but is still active. He was a scout and trailer for Sul Ross' Rangers, and was at the Battle of Pease River when Cynthia Ann Parker was taken from the Indians after a captivity of twenty eight years. When a little boy, Ben Dragoo was a friend of Cynthia Ann Parker, his father living near Parker's fort, and by strange chance the young ranger was present

thrilling incidents of early days, and did his full share in making the frontier safe for the present generation. His son, A. J. Dragoo, lives at Whiteland. in McCulloch county, where he is manager of a large ranch.

AN OLD TRAIL DRIVER.

Captain William Carroll McAdams was a native of Tennessee, being born April 3, 1825, a son of Douglas and



Captain McAdams

Sarah McAdams who emigrated to the United States from Scotland on account of religious differences existing in Scotland at that time. They were related to Queen Mary of Scotland by blood. Douglas McAdams, his father, constructed the first McAdamized road in the United States.

Captain McAdams, at the age of seventeen, ran away from home and joined General Taylor's command on the Rio Grande. Before annexation he had become famous along the Rio Grande as "Mustang Bill." He was employed by the president of the Texas Republic and afterwards by the commander of the United States troops as a scout. It was a time of bold outlawry. Incidents of thrilling character were frequent on the border. Captain McAdams was concerned in several desperate raids on robber strongholds, and when war with Mexico began his services were needed, for he knew all about the region General Taylor had mapped out for his campaign. He was in the battle of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. He crossed the Rio Grande and fought and scouted for the American army. At Buena Vista he saw the brigade of Mexican lancers

repulsed by Col. Jefferson Davis and next witnessed the rout of Santa Anna's army. By order of General Taylor he reported for duty to General Scott and was sent by the latter commander to rescue three prisoners of war under death sentence. The men, natives of Mexico, joined the American army and were captured by General Santa Anna's cavalry near Cerro Gordo. A kinsman of one of the doomed men deserted and informed the Americans, offering to assist a rescue party. Time was precious. It was past midnight and the men were to be shot at sunrise. Captain McAdams, with fourteen Texans and the Mexican deserter, entered the lines of the enemy, captured all the sentinels, killing the soldier who was on guard over the doomed men, and before daybreak he was back within General Scott's lines with the rescued men, having accomplished the task given him without loss to his own party. For this service he was honored by General Scott with special mention, and from that time to the close of the war he was the trusted scout of the commander-in-chief of the American army in Mexico. After an honorable discharge by General Scott, he returned to North Texas and married Miss Ann Alexander of Parker county, who was also from Tennessee, and settled in Palo Pinto county and commenced raising cattle.

He immediately joined Jack Hays Rangers and served with them until the Independence of Texas was acknowledged, and in a battle with the Comanche Indians he was wounded with an arrow and the scar went with him to the end as a decoration on the breast of the old veteran of three wars.

He was one of the original organizers of the Masonic Lodge of Palo Pinto, and was a great Mason. Later on in life two of his daughters, Mrs. D. C. Kyle, now of Saco, Montana; formerly Molly McAdams and Mrs. W. B. Slaughter of San Antonio, formerly Anna McAdams, joined the Eastern Star. Mrs. Kyle being eighteen and Mrs. Slaughter sixteen at the time of joining. Mrs Slaughter is now a past worthy matron.

Captain McAdams had a disposition to make every-

body his friend. His wife, during his absence dressed in the garb of a man and always went with a six-shooter belted around her and a gun on her shoulder for the purpose of making the Indians think her husband was at home. He reared a family of eight children, two boys and six girls, namely: David McAdams, Molly McAdams, Anna McAdams, Lizzie McAdams, Louie McAdams, Quinne McAdams, Webb McAdams and Collie McAdams. Only four are now living namely: Mrs. D. C. Kyle, of Seco Montana; Mrs. W. B. Slaughter of San Antonio; Mrs. Louie Harrison, of Hansford, Texas.

In 1863 he drove a herd of cattle to old Mexico and traded for sugar and many other articles the early settlers were compelled to have at that time. His second drive in 1865 was to Shreveport, Louisiana and he sold his herd to a Mr. Spencer. In 1867 his third drive was started to Baxter Springs, Kansas, and at Fort Gibson in the Indian Territory he sold his herd and returned home. After that he only made one short drive in Texas and remained with his ranch and raised cattle. His last severe fight with the Indians was in 1870, on Salt Creek, in Young county, Texas; at the time Shapely Carter and many others were killed. Shapely was the oldest son of Colonel Kit Carter, who was the first president of the Cattle Raisers Association for many years.

Captain McAdams during the Indian wars of Texas was called a "minute man;" he kept his horse especially for long and hard rides and it was said of him by his associates he could ride further with less food and sleep than any man of his day.

Captain McAdams and his good wife were both adherents of the Methodist church and believed in the good old fashioned camp meetings and Mrs. McAdams would go to any length possible to arrange for some good Methodist paster to hold annual camp meetings on their ranch near Sand Valley Peak, Palo Pinto county, and it was nothing uncommon to see thirty or forty women shouting and praising the Almighty for the great things He was accomplishing.

RICHARD ROBERTSON RUSSELL.

One of the active builders of West Texas was Richard R. Russell, who died in San Antonio in 1922. Mr. Russell was born in Georgia in 1858, and with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Russell, came to Texas when he was twelve years old, locating in Menard county, where Dick Russell grew to manhood. For many years he was in the employ of his uncle, Peter Robertson. During the seventies Menard county was the scene of numerous Indian raids and young Russell, catching the spirit of the times, enlisted in Captain D. W. Roberts' Rangers and remained with that company for two years, resigning to embark in the cattle business. In 1886 he was elected sheriff of Menard county, and held that office for ten consecutive years. He refused to be a candidate for re-election at the end of that time, as his personal affairs needed his attention. He was interested with William Bevans and James Callan in various cattle deals and ranch operations. In 1909 he organized the Farmers & Merchants Bank of Ballinger, Texas. He headed the organization of the Bank of Menard, of which William Bevans was active manager. He was a stockholder in the Citizens National Bank of Pawhuska, Oklahoma, a stockholder in the Central Trust Company of San Antonio, and was organizer of the Del Rio Live Stock Loan Company, and identified with Del Rio banking interests. He was also identified with the Ballinger Cotton Oil Company, the Winters Oil Company of Runnels county, the Russell-Coleman Oil Company of San Antonio; he was interested in extensive ranch holdings in Runnels and Menard counties, as well as ranch interests in Oklahoma. His largest individual Texas holding in one tract of land was as a stockholder in the Big Canyon Ranch in Terrell and Pecos counties, which consists of 245,000 acres of land and thousands of cattle and sheep. For the past several years and until his death he has been connected with leading banking firms in San Antonio.

Mr. Russell came from a pioneer family. His father,

J. O. Russell, and two uncles settled and built the first houses on the site of Denver, Colorado. This settlement was made in 1857, and the city was duly platted and named Auroria. W. A. McFaddin was president of the company, and Dr. L. J. Russell was secretary. Another uncle, Green Russell, mined the first gold in that section of Colorado.

In 1892 Mr. Russell was married to Miss Mattie E. Strickland of Tom Green county. Two daughters were born to them.

FROM THE NUECES TO THE NORTH PLATTE.

J. R. Humphries, Yoakum, Texas.

In my earliest boyhood days the great ruling ambition was to become a cowboy, and the information that my brother was to take up a bunch of cattle in Live Oak county my ambition was about to be realized, as I was to be a member. In March, 1883, we left Yoakum and went to George W. West's ranch in Live Oak county and took charge of 2500 old cows and brought them to Lavaca county, where grass was plentiful. This was my first drive and no happier boy lived in the great state of Texas. These cows were ranged on the prairies now where the little thrifty city of Shiner is located. After this we were sent to the Bennett & West ranch in Jackson county to get 3,000 yearlings and brought them back with us. A few days after this we started on the trail with the herd, for the North Platte in what was then regarded as the very life itself of the cattle movements. The trip might well be called "The River Route," as we crossed practically every river of any importance in this country. The San Antonio, the Guadalupe near Gonzales, the San Marcos, the Colorado at Austin, the Brazos and Lampasas, the Pease at Vernon, the Red River South Fork at Donner, Okla., the Cimarron, the Wichita and the Arkansas, all rivers of more or less importance

and as there were no bridges in those days, fording was the means of crossing.

On this trip we made good headway and crossed into what was then the beautiful Indian Territory. A few Indians were seen and some very fine ranches and thoroughbred cattle. We were now nearing the junction of the eastern and western trail and the wonderful city of Dodge was our destination. Dodge City enjoyed a reputation of being the fastest cowboy town on this side of the globe and it was our joy and delight to know that ere long we would see that famous place. It is told that a drunken cowboy got aboard a Sante Fe train at Newton one day and when the conductor asked for the fare, the boy handed him a handful of money. The conductor said, "Where do you want to go?" and when the boy replied: "To hell!" the conductor said, "Well give me \$2.50 and get off at Dodge."

Numerous stories of this sort permeated the lower section of the cattle country about Dodge and everybody wanted to see that "tuff guy."

The first trouble of any consequence that we had with our herd was the night we crossed the Arkansas River. The cattle stampeded and in the excitement my horse fell with me and my first thought was that the joy and pleasure of the continuance of the trip was gone. A fearful storm was raging, and everything seemed to have turned to thunder, lightning and rain, and all was confusion. After the storm abated, the sun shone brightly, and we had rounded up the last yearling, we made an excellent entrance into the town of Dodge. We spent one or two wild and joyful days there and on the 17th of July we left for Ogalalla, Nebraska. The trip had taken us nearly three months, and now one can go to the same place by train in two days.

On our way to Ogalalla we were met by Mr. West, the owner of the cattle that we were driving, and he told us that he had sold 1600 of the yearlings to a ranch owner in Colorado. We turned back and delivered this sale, and we returned to the outfit which was in charge of Arthur

Burnes. My brother, Charley Humphreys, was main boss of the herd from Texas to the North Platte, and to my young imagination no finer cowboy ever rode a saddle.

Burnes had then about 3,500 head of cattle of all sorts and sizes and soon after this he quit and I was given his herd. Bill North, an old Texan, was there with 2,000 steers also owned by Mr. West and the two outfits were put together, making a herd of something like 6,000 head and with this immense herd of cattle we started to the Shandley ranch where they were rebranded and then we headed towards Wyoming in the woolly west. We arrived on the North Platte on September 1, and after a few day's milling around there we were paid off and began making our plans to hike back to South Texas, the land of flowers and warm sunshine.

In March the next year I was again at the George W. West ranch, rearing to start on the trail again. Again under Charley Humphreys, my brother, we gathered up about 3,000 head of yearlings and on April 1st, 1884, we began the journey which took us to an entirely different section of the world, to the Rio Grande.

In this outfit there were ten men with the herd, one cook, one with horses and the boss, making thirteen men in the outfit. We passed Pearsall, Uvalde, Devil's River, Del Rio, the Painted Caves, and up the Devil's River to Beaver Lake, then to Howard Welis, and Live Oak Creek to the Pecos River. From Del Rio to the Pecos one of those many-year droughts had prevailed and there was no water or grass, and some suffering was done by both men and cattle, but no complaints. We left Del Rio May 1, and reached Pecos City June 1st, a distance of 300 miles. There our bunch was increased about 4000 head that had been brought there by Jeff Bailor and Bill Calloway. We now had about 8000 head and with this we started to Old Fort Sumner on the Pecos River.

We delivered to the Dorsey ranch at Sumner 4500 heifer yearlings and 500 to another ranchman in that section. The balance were taken to the Read & Broaden ranch on the other side of the Rio Grande. Our business

was then done and another hike was in order for Texas where we landed in October after one of the hardest trips in the way of real hardships that we ever had. This was owing to dry weather conditions and the lack of grass, and navigating the mountains that abound in that section with a herd of 5000 yearlings. The next year in March found me again in the saddle and with Steve Bennett, Phil Ryan, John Humphries, better known as "General Twiggs," Will Griffin, Mose Morris, Dan McCarty, three negroes and the boss, Chas. Humphries. We left for the West ranch again in Live Oak county. On this trip we were to go to Colorado and in the early part of March we got a good get-away with 2500 yearlings. We selected the old western cattle trail which went through Coleman, Ft. Griffin, and up the Panhandle country, to Dalhart, where the outfit was delivered to the XIT Ranch.

From this time on I worked in several capacities on various ranches, and in the service of D. R. Fant on his Santa Rosa ranch where I was employed as a cowboy until some weeks afterwards, when I joined Charley Humphries and his outfit which was ready to hit the trail. We left early in March with 2500 head of mixed cattle and believe me, we had some hard trip. There was no grass in the Spofford section and when we reached Spofford the cattle and horses both had fallen off so that it was impossible to make the passage through the Nueces Canyon, Mr. Fant was sent for and he decided to make the best and strongest from the two herds that were of about equal number and push on to where there was grass. So we left Spofford some days later with 2600 tolerably fat and hit the Canyon and made its passage without difficulty. When we reached old Ft. McKavett in Menard county we were afoot and both horses and cattle were as poor as Job's turkey. Good grass and plenty of fine water was found after this. We kept at the job and in about a week wonderful changes had taken place and we were able to ride our horses and the cattle were able to take up their journey to Colorado. This trip carried us through the Panhandle of Texas and the western

part of Kansas and we enjoyed it very much. The herd was delivered to the Holly Ranch at Colorado Springs. We rode the horses back and landed in old Lavaca county none the worse for wear and tear to our systems.

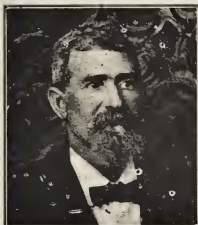
Soon after this I went to work at my old job of riding the range for George W. West in Live Oak county. In the following spring I went to Alice to get a bunch of 3000 young cows and shipped them by rail to Purcell, Oklahoma,, and from that place we drove them to El Reno and turned them over to John Johnson and then went to Quanah and took up 2000 beef cattle and drove them to the North Canadian and left them with Mack Stewart, who afterwards created quite a lot of excitement in this section by being thrown in a Mxican prison for an alleged shooting that occurred on the other side of the Rio Grande. From El Reno we drove the cattle to Kingfisher where we took on 1000 beef cattle and with the bunch of about 4000 beef cattle we went to Anadarko where we delivered the herd in good shape to the Indian agent, and then back to Live Oak county where I worked until the fall of 1893. I went to work for Ed Lassiter on the San Deigo ranch and was in his employ until the latter part of the fall, when I went back to Oakville. In May the following year I was married and quit cow punching and took up railroad work and have been in that line of work for many years with the S. A. & P. Ry. and reside in Yoakum.

The cowboy life that I have led is one of the pleasant memories of my career, and money could not buy the delightful recollections of it. No boy can really get a thrill from any other sport than to be a member of a bunch of real cowboys on the trail and in charge of thousands of head of cattle. The cowboy was one of the gay and festive characters of the early day history of Texas and he has not been overdrawn. He worked hard and played hard and to him there was no task too difficult or dangerous and the life of one head of stock in his charge was as precious as the entire herd.

A LONG HARD TRIP

E. R. (Nute) Rachal, Falfurias, Texas

My first trip over the trail to Kansas was in 1871, when we drove 1200 steers, from six to sixteen years old, which we gathered and branded at the old Coleman ranch, known as the Chiltipin ranch. John R. Pulliam bought them from T. M. Coleman, Sr., for \$10 per head. My brother, D. C. Rachal was in charge of the herd, and I was second boss. Our hands were A. P. Rachal, William Allen,



E. R. (Nute) Rachal



D. C. Rachal



A. P. Rachal



Frank Rachal

William Lewis, Ebb Douglas, Dick Bean, Bill Unit, one Mexican called "Big Dirty," and a German cook. We started from the Chiltipin about March 20, 1871, and the second night out, near Sand Mounds on the Arkansas Creek, it rained all night, and our herd became scattered. When we reached Fort Worth we laid in supplies, and went on, and the next night had a stampede and our herd got mixed up with a herd Buck Gravis was driving. From there we just drove the two herds together to a point near Abilene. When we reached Bluff Creek at the Kansas line the first house of Caldwell was being put up. It was a log house. Here we found an old friend, Milam Fitzgerald, with a tent full of trail supplies, so we stocked up. We stopped at Cottonwood Creek, about twenty miles from Abilene, and separated our cattle from the Gravis herd, and drove them across to Ellsworth and from there on to the Smoky River, near Wilson Station, where Dick Bean, myself and two other Texas boys stayed all summer. All went well until October, when the buffaloes began to come in vast herds, stampeding our horses and causing much annoyance. Captain Pulliam could not find a sale for the cattle, so he had us to move them up near Ellsworth and shipped to Chicago to be slaughtered. He sold his horses to a rancher about 75 miles up on the Saline River, and sent Tom Pulliam and myself to deliver them. A severe snow storm came up shortly after we started, and when we reached Wilson Station we turned the horses loose and took refuge in a box car which had a stove and some coal in it. We spent two days there, and when the storm was over we found all of the loose horses and took them on for delivery. The ranch owner started us back to the railroad station in a one-horse wagon driven by one of his ranch hands. The distance was twenty-five miles, over a hilly country, and the road was wet and sloppy from melting snow. About three miles from the ranch the old horse gave out, and Tom and I had to walk to the station, reaching there about dark. We went to Ellsworth, settled up, and started for home November

20, travelling by rail and stopping off at Kansas City, St. Louis and New Orleans. From New Orleans I came home by water. I helped to gather those cattle, was with them eight months, and during that time was away from the herd only two nights. It was a long, hard trip, but on the whole we enjoyed it. We went from the mouth of the Nueces River to Ellsworth, Kansas, without going through a gate. I am now (1921) seventy-two years old, and still able to ride horseback and work with cattle.

A. P. RACHAL.

A. P. Rachal made his first trip up the trail to Kansas in 1871, going as a hand. Thereafter he drove for several years, but in the herds driven after this one he was partner. He was well known to many of the trail drivers, and was highly esteemed by all as by many other friends and acquaintances. In later years he handled cattle extensively in the Indian Territory. One year he, in partnership with J. M. Chittim, grazed thirty thousand cattle in Creek Nation. Of these twenty thousand head were cows, all of which were shipped into the Creek Nation in the spring, and all of them with all of their calf crop shipped out to market during the summer and fall of the same year. That meant "some stirrin' about" for the cowboys. Mr. Rachal had a reputation of working his cattle fast and furiously. This was to such an extent that among the Territory boys often when cattle were to be rushed or crowded you would hear, "Rachal 'em boys, Rachal 'em."

A. P. Rachal died in Chicago, and was buried at San Antonio, his home town.

D. C. RACHAL.

Darius C. Rachal was born January 23, 1841, at Clautierville, Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana. His parents were Ciriaque, and Anais Rachal, both lineal descendants

of the Arcadians who sought asylum in Louisiana and who have been the subjects of song and story for two centuries. At the outbreak of the Civil War Mr. Rachal enlisted in the 5th Texas Infantry, a part of Hood's Brigade. He took part in the "Seven Days Battle in the Wilderness," was at the "Second Manassas" at "Sharpsburg" in "Lee's Invasion of Pennsylvania" the immortal three days at "Gettysburg," was foremost in the defense of Fredericksburg and was with Hood during the terrific hand-to-hand struggle at "Chickamauga." When the battle flag had been furled and the last musket had been stacked. Mr. Rachal returned to Texas and engaged in the cattle business, living two years in Calhoun county,, subsequently he removed to San Patricio county where he resided until his death. August 27, 1918.

From 1875 to 1890 Mr. Rachal was one of the largest cattle-raisers in the State and sent large herds up the trail during this time. He was married to Miss Julia Bryan at Liberty, Texas, and lived at White Point, seven miles across the bay from Corpus Christi the last fifty-two years of his life.

FRANK S. RACHAL.

Frank S. Rachal was born at White Point, San Patricio county, Texas, November 29, 1868. He spent his boyhood on the ranch of his father, D. C. Rachal, going as far as Red River with one of his father's herds. He married Miss Anna C. Webster in April, 1891, living in San Patricio county for nine years thereafter. Mr. Rachal now resides at Palfurias, Texas, where he is engaged in the cattle business.

JOHN REDUS

Mrs. Sallie McLamore Redus.

John Redus was born in Athens, Alabama, December 25, 1899, and moved to Mississippi when a boy. He lived



Mrs. Sallie Redus

there until he was about twenty-two years old, when his health failed and he got in with a party coming to Texas. His father furnished him with a buggy and negro driver, and on the way he was so sick he had to be helped in and out of the buggy. When they reached Austin, there was a big crowd from San Antonio to hear General Sam Houston speak, and he met up with

some people from his home town, Aberdeen, Mississippi. My father and some others from Mississippi had bought land and settled on Hondo Creek, ten miles west of Castroville, then the county seat of Medina county. I don't know how he ever found us, but he did, and came right out and joined us. This being a stock country, he soon got in with the stock men, and his health improved so rapidly that he decided to stay and go into the stock business. His father sent money with which to buy land and cattle, and he purchased land from the Adams brothers, who had a big ranch on the Hondo, thirteen miles south of us. John Redus was soon joined in his undertaking by his brothers, William and George Redus, and they started business on a small scale. I was the first girl Mr. Redus got acquainted with in Medina county and naturally we had to be sweethearts, and on December 11, 1859, my twentieth birthday, we were married, and the next day we went to our new home as happy as any couple could be, although I knew I did not have a neighbor nearer than four miles. The Indians came in every light moon and stole horses, killed a man occasionally, and were very troublesome, but all went well with us. We were prosperous until the Civil War came on, and all the white men joined the army, and the free negroes

and I had to go back to my father's place near the German settlements. When the war was over the men came home and we went back to our ranch and began anew. The men had to be out on the range for weeks at a time to round up the stock, which had had but little attention during the period of the war, only our nephew, Tallie Burnett and the negro boys would go once a week to put out salt and look around. But all hands had to hustle. The Indians were bad for a long time, and we always had to keep guns handy, although luckily we never had to use them. Notwithstanding these troublous times, we prospered. Mr. Redus would buy more cattle every year and locate more land, and finally he bought the Adams brothers land when they went west to get larger holdings. About this time the drives to Kansas started. Mr. Redus was one of the first to engage in trail driving and one of the last to stop. He was successful for awhile, but got to speculating, buying remnants of herds wintered in Kansas, and when the great panic of 1873 came on, and so many banks failed, he had to sell for less than he gave, and we went broke. I made one trip with Mr. Redus to Kansas, taking along my baby boy, Robert. I have always regretted that I did not go every year, for I could have gone if I had known it. At that time the railroad came only as far as Luling, and we had to go there by stage from San Antonio. In looking back it seems a long time, and many changes are noticeable, but really I believe we had better times and were happier then than now. Everybody was your friend, and were glad to entertain you. In reading the first volume of the Old Trail Drivers' book I find many familiar names, people I knew personally, and many who did business with my husband, but most of them have passed on, and some, like us, had lost everything they had accumulated. Mr. Redus died July 25, 1895, of the same disease he had left Mississippi to escape lung trouble. I am now eighty-two years old, am in good health, keep house and do all of my work. I have written this by request of my friend, Mr. W. B. Hardeman.

JAMES DAVID FARMER.

The subject of this sketch was born in 1858, and received his education at Mansfield College, Mansfield, Texas. He is today one of



James David Farmer

the interesting characters engaged in commercial activities in Fort Worth, and a widely known stockman, politician, and promoter of civic progress. His operations in the cattle trade cover a period of over forty years, during which time he has striven manfully in aiding the cattle industry in a growth from struggling infancy to its present mature prosperity.

He engaged in the commission business when he removed to Fort Worth, and organized the Fort Worth Live Stock Commission Co., later organized the Rhome-Farmer Live Stock Commission Co., one of the best known of all the numerous commission companies operating in the great Southwest. He was elected the first Mayor of Fort Worth, serving satisfactorily in that capacity for two full terms. A live wire in all things, he believes in Texas first, last and all the time; is one of those hustlers who believes that nothing is too good for his native state; is a solid, substantial man of affairs and has a host of friends throughout the Lone Star State and adjacent states.

A WELL KNOWN FRONTIER CHARACTER.

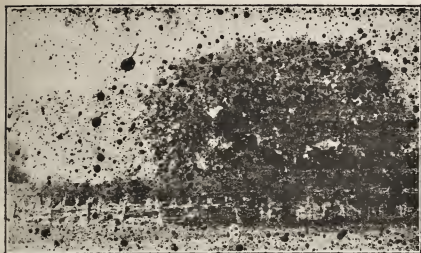
The accompanying photo is a true likeness of the well known frontiersman and ranger, William (Big Foot) Wallace, whose remarkable career reads like a romance. He was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, and came

to Texas, in 1836, just a short time after the battle of San Jacinto was fought. He was at the battle of the Salado in 1842, and was also in the Mier Expedition,



"Big Foot" Wallace

being one of the lucky ones to draw a white bean. After returning to Texas he joined Captain Jack Hayes' rangers, and was in many exciting Indian campaigns. He later commanded a ranger company which was organized to protect the settlers on the frontier, and subsequently had charge of the overland mail line from San Antonio to El Paso. The town of Big Foot in Frio county, is named in his honor. He died January 7, 1899, and his remains rest in the State Cemetery at Austin.



Above is a picture of an old time rail cowpen and a majestic live oak tree on the John Huffman Ranch, eighteen miles north of San Antonio. This pen was built before lumber came into general use. The posts were placed double and tied with rawhide, with rail ends between posts. Pens of this kind were frequently built large enough to hold several thousand cattle.

ALONZO MILLETT.

Alonzo Millett was born in Bastrop county in 1845, and spent his boyhood days in that county and at Seguin, where he attended school. He had two brothers in school with him, and when the Civil War broke out the three Millett brothers were the first to volunteer. Alonzo Millett, at the time only 16 years old, entered the Confederate army and with General Wood he went through many battles and fought so bravely that he was promoted three successive times. His twin brother, Leonidas Millett, was killed at Manassas. When the war ended, Alonzo Millett returned to Texas and during the course of years that followed the Millett brothers gained wealth. Their ranches were scattered over the States of Kansas, Idaho, Dakota and Texas. Misfortune came, however, and their

wealth was swept away. But Alonzo Millett persevered, and at the time of his death he owned a large ranch in San Juan Valley, Colorado. He was killed by being thrown from a horse on his ranch in Colorado, and was buried at San Antonio, Texas.

THREE COMRADE COW-PUNCHERS



Ranse Pettitt

Sam Hunter.

Jake Spoon

Above shows three comrades during trail driving days. J. R. (Ranse) Pettitt now lives at Rocksprings. He was a great song composer and poet for the cowboys. Sam Hunter lives in Kimble county. Jake Spoon died in the summer of 1922 at his home near Menard.

COULD RIDE A HUNDRED MILES IN A DAY

C. E. Johnson, Charco, Texas

In the spring of 1881 I started up the trail for T. M. O'Conner with 700 horses which he sold to D. R. Fant in Goliad and drove to Ogallala, Nebraska. There were seven in our crowd and a negro and Mexican, Tom Finnessey, Clint Heard, Jeff Gallagher, two Williams boys, and myself. We crossed the Brazos at Waco, the Colorado



C. E. Johnson, Chareco, Texas

below Austin, the Trinity at Fort Worth, and the Red River at Red River Station. We were told the Indians were stampeding all of the horses over on Wild Horse Creek, in the Territory, so we left the trail for a distance of two miles, and avoided trouble. When we reached Turkey Creek we found there had been plenty of Indians there, and we camped where they had been, all of us got covered with body lice and had to boil our clothes to get rid of them. When we reached Dodge City we stayed over a couple of days, and while there we sold some saddle horses to a man named Eddy, who ranched on Seven Rivers, New Mexico. Finnessey and the two Williams boys went with him to his ranch, and I have never seen

them since. From Dodge City on to Ogallala we had bad weather, with plenty of lightning and thunder. One young man was killed by lightning. We disposed of the horses at Ogallala and I came back on the train.

In 1882 I went up with a herd for O'Conner & Lambert to Caldwell, Kansas. We had a little trouble with the Indians and had to give them several horses to get them to behave. O'Connor met me at Caldwell and took the saddle horses to Dodge City, leaving me to sell the others. On this trip I passed Jap Clark, Charlie Boyce, the Rachal boys and numbers of others. I sold the horses to a man named McClain and had to take them back to the Indian Territory and hold them for a month. When I got back to Texas I married the sweetest girl on earth, and of course could not go up the trail the next year, but in 1884, in March, I left my wife and five-months-old baby with her mother and went up with a herd driven out of Goliad county for D. R. Fant, road-branded F and ID. Mr. Fant had 40,000 head of cattle on the trail that year which he drove to Dodge City, Kansas. That was the year Bing Choate was killed. When I got to Dodge City I stayed and cut the Fant cattle out of herds as they came in. I stayed with George Stokes who was in charge of the Choate & Bennett cattle.

I moved to Goliad county in October, 1884, and have raised a family of eight children, seven of whom are living in the largest city of Texas, except one married daughter, who lives in Saganaw, Michigan. I own a little farm of 320 acres, on which my wife and I are living in contentment, and I don't owe any man a cent. I am now sixty years old, and my wife is the same age. We are both as spry as ever, and I feel like I could easily ride one hundred miles in a day just like I did years ago, when I took the long, long trail to northern markets.

RANSOM CAPPS.

All of the early settlers of Mason county, Texas, knew the subject of this sketch, for he lived in their midst

many years. He died at San Antonio October 15, 1921, and the San Antonio Express published the following account of his career:

Survived by 121 descendents, Ransom Capps, Confederate Veteran, who died Saturday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. F. Pipes, 251 Diaz Street, was among the last of the living pioneers of Texas whose deeds have been immortalized in history and song.

He was 91 years, 9 months and 2 days old. A native of Missouri, he came to Texas when a young man and settled near the head of the San Antonio River, about five miles north of town, which then consisted of an army garrison and a few stores. That was 72 years ago.

To his children, six of whom survive him, Mr. Capps has often related the stories of Indian attacks on the settlements near San Antonio.

At the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted in Company 1 3rd Texas Infantry, and served under the late Captain J. M. Trainer in Col. Luckett's brigade of Walker's Division in Louisiana and Arkansas through the entire period of the war.

His wife and children moved from their ranch north of town into San Antonio during his absence for protection against Indian attacks. The Apaches and Comanches were on a rampage, the former being especially treacherous at that time.

After the war Capps, with his family moved to a point near the head of the Salado, about twelve miles from town, where he lived until the death of his wife about 20 years ago. Fifteen children were born of their union. Following the death of his wife, Capps lived at the homes of his children in San Antonio and in Mason and McCulloch counties.

Besides his six children, he is survived by 36 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren, most of whom live in Mason county.

Three daughters, Mrs. Pipes, Mrs. C. E. Jones and Mrs. E. H. Neal, live in San Antonio. Two of his sons S. B. Capps and John Capps live in Mason county, while

the other one, J. P. Capps, lives in McCulloch county.

Interment was made Sunday at Coker Cemetery. The Rev. John W. Smith officiated. Funeral services were held from the residence of Mrs. Pipes.

WHY I AM A PROHIBITIONIST

George F. Hindes, Pearsall and Hindes, Texas

I was born in Alabama, September 1844, and graduated in a little home-made school house in the piney woods of Lauderdale county, Mississippi, near where the city of Meridian now stands. I graduated at the age of eleven years, and moved with my parents in wagons from there to Caldwell county, near Lockhart, Texas, that fall. I visited Lockhart on Christmas day for the first time, and in those days Lockhart was wild and wooly, a wide-open town, where whisky and every other kind of "blue ruin" flowed freely. That day I saw a Mr. Perry kill a Mr. Cabaniss with a knife. To me it was a frightful experience. My curiosity caused me to ask what caused the trouble, and I was told it was whisky. Then I went strong for prohibition, and was never intoxicated in my life. We lived in Caldwell county until the fall of 1856, when my father sold a likely negro women to Major Fields for stock cattle, and we started west with the cattle to grow up with the country. as per Mark Twain's advice. I was "herd boss" on the trip. We drove our herd through San Antonio, from Alamo Plaza to Commerce Street, and down Commerce Street to South Flores Street, and on to Atascosa county. This was before the county was organized, and my father served on the first jury empanelled in the county. We settled on the San Miguel Creek, where the town of Hindes is now located, and where we had a world of free range, with great abundance of wild game of every kind, even wild mustang cattle and mustang horses. I soon got to be an expert shot with rifle and pistol, a good roper, and a fast and fearless rider, and soon made friends with all the

mustangers and hunters. We killed the native wild cat, tle for their hides and tallow, and the meat we could save I caught and tamed lots of mustang horses, mostly young stock.

In the pioneer days of danger and adventure, and with no other or better job, I learned to be so fond of hunting and the chase, that I have never gotten over it, and can still ride a horse and shoot a rifle as good as anyone. On two occasions, the Indians rounded me up. Once, with a Mr. Seals on the San Miguel, when we stood them off half of one night, and another time with a Mr. Atkins, when they kept us surrounded half of one afternoon at Charco Largo. A good run always suited me better than a doubtful stand, but either one is lonesome and frightful. In August, 1865, twenty-eight redskins gave me a hard race, but I beat them to the river bottom and got away. Another time fifteen of them gave me a close chase and would have caught me, but in their trying to cut me off from the river, they ran on to a steep bluff bank and could not get down. One one occasion three friends and myself went on a hunting trip south of the Nueces River for a week's hunt. Had a good time, but in a short time thereafter all of the three were killed and all dying with "their boots on." At another time, my father, a Mr. Wheat, and myself had a good and successful hunt on the San Miguel; and in a short time the Indians killed Mr. Wheat in Medina county, and my father was killed by the Indians at his home in McMullen county.

The pioneers that were on the frontier before and during reconstruction days suffered many privations and hardships, and half of them did not live to tell the story. But during these times, as dreary and dull as they were, there was a man whose life was as brilliant as a ray of sunshine following the dark and tempestuous clouds. That man was Jim Lowe, who was one of the first settlers in McMullen county, and who was the best fixed man in that section. He was truly one of God's noblemen—a philanthropist of the first order. He made it possible for many poor families to have bread in their homes, who,

otherwise, would have had to live on meat alone. I was truly benefitted by his wise counsel and good backing.

In March,, 1865, about the close of the Civil War, I married the best little girl in the world, and she lived to bless my life for fifty-six years to a day, and passed on to her reward in March 1921.

“When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.”

The year 1865 was an eventful one in my life. Married in March (I was promptly notified that I must “quit my meanness”); the war closed in May, and the Indians killed my father in August. However, with all the energy and determination I possessed I went to work on the “wreck,” for we lost practically everything we possessed during the war. I proceeded under difficulties too numerous to mention, but by the spring of 1872, had gotten together a pretty good little herd of mixed cattle, and drove them to Kansas that spring. I had about the usual amount of trouble that a man has on his first drive over the “trail.” Was compelled to swim swollen streams, had storms at night, and several stampedes. Finally I bumped into the Osage tribe of Indians, and they gave us an exhibition of what they could do to a Texas herd, shooting and yelling the regular Indian warwhoop. They killed about one hundred beeves right there on the prairie, in sight, and scattered the others to the four winds, causing Mr. Redus great loss and trouble. I drove my herd to Wichita, Kansas, and held them there on fine grass until fall, and sold out at good prices. When I got home that fall, I had more than \$15,000 cash, in gold, \$10,000 life insurance policy, a remnant of cattle and a good bunch of horses that I had left in Texas. I did not owe a dollar, and felt as chesty as Croesus, in his palmiest days, ever dared to feel. I handled several herds after that in Kansas and Wyoming, and always made a little money. I never bossed another herd all the way from start to finish, but I knew the game, and if a man made good, it was indeed a hard trip. At another time I

delivered 2,500 head of cattle in Wyoming, on the tenth day of September, in an all day snow storm; and while it was indeed something different to what I had been accustomed to, I could not enjoy it at all. I kept buying, selling and trading cattle until 1882, when I made the best money in my life by buying about forty thousand acres of San Miguel land where the town of Hindes is now located on the San Antonio, Uvalde and Gulf Railroad, at a very low price. I have watched it go up in value in these forty years while I was using it for pasture until I have sold some of it for \$100 an acre; some at \$75 an acre, and have never sold any for less than \$20 an acre. I allotted my children sufficient land that if used and managed with prudence and care, will provide them liberally with life's needs, still have a good block of it left, and expect to develop an oil field in the near future.

In the fall of 1903 I helped organize the Pearsall National Bank at Pearsall, Texas, and have served continuously on its board of directors. For the past ten years I have been its president, resigning just recently in order to enable me to give my personal business the attention it deserves. In 1909 I also helped to organize the Atascosa County State Bank at Jourdan, Texas, and served as its president for six years, relinquishing my post of duty only after the bank was thoroughly established and was doing a nice business. However, I am still one of the largest stockholders in the Atascosa County Bank, and a large stockholder and director in the Pearsall National Bank.

Looking back now it seems that Providential guidance has been instrumental in my living through the many harrowing experiences of the early days, when Indians roamed the country, and later, especially after the war, when outlaws gave so much trouble to the pioneers of the southwest. It gives me much pleasure and consolation in having been spared to see the great Southwest transformed from pioneer to the modern stage; where folks mingle with one another in security and all friendliness, and where now exists a spirit of democracy and helpful-

ness that makes the country a desirable place to live, grow and prosper. I do not say boastingly, but there is a great deal of personal satisfaction in knowing that I was permitted to have a part in the upbuilding of this section of our wonderful state.

FIFTY YEARS A POLICEMAN

After pacing his "beat" for fifty years, faithfully and true, John Fitzhenry, the oldest policeman in San Antonio, has retired.



John Fitzhenry
1870

he has worn continuously for half a century.

His retirement brings to a close one of the most interesting and thrilling official careers in San Antonio's past history.

John Fitzhenry has lived the life of the great Wild West. In his book of life have been written hundreds of chapters of range and pioneer life as intensely thrilling and exciting as the boldest adventures of "Diamond Dick" or any of the other great Wild West heroes.

"It was a border town, rough and wooly." With these words the veteran officer begins his narrative of early San Antonio history. "It was the jumping off place for all the desperadoes in the country, when I came down here

The veteran lawkeeper has served under 11 Mayors. He has made so many arrests that he has long since lost count, and he has been instrumental in bringing to justice some of the worst criminals the Southwest has ever known. He removed the uniform of his country, which he served from '64 to '71, to don the uniform of an officer of the law, and this

in '64. San Antonio, 50 years ago, was a cow town of 8,000 souls. The only railroads in Texas were one from Bryan Station to the coast and another from Victoria to Port Lavaca. No one dared live farther west than Fort Clark, about 150 miles west of San Antonio. Beyond there the Indians and such scouts and soldiers as the government saw fit to station on the frontier lived. San Antonio in those days was a rendezvous for Mexican bandits as well as frontier outlaws. The bandits used to hold up a town just as they have done in the past few years, and come up to San Antonio to spend their money. It was so wild in those days we couldn't wear uniforms. The six day policeman wore the clothes of a civilian. If we had worn uniforms of the law there would have been a shooting as soon as we came in sight. A policeman didn't make an arrest, either, as he does today. None of the boys in those days would have stood while a warrant was being read to him. We had to throw them down and tie them, and then read the warrants for their arrest."

Mr. Fitzhenry holds this remarkable record of serving for 50 years as law enforcement officer without having shot a man, or having been shot. Desperadoes and Wild West bandits, famous in early American history, were often seen about San Antonio. The Yeager boys, Pitts, one of Jesse James' former lieutenants, the Suttons and Taylors, of the famous Sutton-Taylor feud, Sam Bass and others used to disguise themselves, dash into town, frequent the various drinking and dancing places and dash out before the law could touch them.

"Those fellows used to have lots of friends," he said "It was mighty easy for a fellow to get out of a killing scrape here if he had some friends. Pitts and the Yeager boys lived for a time between San Antonio and Boerne, up in the hills. Mr. Fitzhenry was a pal of Marshal Gosling,, who was shot while escorting Pitts one of the Yeager boys to the penitentiary.

"Marshall Gosling was warned," he said, "that the boys were desperadoes. He permitted however, the sister of one of the boys and another woman to come aboard

the train with a basket of provisions. Yeager reached into the basket, apparently for a piece of fruit, drew out a six shooter and shot Gosling dead. A guard on the train and the woman were killed during the fight."

Billy Taylor was in jail at Indianola, awaiting trial, when a great storm came up and the lives of hundreds along the coast were in peril. Taylor was released from jail, and, with courage characteristic of these men, he dashed to the rescue of the drowning and saved dozens of lives. When he was tried before a jury some time later for his crime, he was found "not guilty."

Mr. Fitzhenry was born in Ireland in 1844. He removed with his parents to Quebec, Canada, when he was seven years old, and later the family came down into the states, locating in Massachusetts.

He attended school in Stetson Hall, Randolph, Mass., and was 20 years of age when he enlisted in 1864 on the side of the North. He was sent to New Orleans as a train master and later to San Antonio. He was in charge of mule trains which bore provisions to the frontier posts. San Antonio was then but a supply and distributing post. The government reservation was a 10-acre plot fenced in between the Austin road and the Post proper, and was used as a mule corral. The famous Alamo was used as a store house for grain, and feed for the mules, oxen and horses was piled to the ceiling.

"When General Merritt and General Custer came to San Antonio in 1865, they were accompanied by 10,000 cavalrymen, the largest number of soldiers ever stationed here prior to this date," Mr. Fitzhenry said. They were en route to Mexico to drive out the French, who, in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine, had established an empire an enthroned Maximilian. The scheme however, history relates, was abandoned and Maximilian was shot some time after that.

Mr. Fitzhenry loved the early days, but he says that the people of today have a better sense of fair dealing as well as a greater respect for the law. "I do not believe the world is growing worse," was his optimistic as-

section, "Just because we have all the crimes that are committed in the country, and all the wrongdoing dished up to us in the newspapers, makes us think the world is pretty bad. But in years gone by, a life wasn't worth a farthing in this part of the country, and news traveled so slowly that it was forgotten before it got in or out of the State."

Mr. Fitzhenry has seen the wild pigeons and the buffalo disappear from wild life in Texas. And he has seen the building of railroads and the steady advance of civilization that has made San Antonio today a law-abiding town. He has seen outlawry disappear and culture take its place. He has witnessed the passing of the "bandit," and watched wild days fade into the background of Texas history.

"San Antonio has been my home for over 50 years," said Mr. Fitzhenry, whose appearance defies time and who might pass as a middle aged man. "And I'll stay on here till the end."

He has never married and has not a relative living. He makes his home at 239 Garden Street.—San Antonio Evening News, January 24, 1921.

TAILED 'EM ACROSS RED RIVER.

Gus Staples, Skidmore, Texas.

One beautiful spring morning in 1876 our bunch pulled out for Dodge City, Kansas, with a herd of cattle. Bob Jennings and George Lyons were the bosses. After we had been on the trail about three weeks we encountered a severe cold spell during which my saddle horse froze to death. The blizzard was accompanied by rain which froze as it hit our slickers, and we suffered from the extreme cold. We stayed with the cattle as long as we could and finally the boss said, "Let 'em go to hell boys and we'll go to the campfire. We rustled all of the wood out of the creek bottom and kept busy roasting first one side and then the other. When we reached Fort

Worth the weather had moderated considerably. That is where I saw the first railroad. We renewed our supply of grub here and went on our way. When we got to Red River it looked to me to be more than a mile wide, and I did not fancy going across, but I was six hundred miles from home, and it was either turn back or grab an old cow by the tail and let her pull me across, so I tailed her and reached the other side safely. When we were in Indian Territory we experienced many thunder storms and heavy rains. Saw many Indians, too. While we were passing through Valley Mills George Lyons and I traded our pistols off for horses, and as we were in the Indian Territory where Indians were numerous I often wished for my pistol, and was ready to swap jobs with the cook.

WAS IN A RAILROAD WRECK.

John B. Conner, Yoakum, Texas

When I was three years old my parents came from Mississippi to Texas in an ox-drawn schooner, arriving on



John B. Conner

Five Mile creek, in Gonzales county in 1869. In Five Mile vicinity the settlers were Carson, Sedberry, Atkinson, Killough, Gill, Womack, O'Neal, Gibson, Boathe, Price, Floyd, Ward, Jeffries, Casey and others. Some of those pioneers built their houses out of oak logs, while others hauled pine lumber from Indianola and Port Lavaca with ox teams. My father, Jim Conner, built a pine

lumber house in 1872, and it is still standing in good shape. Father died in 1873, and we lost the place, later moving into a log house over on the West Prong of Five

Mile Creek, to the old Gibson place, near which was a cattle trail. We lived on this place several years and saw thousands of cattle and horses pass up the trail. There was another trail which ran from Victoria to Cuero by Concrete on to Town Prairie two miles above Gonzales, where the two trails came together.

I remember the summer of 1877 was so dry the creeks dried up and hundreds of cattle perished for water, and that winter hundreds of others died in piles, many of them being skinned for their hides. The first pasture fence in that section was built by John Jeffries on the head of East Five Mile Creek in 1878. It was constructed of two elm planks at the top and black wire at the bottom.

In 1878 or 1879 Bob Floyd built a large pasture south of West Five Mile Creek, and made it of large split rails and finished it with two strings of elm plank and one strand of black wire. Rail and brush fences around fields were the rule in those days.

When I was 18 years old, in 1885, I had my first chance to go up the trail. On the 18th of April of that year we left Gonzales, seven outfits going at the same time. We went to Kyle with 160 wild Spanish ponies and there another bunch of 400 was thrown in with ours and shipped for Wichita Falls, both horses and men. At Ft. Worth we layed overnight and day, then took the Fort Worth & Denver Railroad, struck a washed out bridge between Bellevue and Bowie, and had to take a freight train for Henrietta, leaving there at sundown, and backing up for Wichita Falls. We were all in and all over those box cars. I was outside on top when the engine turned over, killed the engineer and two negro trail hands, and I was thrown into a slough of water several feet deep. About 3 o'clock that night we reached Wichita Falls and slept in the depot. Next day we got our chuck wagon fixed up, and went to housekeeping. For two or three days we made preparations to take the trail, picking up our horses. Each man was allowed one night horse and five day horses, changing three times a day. We went to Doan's store on Red River, and crossed and went up the

Salt Fork to the Goodnight ranch where we received 3,000 head of two and three year old heifers, steers and bulls of the —X brand. The horses on this ranch were branded Diamond F on the left hip. My boss was J. G. Jones. The cattle were bought by Lytle & Stevens and were bound for Colorado. As I was a young chap I was made horse-wrangler, but I had to do everything from punching drags to night-herding on the bed ground. We had some terrible storms, and stampedes, and several head of cattle were killed by lightning while we were on the west side of Red River in Greer county, Texas. We went from there to Wheeler county and crossed the North Fork of Red River, then crossed Sweetwater creek east of Mobeetie, went on to Hemphill and crossed the Wichita east of Cataline, then into Roberts county, crossed the Canadian, and on to the Staked Plains, struck near the head of Wolf Creek and on to Palo Duro Canyon. We saw where hundreds of buffalo had died on the plains, many of them killed by hunters just for their hides. In Ochiltree county we saw three buffalo and some of the boys killed one, but the outfit with next herd got the meat. At Palo Duro we struck the old trail and the stage line from Dodge City, to Taseosa, Texas. The cattle quarantine turned us from going to Colorado, and we went into Kansas, where as soon as we struck the railroad I decided to pull for home as I was not well. I went to Dodge City, the honkatonk town, cleaned up and bought a suit of clothes, and left for San Antonio, reaching home July 1, 1885.

THE RUTLEDGE BROTHERS

The four Rutledge brothers, Jim, John, Ed and Emmett, were well known among the early cattlemen of the state. They moved to Texas from Alabama, with their parents in the early fifties, and settled on the Hondo in Karnes county. All of these brothers, except Emmett, who was too young at the time, enlisted in the Confeder-

ate army and served throughout the war. John and Ed Rutledge each received wounds in battle. After the war the Rutledges began driving cattle up the trail to Kansas, and continued their drives until 1879. Jim Rutledge made trips with cattle to New Orleans and to Powder Horn. He was considered an expert in the art of catching mustangs, sometimes catching a whole herd at one time. Emmett Rutledge was for many years an inspector for the Cattle Raisers' Association, with headquarters at San Antonio, and was considered one of the best on the force.

JESSE PRESNALL

The subject of this sketch was born in Bozier Parish, Louisiana, October 31, 1849, and died at his home in San Antonio April 5th, 1916. He came to Texas with his parents in the early fifties, settling in Bexar county. While quite a young man he engaged in the cattle business which he followed until his death. He was one of the early trail drivers to the northern markets, continuing right up to the closing of the trail. No man in the cattle business in Texas was better or more favorably known than Jesse Presnall. He drove many herds individually and was interested at different times with Capt. John T. Lytle, John Blocker, Hart Mussey and others. Mr. Presnall was a strong believer in the strict enforcement of the laws of our country, and many times he rendered valuable assistance in bringing to justice cattle rustlers and outlaws. His noble traits of character will never be forgotten by his many surviving friends. At the time of his death he was operating a farm and ranch in Atascosa county, which his widow still maintains.

GEORGE W. WEST.

Among the prominent figures in the cattle industry of Southwest Texas is to be found George W. West, cattle-

man, capitalist, town builder and philanthropist. George W. West was born in Tennessee, and came to Texas with his parents some time in the fifties settling in Live Oak county. It was here the subject of our sketch entered the stock business. He was one of the first to drive cattle from Texas to Kansas, and he continued driving until the trail closed. He sold and delivered cattle to Indian agencies, and to ranches in Montana, South Dakota, Wyoming, Colorado, and Kansas, making drives to Abilene, Wichita, Ellsworth, and Dodge City. It was in 1886 that he, with John Blocker and others had their herds held up at Camp Supply by ranchmen who tried to keep them from crossing their ranches. The number of cattle held up amounted to more than 100,000 head, and Mr. West and John Blocker spent more than \$100 sending telegrams to the authorities at Washington to get the government to take action in the matter. Finally orders come from Washington for them to cut fences and pass through, and with a rush the cow outfits started their herds on the move. Within just a few moments after orders came from Washington a thunder storm came up, lightning struck the telegraph instruments, demolished the office and put the line out of commission. Captain Carr, of the U. S. Army, who was in San Antonio a few months ago, was telegraph operator who took the message. Messrs. West and Blocker narrowly escaped being killed by the lightning.

Mr. West has maintained large ranches in different parts of South Texas since the early seventies. No man in that region has matured, fattened and shipped to market more fat steers than George W. West. He owns at present 60,000 acres of choice land in Live Oak county, the best equipped cattle ranch in South Texas, fenced and cross-fenced, with dipping vats, stock pens, and everything it takes to make a model ranch. This ranch surrounds the town of George West, the thriving county seat of Live Oak county. Mr. West has retired from business, and now lives quietly in his modern home in San Antonio, but he keeps in close touch with state and

national affairs, and watches closely the livestock industry. If his views and advice could be carried out, conditions in Texas would be much better. He claims less laws and strict enforcement of them is the best remedy to save our country. His neighbors and business associates in the early days were his brothers, Sol and Ike West, Willis McCutcheon, Sam and Bill Moore, Lew Allen and John Bennett.

PLAYED THE FIDDLE ON HERD AT NIGHT.

Lake Porter, Falfurrias, Texas

I was born January 5th, 1854, in Chickasaw, Mississippi, and came to Texas with my parents before my eyes



Lake Porter

were open, landing at Seguin, Guadalupe county, where we lived three years, then moved to Goliad county and settled on the Maha Rayo Creek, where we were living when the Civil War broke out. Among those living on the Maha Rayo at that time were Peter Smith's family, Pate Allen, the Batemans, McKinneys, Nat Burkett, Mayas Catherin, T. B. Saunders, J. B. Hawk, Jim

Roneau, Jim and Gip Dowty. We moved to the town of Goliad while the Civil War was going on, living there until its close, at which time my father, S. P. Porter, was killed in the town of Gonzales. My mother was left with eight small children, one pair of twins in the bunch. I was about the middle of the bunch, being at that time about nine years old. As father was taken from us suddenly, leaving mother without means, it was "root, hog or die" with us little fellows, so your humble servant went to

work for R. T. Davis for my grub and clothes, and, bless your life, the clothes did not consist of any broadcloth suits either. I worked for Davis one year and was then employed by A. C. Jones, Sr., of Bee county, who had a small horse ranch on the extreme head of Blanco Creek, then known as the Coleman ranch and now owned I think by the McKinnneys of Bee county. I spent some lonesome days on this ranch, but I was getting well paid, as I was drawing the enormous salary of five dollars per month and my feed. I worked two years at this price and while the wages look small, I had more ready cash when the job ended than I have had many times since, working for much larger wages. When I left the Jones ranch I went back to my dear mother, who still lived at Goliad. At that time she was in poor health and confined to her bed a great deal of the time, so I did the cooking and sometimes the washing for the family, while my two older brothers, Dave and Billie Porter, made a crop on land rented from R. T. Davis, my first employer. In the fall my mother traded her place at Goliad for what is known as the old Reed place on Goat Creek in Goliad county, where I grew to manhood, and where the happiest days of my life were spent. I was barely in my teens when the big Kansas cattle drives started, and, like other boys of that time, I wanted some of the experience of outdoor life, so in the spring of 1871, with a herd belonging to One-armed Jim Read,, I bade adieu to the southern climate for a season and headed northward, finally winding up at Abilene, Kansas. After remaining there for a short time we got rid of our incumbrance, the long-horned steers, and turned our faces southward and in due time arrived safely at our starting point in Goliad county. Nothing apart from the usual happenings of the trail life took place on this trip. Abilene was a wild and woolly town in those days, at least it seemed to be to a country boy out on his first jaunt. There was plenty of game on the trail, Indians, buffalo, deer and antelope. The principal hotel in Abilene was the Drevers' Cottage, Mrs. Lou Gore, proprietress, which was general headquarters for

all cattlemen. After a five months' trip I arrived at home pretty well hooked up, my earthly possessions being a suit of clothes, a pair of star-topped boots and two dollars and fifty cents in cash for my trip. Well done, good and faithful servant!

I went up the trail three years for Jim Read and one year for W. G. Butler of Karnes county. When I was growing up I learned to play the fiddle, but there were only two tunes that I could play to perfection, one of which was "Seesaw," and the other was "Sawsee." Often I have taken my old fiddle on herd at night when on the trail, and while some of my companions would lead my horse around the herd I agitated the cat guts, reeling off such old time selections as "Black Jack Grove," "Dinah Had a Wooden Leg," "Shake That Wooden Leg," "Dolly Oh," "Give the Fiddler a Dram," "Arkansaw Traveler," and "The Unfortunate Pup." And say, brothers, those old long-horned Texas steers actually enjoyed that old time music. I still have the old music box which I used to play in those care-free, happy days.

My last drive up the trail was in 1875, after which I quit the trail, but never quit the cow-punching job until many years later. Sweet is the memory of the old by-gone days. Many of the old trail boys have passed over the Divide, and it will not be long until we, too, will pass out, to give our places to those coming on. My associates on the trail, as I recall them now, were Emory Hall, Babe Moyer, Young Collins, Bud Jordan, Bill White, Hiram Reynolds, John Reynolds, John Naylor, Dave Porter, Bud Lansford, Ysidro Morris, John Young, Jack Best, and others.

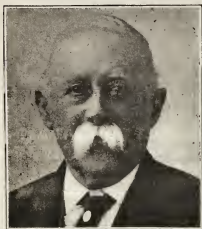
I was married December 10, 1878, to Miss Nelia Williams of Refugio county, daughter of Judge J. Williams, who for many years was sheriff of Refugio county. Three children were born to us, two boys and one girl, all of whom are still living. In 1882 I moved my family to Atascosa county, settling one mile south of Pleasanton, near the Tilden road, where we remained fourteen months, then moved to McMullen county, where we resided until

1912, then we moved to Brooks county, our present home. While a resident of McMullen county I served as sheriff there for eight years, and I am now serving my second term as sheriff of Brooks county.

REMINISCENCES OF THE TRAIL

A. F. Carvajal, 231 Simpson Street, San Antonio, Texas.

In the early part of March, 1882, Mr. Collin Campbell employed my brother to get hands and carry a herd of



A. F. Carvajal

cattle to Kansas and Nebraska, and he employed the following: A. F. Carvajal, Miguel Cantu, Brijido, Don Hilario, Francisco Longeria, Melchor Ximenez, Juan Bueno, Anastacio Sanches, and a man by the name of Luna, and old Betaneur, the cook. The cattle were gathered by Jake Dees and Jim Sutton, and we started from the Eceto Creek, Campbell's ranch. We penned the

cattle the first night in Fred House's pens, and the next day we drove them in the direction of Gonzales. We crossed the Guadalupe at or near Gonzales and travelled through a very thick brushy region to Lockhart, from where we went on to the Colorado, crossing it below Austin. At this place we fired the cook for getting drunk. We went from there to Georgetown, through Rockdale, Salado and Belton, making about fifteen miles a day. Our route carried us on to Lampasas, where there was a roaring spring and four or five houses. We proceeded due north and crossed the Brazos and passed through Valley Mills, thence on the west side of Nolan river, west of the Chisholm trail. Here we learned that the Coman-

the Indians had killed two persons just above where we were, then we traveled eastward and went by a small place called Cleburne, and on to Fort Worth, where we purchased supplies enough to enable us to cross the Indian Territory. From Fort Worth we drove to Montague, thence to Red River Station, where we crossed Red River and went due north about thirty miles east of Fort Sill. When we had crossed Red River all of us buckled on our six-shooters, for we expected to have to use them. We were on the Chisholm Trail in the Indian Nation, and on the Wichita River some Indians came to us and wanted us to give them some cattle for allowing us to pass through their country. We gave them a few lame cows, and they never bothered us any more. When we reached the Canadian river it was on a rise and swimming, but we made our cattle go across and about twenty of them were drowned. We followed the old trail and crossed the Cimarron river at a place where there was a grove of wild plums. Some men lived in a little house at this point who made it their business to trade with the Indians for furs and buffalo robes. We crossed the Arkansas river about forty or fifty miles west of Wichita and went on towards Ellsworth, Kansas. When we got to Ellsworth the owner of the herd, Collin Campbell, was there waiting for us. We had been on the road four months. While traveling through the wilderness some of the boys roped and killed a few young buffaloes, and we found it very exciting sport.

At Ellsworth, Kansas Mr. Campbell gave my brother a compass and a map of Nebraska and told him to take the herd to the North Platte, so we started on our way. Just before we left Ellsworth a man by the name of Crump, who was searching all of the herds for road cattle belonging to Captain King, found a few steers in our herd, and through the advice of our friend, Kilgore, who was there with a herd, we turned back. After leaving Ellsworth we had difficulty in getting enough water for the cattle until we reached the Solomon river. Here we were met by a crowd of about twenty armed men who

told us we had crossed the deadline, and could not water the cattle there, and that we would have to go up the river some twenty miles where we could cross on the public lands. They permitted us to water our horses, and gave us orders to move on. Our cattle had not had any water for three days and some were almost perishing. The twenty men left us before dark, and a little while after they were gone there appeared a lonely "short horn," riding a big horse, barefooted and with a small cap on his head. We hailed him and asked if he owned land near there. He said he owned a section about half a mile away, where he lived, but said his neighbors did not want anybody to take cattle across the river for fear of the Texas fever. We told him if he would allow us to water our cattle on his property we would give him two cows and calves or \$100 in money, and remove our cattle as soon as they had been watered. When they had slaked their thirst we gave him two cows and calves and got him to accompany us twenty miles up the river, where we crossed to the other side. This was near a place called Republican City. We travelled due north for several days and saw many buffaloes. One day about noon they began going by and at six o'clock that evening they were still passing. Our horses stampeded at the sight of them and my brother had to follow them about eight miles before they could be overtaken and brought back. We proceeded on in the direction of the Platte river, and when we reached that stream we turned westward, following the Northern Pacific Railroad which ran in the direction of Salt Lake City. From Fort McPherson we went to North Platte and at a ranch near there we delivered the cattle to the purchasers, and started back home. We were on the trail six and a half months from the time we left Karnes county. Of the crowd of boys who went with us on this trip only three are now living, myself, my brother, V. P. Carvajal and Francisco Longoria.

JAMES DOBIE

James Dobie was born in Harris county, Texas, in 1856, and entered the stock business in Live Oak county in the late seventies. He drove cattle and horses to Kansas for several years, endured all the hardships incident to trail life, had lots of trouble with Indians, which he says his comrades can tell about. He shipped many thousands of cattle to the Indian Territory to fatten on the ranges there for many years, and operated large ranches in Bee, Live Oak, Duval, McMullen, LaSalle and Webb counties, and at the present time has a large ranch and land holdings. In 1911 he shipped 12,000 fat steers from his Texas ranches, and is one of the biggest operators of Southwest Texas at the present time.

MADE SEVERAL TRIPS UP THE TRAIL.

R. J. Jennings, San Antonio, Texas

I am a native of Texas, arriving in the Lone Star State on March 23, 1856. I made three trips "up the trail," the first being in 1876, the second in 1881, and the third trip was in 1886. I have ranched more or less all of



my life in various parts of the state, and have kept in touch with cattle conditions all of the time, witnessing the passing of the old longhorn steer and welcoming the introduction of the shorthorn breed. I have experienced the thrills of trail driving, standing guard, swimming rivers, being pelted with hail, seen streaked lightning playing promiscuously around, been in the middle of stampedes, and all those other things mentioned by others in this book.

CHARLES DE MONTEL, JR.

Charles de Montel, Jr., was born at Castroville, Texas, February 3, 1848, and grew to manhood there. He was the eldest son of Charles de Montel one of the founders of Bandera. In 1888 he was married to Miss Annie Steinle, and now lives on his ranch a few miles above old Camp Verde in Kerr county. He is in his 74th year and still quite active, being able to frequently ride horseback to Bandera, a distance of about sixteen miles. Mr. Montel remembers many thrilling incidents of frontier days in Medina county, where he was raised. He knew John T. Lytle, John Redus, and many other of the prominent trail drivers of those days, and was well acquainted with Mrs. Sallie Redus, who has a sketch in this volume. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. McLamore lived on his father's ranch near Castroville for some time.

Charles de Montel, Jr. early in life became an expert rider, and could handle the lariat and rifle with precision, and despite his advanced age, he still maintains his skill. In 1869 he made a trip to California with a herd of cattle belonging to Jack Tilley and Gideon Thompson, wintering them on the Colorado river in that state and selling them to buyers in Los Angeles.

WAS IN PACKSADDLE MOUNTAIN FIGHT.

From a Sketch by N. G. Ozment, in San Antonio Express.

James R. Moss was born in Fayette county, Texas, January 24, 1843.

When he was a small boy, his parents moved to Travis county, settling near Lake Brushy, some 12 miles northwest of Austin. In 1857 he moved with his parents to Llano county. It was this year that the town of Llano was laid off. John Oatman erected the first store ever built in the town. His father donated 50 acres of land on which to build the town. In an election held to locate the county seat, Llano was selected. When but a youth, young Moss took his place as one of the defenders against

the incursions of the Indians.

In February, 1862, a volunteer company of 700 men, including young Moss was formed in the town of Llano to fight for the defense of the Confederacy. From Llano the company went to Camp Terry, southeast of Austin.

Mr. Moss was in Company E, 17th Infantry, McCulloch's brigade, Walker's division. He was in the battle of Miligin's Bend. The day before the capture of his company he was transferred from the Infantry to the Third Battalion, Texas Cavalry, on account of a crippled ankle. He remained with the cavalry through the succeeding period of the war.

When young Moss returned from the war he was broken in health and without as much as a full suit of wearing apparel. With that indefatigable energy and purpose, characteristic of the man, he at once began to lay a foundation for the future. In the absence of the young men during the war the Indians had driven away many horses and driven their owners back further east. The elder Moss had taken the precaution to have his sons move the horses down on Barton's Creek, near Austin, before young Moss joined the army. A year after his return, James and his brother, Charles, took charge of their father's cattle on shares. Week after week, after working all day, they, with some hands working for them, would take the horses to some favorable grazing place and take shifts in guarding them through the night. The moonlight nights increased the vigilance of these young cattlemen, for they well knew these were the nights the Indians were most likely to swoop down after the ponies.

Besides the cattle, the two young men raised many hogs. As there was no local market for these, they killed and baconed about two hundred head one winter and the next summer loaded the meat into ox wagons and took it to Austin. Bastrop, LaGrange and as far as Old Washington to secure markets for same. The weather became so hot that the boys drove at night and rested through the day.

Watching every chance to turn time into money, after the spring work with the cattle, young Moss took the contract to harvest the wheat crops of Cadwell and Saeter. He hired a negro man to help him. The wheat was cradled and handbound. The shocking was done at night. In the later 60's he, with others drove cattle through to Louisiana and sold them to a United States contractor, delivered on board a steamboat on the Mississippi River at Hogs' Point, below the mouth of Red River.

In April, 1869, Mr. Moss threw in with Damon Slater and started to California with about fourteen hundred head of cattle. The year before Mr. Slater found the market good out there, hence this trip. James had his brother Charles with him on this trip. The entire outfit was composed of nine cow hands, two horse herders, two waggoners and the cook. Here is, in brief, the route taken: From Llano to Concho, thence up the Pecos River, and Rio Hondo, up San Benito, a branch of the Hondo, thence across the Divide to Tula Rosa, N. M.; thence to Rio Memphis. Here they saw the first white woman they had seen since leaving Llano. She seemed perfectly happy with her husband in those wilds. From there they drove to Apache Pass, Arizona, through Tucson, and on to Gila River, crossing the Colorado below the mouth of the Gila, at Fort Yuma. They drove into old Mexico and traveled ten or fifteen miles in this country, thence across what is now the Imperial Valley in California. From here they turned southwest toward the mountains. Entering these, they drove up to the old Warner Ranch. Here they struck the Immigrants' Trail, finally arriving at Williamson Port, on the Pacific, where they wintered. The following spring the cattle were delivered some 25 or 30 miles from Los Angeles.

W. L. M.
On August 4, 1873, a band of redskins were depredating in Llano county. A company of eight men, consisting of S. B. Harrington, Arch Martin, Robt. Brown, Pink Ayers, Eli P. Lloyd, W. B., S. B., and J. R. Moss, struck their trail in the early morning and followed it for 35 or

40 miles, locating the Indians on Packsaddle Mountain about noon.

The redmen had gone up the mountain from the south side and when discovered by the settlers most of them were sitting around eating some of the beef which had just been roasted. One or two were lying on the ground, either asleep or resting. There were 17 bucks, two squaws and a boy.

Before giving an account of the battle it will be noted that the Indian who was supposed to be on guard was guilty of negligence that proved fatal to some of his comrades if not to himself. Had he been watching he could have seen the approaching Texans a mile away, which possibly would have changed the result of the conflict. When the settlers rode up the mountain they observed 20 or more horses stolen by the Indians but a short distance away. Beyond the horses the Indians were seen eating and resting. The white men by a quick dash ran in between the enemy and the horses. By this time the red men were up and armed. Their weapons were Winchesters, breech loaders, muskets, pistols, and bows and arrows, though the latter was not used.

The Texans all used Winchesters save W. B. Moss, who used a Colt-Ranger pistol. W. B. Moss began firing at the Indians before dismounting. Firing two shots, he dismounted and joined his comrades, all of whom save Pink Ayers had dismounted. Ayers was shot in the hip. The mule he rode was also shot, and the rider did not re-enter the fight. So it was 17 to 7 against the whites. The Indians retreated to a ledge of rocks behind some black jack timber, where they quickly formed a line of battle and rushed at the Texans with avengeful determination to make quick work of them, but they found the settlers ready for them. W. B. Moss emptied his pistol at them and was bending over to knock the shells from it when a bullet crashed into his body near the right shoulder, and passing through his lungs, lodged in his left side dangerously near the heart. The battle was now on in earnest. James Moss saw his brother fall and

thought at first that he had lain down to reload, but noticed later he was struggling. He ran to him and asked him if he was hurt badly. The brother spit out a mouthful of blood before he could speak, then said:

"Yes, I think they have killed me. I wouldn't hate it so bad if I could have fought till the battle is over."

James gently turned the wounded brother over, then renewed the battle with the foe, some of whom had now rushed within six feet of the white men. Arch Martin threw his gun into position to fire. At the same instant a bullet from an Indian's gun struck the guard of his Winchester, glanced downward and went into his groin. The Indians were putting up a hard fight. Mr. Moss says that some of them were game and seemed to fear nothing. Though they were game, they soon found they were having no walkover in this fight.

One fellow rushed towards James Moss, shooting over his shield at him. The Indian covered his chest with precision while he was firing. The Texan aimed just below the shield and fired and a bullet crashed into the red man's bowels. Moss then turned on another Indian who was getting too close for it to be comfortable. The savages now retreated once more to the ledge, reformed line and came at their foemen again, but showed more precaution this time, for they kept at a greater distance. When Mr. Moss had a chance to take his eye for a moment off the foe he glanced toward where the Indian he had shot fell, but he was gone. One buck who seemed determined to make his way to the horses advanced alone some distance to the right of the others. With gun raised he came within a few feet of the Texans, some of whom fired at him, then he suddenly retreated to the edge of the timber and fell forward, dead. When found he still grasped his gun. The Indians were now retreating. Some four or five of them started up a chant as they retreated, leaving three of their number dead on the ground.

One of the three had moved some distance away from the fight when found. He had a bullet hole in the bowels and one in the chest. This was likely the Indian

Mr. Moss shot below the shield. Eli Lloyd was shot in each arm and also had a bullet to cut the skin between his fingers.

W. B. Moss' wound proved to be a serious one, as he lay for weeks before he was able to get around. The bullet was never extracted from his body. The Texans recovered the horses stolen by the Indians.

In September, 1877, Mr. Moss was married to Miss Delia Johnson, daughter of Capt. A. J. and Martha Johnson. The following sons and daughters were reared in this home: Zella, bookkeeper and cashier of the Moss Mercantile Company of Llano; Matthew, president of the Llano National Bank; Edgar, a well known and prosperous stockman of Llano county; J. Ray, manager of the Moss Mercantile Company, Llano; Mrs. J. B. Gage, Austin; Inez, teacher in Dallas; W. R. engaged in oil business at Rockdale; A. J. deceased; Mary, a student in the School of Arts in Chicago; Otilia, an ex-teacher, now with her father in Llano; Richard Olney, assistant cashier of the Llano National Bank.

Mr. Moss by habits of industry and thrift rose from cowboy to cattle king. He bought ranch property in Legion Valley, Llano county, amounting to 8,000 acres of land. He was one of the pioneers of this section in raising Durham cattle. Some years ago he moved from the ranch to Llano. His faithful companion, who shared with him the hardships and privations incident to an earlier day in Texas, passed peacefully to rest December 3, 1918.

THE COWBOY'S PRAYER.

O Lord, I've never lived where churches grow;

I love creation better as it stood

That day You finished it so long ago

And looked upon Your work and called it good.

I know that others find You in the light

That's sifted down through tinted window-panes,

And yet, I seem to feel You near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight, on the plains.

I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well;
That You have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Or weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street
Just let me live my life as I've begun,
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun
And I won't ask for a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down,
And make me square and generous with all;
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let them say I'm mean or small,
Make me as wide and open as the plains,
As honest as the horse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.

Forgive me, Lord, when sometimes I forget;
You know about the reasons that are hid,
You know about the things that gall and fret,
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said,
Just right me sometimes when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead,
That stretches upwards toward the Great Divide.

—Chas. Badger Clark, Jr.

The above was recited by Mike H. Thomas, Grand Master A. F. & A. M., at the funeral of Thomas A. Coleman, who died in San Antonio in March, 1923.

WHERE THEY PUT A TRAIL BOSS IN JAIL

W. T. (Bill) Jackman, San Marcos, Texas.

I was born in Howard county, Missouri, on the 19th

day of April, 1851, and remained there until the year



Bill Jackman
1883

1859, when my father removed to Bates county, near the Kansas State line.

We were here until the Civil War began, when the depredations, murders and all kinds of lawlessness became so numerous by organized bands of outlaws that we were compelled to go north of the Missouri river where better protection could be had. The

atrocious deeds of these marauders become so rife that this section of the

country became almost depopulated, the men all having gone to the army and the families fleeing for protection. Afterward, these outlaws came into our section, burning residences and property of all kinds, taking with them stock or other valuables found. After enduring all kinds of hardships for about two years, my mother and the family of children were banished by the Federal authorities and sent to the Confederate lines in the state of Louisiana.

Our trip was first to St. Louis, Missouri, thence down the Mississippi river to Natchez, Mississippi, then across the country to Alexandria, Louisiana, under guard of twenty-five soldiers. From this place we went across the country by stage line to Shreveport, La. We remained one year, our father then being in the army of Missouri and Arkansas with General Sterling Price. At this time, by some means unknown to me, my mother received instruction from my father to remove to Red River county, Texas, near Clarksville. We arrived there late in the fall of 1864 and immediately afterwards rented a small piece of farm land.

After Lee's surrender father came and we started

south with the intention of going into old Mexico. About 200 officers and soldiers of the army, father being among this number, anticipated going into Mexico or other foreign countries to avoid taking the oath of allegiance to the Federal government.

On our arrival at San Marcos my father talked with some of the old settlers and was advised not to go into Mexico with his family. This advice was accepted and father proceeded on the trip alone, leaving the family in a tent on the Blanco river.

We were in destitute circumstances, having but a few dollars on which to subsist. I rented land again and started a crop the following spring. Being among strangers and almost penniless I and my little brothers began the struggle for a living. The citizens were kind in assisting us in many ways, besides advising us how to cultivate the land. Such advice was very helpful, I being perfectly ignorant of the mode of cultivating cotton, never having seen any raised in my native state. The friends found here have all passed away without an exception, and the younger generation have taken their places. I will mention a few of the old friends as I think their names should be perpetuated. Among them were: Maj. E. Nance, Capt. G. Story, Shady Dixon, Dr. P. C. Woods, Felix Kyle, Jas. L. Malone, John and Joe Brown, Nestor Boon, C. R. Johns, Ed Burleson, Ferg and Curran Kyle and many others.

Father returned from Mexico, not being satisfied with the country. He surrendered to Federal authorities in San Antonio and was taken to New Orleans and delivered into the hands of Phil Sheridan, who was in charge. After a few months he was discharged; he came home to the family and found us trudging along with our little farm project. We continued to live on the Blanco until we made the fourth crop, when father bought the property on Blanco river and there spent the balance of his life, passing away at the age of 60 years. I remained with the family until I was 20 years of age. I then tried to farm one year in my own interest. I did not succeed

financially, being overcome by drouth and other misfortunes. Dissatisfied with farming I decided to change occupation, so I saddled my horse and drifted to the West. After three or four days travel I found myself in Uvalde, Texas, ninety miles from San Antonio. Here I met Cood Adams, a member of the firm of Adams Bros. in the ranch business on the Leona and Frio rivers, some fifteen miles from Uvalde. Cood and Mart Adams composed the firm of Adam Brothers, though John Adams who lived 15 miles west of San Antonio on the Castrovilla road, James Adams who lived at San Marcos and Bill Adams of San Antonio, worked some on this ranch while I was there. Good Adams agreed to give me employment, I asked the amount of wages to expect and he replied, "I am getting Mexicans for \$12.00 and board." and with this understanding I commenced to work. I had worked about four months when I decided to go home and spend the Christmas holidays. When ready to start Mr. Adams gave me a check for \$80.00 and asked if I intended returning. I replied that I would, if the price would justify. He made me an offer of \$100.00 per month and in one minute he had my reply, "I will be here." On my return he stated that he intended making a drive to the Northern markets in the spring of that year and must commence gathering cattle off the range and placing them in pastures until ready for the drive. I started preparations with seven Mexicans, about 30 horses, and a pack horse. The Mexicans could not speak English and I could not speak Spanish. I did not know any of the range and thought I was up against a hard proposition but, believe me, we brought home the goods. When I asked the particular brands to gather, he said, "Bring everything you find, regardless of brand." There was a custom among the ranchmen to use each others' cattle and the other fellow got the credit on the book. A thoroughly educated gentleman by the name of Captain Cooper was the bookkeeper and lived on the Frio ranch at that time. I never saw him again and do not know what became of him afterward.

When the cattle were gathered from the range we commenced branding and putting them in shape for the trail. Afterward I was assigned the task of driving one of the herds. This was in 1870 and my first experience in handling cattle. I walked into the harness without flinching, though my experience on this trip was in many respects very trying, there being so many new lessons for me to learn. The country through which we traveled was rough and brushy, making the work heavy on the men and very trying on the horses and cattle. We passed from Uvalde county through Bandera, Mason, Llano and Coleman counties, keeping our general course to the north. About four miles before reaching the town of Bandera, one day about noon, while dinner was being prepared I had the herd rounded up to brand a few head which had been overlooked at the ranch. After finishing the work and eating dinner we were drifting slowly along when a young cowman rode up beside me. He was very talkative and seemed to be a nice fellow. After conversing sometime in a general manner he asked: "Where did you get that yearling?" referring to the one I had just branded. "At the ranch" I replied. He said: "I would be sorry to see you get into trouble, but that yearling belongs to an old Dutchman who lives down the creek and he is as mean as h—ll. There is one trail boss in jail at Bandera now for driving one of his yearlings." The young fellow rode away and I felt that he was telling facts so I commenced thinking fast. I could almost feel the cold bars of the jail in company with the other boss, but the yearling disappeared right now and so did Bill. I caught a good horse and just kept on high places near the herd for several days. At our next reunion I would be pleased if the trail boss who was in jail would speak out and give his experience; I would be glad to meet him.

We moved on slowly to a point near where we crossed the Llano river. Here a young fellow applied to me for work. He was probably 30 years of age, rather small in statue, roughly dressed, wearing long yellow hair which

hung gracefully down over his shoulders, giving him the appearance of a very tough character. Needing help I looked the gentleman over while I talked, he finally said, "Hire me, I know all about cattle and will make you a d—d good hand." I decided to hire him and asked his name to record the date. He said, "Just put me down as Rusty," which I thought very appropriate and used it all the time when addressing him. He gave fine satisfaction in his duties. When we had reached a point 20 miles west of Ft. Griffin on what is known as Elm Creek, we made camp for the night. Next morning on looking over the herd, I found a cow was gone and I knew she would return to our last bed ground some 15 miles back on the trail, and I went back and found the cow and returned to camp with her. On my arrival at camp I found that "Rusty" had shot John Rice, one of the hands. The weapon used was an old model brass mounted 44 calibre Winchester rifle which he carried on his saddle at all times. The bullet has passed entirely through the body on opposite side of the spine from the heart and blood was flowing from both front and back. I sent at once to Ft. Griffin for a doctor, also giving instructions that a hack be brought for the purpose of conveying the wounded man to the hospital. The doctor came and pronounced the case almost hopeless, though we rushed for the hospital as speedily as possible. I arranged with those in charge to keep me posted as to his condition and on my arrival at Dodge City, Kansas, received a letter stating that he had recovered sufficiently to return home, and that he would entirely recover in a short time. I never heard of him again and I hope to find some one who can give information regarding his whereabouts. Rusty took one of my best horses and I have not seen him since. Should he be a member of this Association under another name, I would like to hear from him, as all offencess are now barred by statute of limitation.

I never saw Cood or Mart Adams after the drive. One of the brothers, Bill, received the herd at the point of destination and I returned home, thinking my aspira-

tions in this line of work were satisfied in the extreme, though in 1877 Col. Jas. F. Ellison, who then lived at Martindale,, Caldwell county, prevailed on me to drive a herd for him, which I delivered at Ogallala, Nebraska. During 1878 I drove for Ellison & Sherill. This firm was composed of Jas. F. Ellison and Jas. H. Sherill, who had formed a co-partnership for the purpose of conveying one herd to the northern markets over the trail.

During one of these drives Givens Lane and I were driving a herd each, and were traveling near each other. The country was dry, grass scarce and watering places for two herds at one time was hard to find. We were then near Buffalo,, Kansas and were having hard times. Givens and I had gone to the front hunting grass and water. A creek north of Buffalo, some distance, had nice running water, but the nesters of that section had plowed a furrow on each side of the trail and posted signs reading about as follows: "Keep your cattle inside these furrows or be prosecuted." The creek north of the trail had the finest water sufficient to swim a good sized steam boat and the grass was excellent. We had become enraged on reading these warning signs and Givens said, "Bill, suppose we put our herds into that fine grass and water and take the chances," to which I agreed. The cattle were now in sight and looked as though the two herds were strung out for a distance of three miles. My herd came first and Givens and I rode in front of the cattle until the water was scented and the cattle began running. The nearer the water, the faster they got, but now came the nesters, who were living in dugouts and could not be seen until they all mounted their old mares, bare-backed. They were bare-footed, bare-headed and all carrying double barrel shot guns, yelling and demanding that we turn the cattle back to the trail. We said, "We cannot stop them—you boys stop them if you can." You never saw such maneuvers in your life, but the cattle went to the water just the same. The nesters went for the officers and we had to keep on the dodge for several days by riding on the high grounds and keeping

a close look-out over the country for officers.

On another occasion I did not get out so well. I made camp about 4 p. m. There was not a house or farm to be seen near us and we supposed we were not trespassing. A Dutchman suddenly rode into camp and said, "You must move these cattle. This is my land and you can not camp here tonight." I reasoned with him saying that it was late and danger of stampeding the cattle and I thought I made him a first class argument, but it didn't work. He still said, "You must move these tam cattle right now and do it quick, you shall not stay here." Then I said, "You move right now and do it quick," and he did so. But the next morning the constable came with a warrant of arrest and said I must go to justice court with him. When we arrived the High Curt was on his rostrum and the Dutchman was on hand also. As the constable and I walked into the court, the judge looked as knowing as any man I ever met and the constable acted as if he had arrested one of the worst criminals on earth. I shall never forget this deal. As I walked into the room the Dutchman said, "Judge, there is the fellow vot told me to go to hell mit a pistol." After parleying a little, his majesty said,, "This seems to be a verry aggravated case, I fine you \$100.00 and costs. The fine and costs totalled \$130.00, which I paid.

You will notice that the pleasures on the trail were mingled with troubles and hardships. During the spring of 1878 Mr. Ellison engaged me to take a herd to Ogallala, Nebraska. I did not know either the men, the horses or the cattle. All the stock were poor but this was an exceptionally good year, there being plenty of grass and water. I made the trip in good time with all horses and cattle looking fine. When I delivered this herd and was ready to start home Mr. Ellison made me a proposition to take charge of his ranch, to buy cattle through the fall and winter and make preparations for another drive the following spring. This class of work continued with me in the same manner for several years, buying each fall and winter and making the drive after-

ward. My early spring work was to get all the cattle properly branded and start the first herd with the earliest grass and continue to send them each ten or twelve days until the last herd, which I would take myself. The first herds were generally over one-half of their journey before I got started from the ranch.

Many of my readers will remember Mr. Ellison perfectly well, his acquaintance extending entirely over Texas and many other states. I would like to say that he was one of the best men I ever knew, honorable and upright in all his dealings and greatly loved by those who knew him best. Well do I remember his admonition to me when I commenced work; "Bill, do all you can to save my cattle under any and all circumstances and I will protect you with my money to the last, but do not handle cattle belonging to others, I want nothing but my own." I remained with him until he discontinued the cow business. I made nine of these trips over the trail, beginning in 1870 and ending in 1890. I learned to love the work, though many hardships attended each trip. Finally barbed wire came into use, agricultural pursuits became of great interest to the people, and the trail country was closed by farms and pastures.

The successful trail boss or cowboy was happy when he found plenty of grass and water, and prouder still when he would reach the market with his horses and cattle in nice condition. The number of men necessary in handling a herd of 3,000 head of cattle was the boss, eight men with the cattle, a cook, and one man with the horses called the "remuda man," making eleven in the outfit. About 60 horses were furnished to each herd, or six to each man, excepting the cook. The best horse of each mount was selected for his night horse and was used for no other purpose. This horse was supposed to perfectly gentle, easily handled, clear footed, of good sight and to have all qualities of a first class cow horse. His other five horses were used each one-half day until all had been used, then he commenced over again with the same process. A first class new wagon was furnished

each outfit and the same was generally drawn by four mules or two yoke of oxen, mules being preferable. Thirty days' provisions or more could be handled in addition to the bedding, slickers, clothing, etc. belonging to the men. A barrel was placed inside the wagon bed, generally between the wheels, fastened securely and with a faucet running through the bed outside, where water could easily be drawn. One barrel of water could be made to last for two days or more. A box was made into the front part of the bed on the outside and fastened securely for the purpose of carrying different trinkets, which could be used in case of trouble. The chuck box was made into compartments for holding the cooking utensils, a lid was fastened by hinges to the back of the box which could be lowered to make a table for the cook. The most important addition to the wagon was the "cooney" which consisted of a cowhide placed under the wagon loosely and fastened to each side of the wagon securely, making a place to hold the wood for cooking purposes. The cook was furnished all necessary utensils to make his part of the work easy, and better still, was supplied with provisions which would enable him at all times to furnish a good and wholesome meal. Plenty of good chuck brought plenty of good work, and satisfaction among the men. The best cook was paid the best price for his services.

The trail men all dressed in about the same manner, their costume consisting of a substantial suit of clothing, fine Stetson hat, the best shop made boots with high heels, spurs of the best make, red bandana handkerchief for the neck, a good pair of leather leggings, and quirt and a good fish brand slicker. All used splendid saddles and bridles, the bridle bit generally shop or home-made. When diked out in this garb a man was supposed to be ready for all kinds of weather and all kinds of emergencies. The outfit was then worth about \$100.00 but would now easily cost \$250.00.

In Kansas and Nebraska were many nesters and farmers who had taken up claims of land under the laws

of those states were scattered over the whole country, and these people often came to the herd and asked if they might have the calves which were born on the bed grounds, as the drovers generally killed them. On one occasion, one of these fellows came in a two-horse wagon just about dusk. One of the boys met him and claiming to be the boss made a trade with him to the effect that he should stand guard, for which he was to receive any calves that might be found next morning. This fellow was put on first relief and the boy let him remain on guard all night. To the shorthorn's astonishment when daylight came the herd contained nothing but steers. The boys gave him the "horse laugh" and he pulled out for home.

At Ogallala in 1879, I met a man by the name of George Knight. I do not know from what part of Texas he came, but I think he was owner of a herd and drove them in person over the trail. He was a great talker and had much to say about the hardships endured on his trip. Said he was almost killed by hail on one occasion and was only saved by turning his horse loose and putting the saddle over his head. Another time the rain fell in such torrents that he had to swim two miles in making his escape from high waters; again during a severe rain and hail storm accompanied by the most terrific thunder and lightning he decided to turn his herd loose, go to camp and get under the wagon. The storm still raged and he took from his pocket a memorandum book and by the light of his lantern wrote, "George Knight, struck and killed by lightning 20 miles south of Ogallala on July 20, 1879." I would like to hear from Mr. Knight or any of his people at our next reunion should any of them be members of our association.

After my trail work was over I embarked into the ranch business and was quite successful for several years, but drouths came, low prices of cattle and other misfortunes and so this adventure was a financial failure.

During 1892 I became a candidate for sheriff of Hays

county; was elected by a fine majority and held this position for twenty years. Afterwards was marshall of San Marcos and now I find myself postmaster of this place, a position I have held for eight years.

My father was Col. S. D. Jackman of fame in the Confederate army with General Sterling Price and Joe Shelby. He did much recruiting in the state of Missouri, was severely wounded on one of these trips and never entirely recovered. He was born in Kentucky and removed with his father and family at the age of four years to the state of Missouri. He served two terms in the Texas Legislature and was United States Marshal of the Western district of Texas at the time of his death in 1886, at the age of 60 years. He was married in 1848 to Martha R. Slaven of Boon county, Missouri. To this union was given five sons and three daughters. Of this number three sons have passed into the great beyond, leaving Thomas J. and myself, who were the eldest and youngest of that number. Tom is now with our State Ranger force. My mother passed into the great beyond in 1869, and afterwards my father was married to Mrs. Cass Gaines of Hays county. To this union four children were born, two of whom are now living and two have passed away. I was married in 1883 to Miss Lou Green of San Marcos, Texas. To us two sons were given, S. D. and Edwin G., now 32 and 34 years respectively. S. D. Jackman was married to Miss Ceeil Muller of Laredo, Texas, and Edwin G. Jackman to Miss Etta Olds of San Marcos. The former couple have a son 12 years of age called S. D., Junior, and the latter a daughter of three years named Margaret. These children and grandchildren are the pride of our lives and give us much pleasure in our declining years.

MADE SEVERAL TRIPS.

Joe P. Smith, Click, Texas.

I was born in Blanco county, August 10, 1855, nine

miles west of Round Mountain. My first trip up the trail to Kansas was in 1872, when I went with a herd from Cedar Creek, belonging to Monkson. I brought the horses and wagon back to Cedar Creek. Next trip I went with J. R. Blocker to Pine Bluff, Wyoming, in 1877. We turned this herd over to Jim Taylor. The third trip I made with Col. Ike T. Pryor's herd to Dodge City, Kansas, in 1882. In 1886 I took a herd for Crosby & Gallagher from Mason, Texas, to the western part of Colorado. In 1887 M. B. McKnight, myself and others took a herd to Vernon, Texas, and sold them. I have worked with cattle since I reached the age of nine years, up to 1911, when I purchased a store at Click, 18 miles southeast of Llano, and besides being engaged in the mercantile business I am also the village postmaster.

RELATES INCIDENTS OF MANY DRIVES

William Baxter Slaughter, San Antonio, Texas

My parents, Sarah Jane and Rev. George Webb Slaughter, a Baptist minister, came from Alabama in 1830, crossed the Sabine river, settling in what was then Mexican Territory, Coahuila, now Texas. The Mexican government at that time was enforcing in such tyrannous manner the regulations of adherence to the Catholic church that armed resistance was made by the settlers and my father, then a young man, joined in the resistance. He was closely connected, with the Independence of Texas from that time on, a full account of which is recorded in John Henry Brown's History of Texas.

My parents moved from Sabine county to Freestone county in 1850 and settled near the old town of Butler, at which place I was born in 1852. In 1857 my father moved to Palo Pinto county and engaged in the cattle business. In 1861 he moved part of his cattle into Young county, Texas, and during the Civil War furnished the Tonkaway Indians with beef under a contract with the Confederate government. An older brother,

J. B. Slaughter, now of Post, Texas, and I with our father gathered the steers each week and delivered them at the Agency. This was continued until the close of the Civil War and two of my older brothers, Colonel C. C. Slaughter and P. E. Slaughter, were rangers under Captain Jack Cureton, grandfather of the now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Texas.

Upon return of my oldest brother, Colonel C. C. Slaughter, we found the Confederate money received in payment for the cattle furnished to the government for the Indians during the Civil War had no value. It was turned over to the children attending the school to use as thumb paper for the old Blue Back Spellers of those days. Hence we had no money, but plenty of cattle and Colonel Slaughter suggested to my father that we gather a herd of steers and drive to Shreveport, Louisiana, and ship to New Orleans in order to get ready cash. In the fall of 1867, my father, my oldest brother, and myself, with three other hands, left Palo Pinto with 900 steers, our destination being Shreveport, Louisiana. When we reached Rockwall county, we met Colonel T. H. Johnson, who had made a contract to deliver 1500 steers at a small packing plant just east of Jefferson, Texas, situated on a little bayou. With the 600 head of steers he had gathered and the 900 we had, it was possible to complete the contract. The time for delivery was short and a trade was made with him. My brother, Colonel C. C. Slaughter, and Mr. Johnson left in a buggy for Jefferson immediately after closing the trade, being followed up with a herd of 1500 steers in charge of my father. As soon as we struck the piney woods we would place the herds in the fields over night in order to get crop grass for them and the rainy season being on we were continually having to pull them out of the quicksand in the mornings. When we arrived at the packery we held the cattle there about two weeks until they were all killed. My father received \$24,300 gold, or \$27 per head, for the steers and we immediately went back to Jefferson and loaded the wagon with merchandise, in-

cluding some oranges, the first I ever saw. He bought a pair of old fashioned saddle bags and packed \$20,000 in gold and put it across the rear of my saddle. I rode the poney with the gold back to Palo Pinto. This was the first drive I ever made.

In 1869 I went with a herd of cattle to Abilene, Kansas, my brother, P. E. Slaughter, being in charge. We crossed the Red River at the old Gaines crossing about 15 miles north of Gainesville, Texas, and went on by what is known as the Old Love Ranch, in the Indian Territory and then turned northwest, keeping on the south side of Paul's Valley, on the Washita river, crossing at Washita Springs and on through Indian territory, entering Kansas on Bluff Creek where Caldwell, Kansas is now situated. Then we went on north across the Arkansas river where Wickita is now located. I remember an old fat merchant by the name of McClain who had a store made of cottonwood logs on the south side of the river with the sign to the south reading, "The First Chance" and the one to the north, "The Last Chance" to get supplies. We crossed the broad prairies from there to Abilene. This herd of cattle was sold to Lem Hunter of Illinois, by my brother, Colonel C. C. Slaughter.

The third drive was in 1870. I went this time as foreman, with a herd of 1800 head of steers which was turned over to me on the head of Bear Creek, now known as the Corn Ranch in Parker county. I went over the same route as we had gone the year before, everything moving nicely until I came to the Red Fork of the Arkansas River, where I came in contact with the Little Osage Indians, who were out under a permit from the agent of the Little Osages Agency, telling what a fine civilized tribe they were and saying that they would harm no one. Their only object was to kill some buffalo and deer. They played havoc with W. B. Grimes' herd which was just ahead of me. Two of Grimes' cowboys who had quit were returning to Texas gave me the information that if I went on I would lose my herd, and advising me to change my routing. This herd had been contracted to Lem Hun-

ter of Illinois, Jack Gillespie, and Billy Rogers of Kansas City, and I knew that I could not turn back and get them to Abilene in time to comply with the contract, as there was a forfeit with the Chick Bank at Kansas City of \$10,000 by Hunter and his associates and a like amount by my brother, that the herd would reach Abilene on time specified by the contract. As the cattle had been sold for \$35.00 per head, a fancy price in those days, I made up my mind to follow the instructions I had always received from my father to never turn back or to think of the bridge that I was to cross until I came to it—and then go over.

Being familiar with the habits off the Tonkaway Indians,, to whom my father had supplied beef during the Civil War, I knew what they admired. I had one cowboy who had what we call a "desperado" or "Mexican sash." It was made of silk, about six feet long, three to four feet wide, very gaudy, each end having silk tassels, I also had three bandana handkerchiefs, two red and one blue. I made up my mind this was the bridge that would get me by, if I came in contact with the Indians, as stated by Grimes' two cowboys. The next day when



Indians Meeting Cowmen on the Trail.

Courtesy Book of Cowboys

we reached the south side of Red Fork, and where now the city of Kingfisher is now located, I found the statements made by these cowboys were true. I discovered the village made by the Indians; it was a city of tepees made out of buffalo hides which had been thoroughly dressed and smoked. As soon as we discovered them, we halted and had our dinner. The herd had not been watered and could not get to the river, as the high bluffs on the south side were impassable and extended up to where we were to cross the river. I instructed the cook to separate some flour, coffee and bacon, enough for three meals, and cache it in the cowhide stretched under the wagon, where we used to carry the old Dutch oven, camp kettle and the wood, picked up along the trail. I told the cook if the Indians came up and asked for flour, bacon and coffee, to throw out all the bedding and let them have it. We looked and saw about thirty Indians coming. The chuck wagon was in the rear of the herd and the horses in front, leading the herd. The chief, asked for the foreman and I told him I had charge of the herd. He had three squaws with him. He had his Indian war paint on, and had a shield fastened to the back of his hair, ornamented with all kinds of feathers which extended about ten feet back, and two of the squaws were riding in the rear of the chief holding his head gear to keep it from dragging on the ground. The chief called for flour, bacon, sugar and coffee and the cook threw it out on the ground and it was put on a pony and two of the Indians returned to the village with it. The Indians immediately commenced whipping the cowboys' horses but I had told the cowboys to pay no attention to this. About this time the wind commenced blowing from the south and my herd could smell the Indians and I saw they were getting very restless, I said to myself, "Now is the time to cross the bridge." I pulled out the desperado sash and the three handkerchiefs which I had hid in the bosom of my cowboy shirt, spread the sash over the chief, handed each one of the three squaws the handkerchiefs and you would have thought

I was a little god for a little while, for they had a great talk in their own language, making much of me. This gave a chance for the herd to get to the crossing and as the front cattle were following the horses across, we rushed up behind the rear cattle and the scent of the Indians made them cross quickly. They demanded beef so I cut out three large steers that had sore feet, caused by wet weather. They had these steers killed in less time than I can say it and took the hide off and went into the little manifold or maw, scraped the grass back off of it and ate it raw while it was warm. But I could not understand why they wanted beef while there were thousands of buffalo in sight. When the herd was across the river, they bantered us for horse races. I had eight of the horses brought back to the south side of the river, myself and two of my cowboys ran races with them all that afternoon. I had about \$30 in silver and they had some very handsome dressed buffalo hides, I would put up about \$2.00 or \$3.00 against those beautiful hides, and allowed them to use their warriors as judges—and they were honest. When I won they gave hides up and when they won I gave them the money. I had about five hides when the sun was about down. I sent all the horses except the one I was riding and the cowboys were riding across the river and put up the \$20.00 I had on the last race and instructed the boy that was going to run it, as he was riding the best horse I had, to jockey with them about fifteen minutes after I left, before running and turn the horse loose and he would be across the river before they knew it, directing him that when he crossed the river to turn to the left and follow the big hollow up to the high hills and I would wait there, which he did. The Indians shot at him several times but I think only to scare him. I had "crossed the bridge" with the Mexican sash. It saved my herd I feel sure.

We turned west at the point of the Blackjacks, ten miles north of Red Fork, and camped between two deep bluff hollows that night and did not unstop the bells on the oxen. Early next morning we pulled the herd across

to the west side of Turkey Creek and kept up Turkey Creek on the west side which runs due north until we came to Sewall Branch Supply Station where we secured enough supplies to carry us to Bluff Creek where Capt. Stone had a large store. All of the old trail men knew Capt. Stone, who in the later years was one of the great buyers for our Texas cattle, when they reached Kansas. We had no more trouble and reached Holland Creek, near Abilene, three days before the expiration of the contract for the delivery of the cattle.

As soon as we reached Holland Creek my cowboys all wanted to go to Abilene, I divided them into squads and picked up two straws, one long and one short, and informed them that the ones that got the long straw would be allowed twenty-four hours in Abilene, when they would return and let the others go. The young man, Wash Wolf, who furnished me the sash that saved my herd, was in the first squad and never returned. He immediately got on a spree on arriving in Abilene and was killed in a dance hall there and I saw him no more. The herd was delivered and I received instructions from my brother to return to the Young county ranch with the outfit.

My fourth drive was in 1871, I had charge of the herd as in the previous year. I went from Young county where Graham is now situated, through Lost Valley, known as the old J. C. Loving ranch, on due north by Buffalo Springs, out by Victoria Peak, where Stephens & Worshan had a cattle ranch, about 20 miles north to the upper sand timbers. It commenced raining, about the time to bed the herd. We noticed northeast of us in another grove of timber a fire which later proved to be a band of Indians. Our herd stampeded that night. Next morning we counted the herd and found we were short 200 cattle. We soon found the trail which went southwest about two miles and split into two parts, part of them going south and part going west. Myself and another man followed the trail south about ten miles and found part of the cattle and brought them back to the

main herd. We waited on the other two men to return until the next morning and as they did not return we went to where the cattle had separated and took the trail of the two horses, following the ones that went west about eight miles and found the two men had been murdered by the Indians, scalped and their bodies badly mutilated. We buried them there and returned to our herd and moved rapidly until we reached Red River Station, getting on the old Chisholm trail.

In 1872 I went the same route but stopped the herd twenty-five miles south of Wichita and held them there until they were sold, which was in August. I had instructions to return to the Jack county ranch, on what is now known as Dillingham Prairies, and receive a herd of cattle from J. C. Loving and Charlie Rivers, a brother-in-law.

Charles Rivers, a son-in-law of Oliver C. Loving, learned the business under his father-in-law, who had made two or three trips with Loving by the way of Ft. Sumner in New Mexico. The day I commenced receiving the cattle from Loving and Rivers on Dillingham Prairie, we tallied out part of the herd and Mr. Loving waited for the arrival of Mr. Rivers for enough cattle to fill this contract. Mr. Rivers was on his way from Lost Valley to Dillingham Prairie. He arrived that evening and the cattle were penned and he made his camp nearby and guarded his horses. The Indians made a raid on the horses and in trying to protect them Charlie Rivers was shot, from which wound he later died at Weatherford, Texas.

In 1873 I drove a herd for my father to the head of Fall River. That spring in February I stopped at Ft. Worth several days and made a trade with E. M. (Bud) Dagget and Jake Farmer for a herd of young steers on my own account, as I had saved considerable money and my father endorsed for me at the First National Bank at Emporia, Kansas, for an additional amount to pay for the herd. As soon as the herd I went up with in the spring was turned over I immediately returned to Fort Worth and received this herd from Dagget and Farmer and drove them on the same route as I went before until I reached

Chiloché Creek, south of the Arkansas river, and went due east to the mouth of Grouse Creek on the Arkansas river and wintered this herd there. Next spring they were carried to Verdegrés River, Greenwood county, where Mr. Martindale had a large ranch. I sold this herd to him and returned to Texas.

In 1874 I drove a herd from Elm Creek, Young county, to Dodge City, Kansas, and sold them to a Mr. Rob who represented one of the packing houses at Kansas City. I returned to Texas in 1875, bought a herd of cattle from John Gamel and Christy Crosby of Mason, Texas. I had a letter of credit from the City National Bank of Dallas, but they would not take checks, which forced me to go to San Antonio and get \$15,000 in currency from Mr. Brackenridge, which I carried back to Mason to pay for this herd of cattle, traveling only at night until I got the money in Mr. Ranek's bank at Mason. I drove this herd to Jack county and returned and bought another herd from Charlie Lemburg of Llano county. Colonel I. T. Pryord, now of San Antonio, was his foreman at that time. I carried them to Jack county and wintered them there. In the spring of 1876 I drove one part of these cattle to Dodge City, Kansas, and sold to J. L. Driskell & Sons who had a ranch; but his home was at Austin, Texas.

In 1877 I drove a herd to Dodge City again and also my brother, Colonel C. C. Slaughter,, drove two herds there and we sold the three herds to Hunter, Evans & Newman, who had secured the contract to furnish beef to the Indians in the Territory. I delivered this herd at Fort Reno,, to Jesse Evans, who had charge of the outfit.

In 1879 I drove a herd of steers from Blanco Canyon, Crosby county, to Honey Well, Kansas, and sold to Hewens & Titus, who were heavy buyers for good Texas steers. That year I got my first experience on the Texas fever proposition. Striking the trail at Rush Creek, east of Ft. Sill, following it for five days I saw that something was the matter with some of my steers, and I threw them east of the trail. I had been skeptic up to this time on Texas fever but the loss of steers sustained on this drive

fully convinced me that there was such a thing as Texas fever.

In 1881 I drove two herds of steers from Palo Pinto county, to Caldwell, Kansas, sold one herd to A. Golson, a hotel man at Caldwell and the other to Barbecue Campbell.

In 1882 I drove a herd to Trail City, Colorado, on the Arkansas River and sold to Jones Bros. of Los Animas, Colorado. In 1883 I moved two herds of stock cattle from Crosby county, Texas, to American Valley, Socorro county, in the western part of New Mexico. In 1885 I drove a herd of steers from Socorro county, New Mexico, to Laramie Plains on the Laramie River, just west of Laramie City, Wyoming. This was the hardest drive I think I ever made.

In 1886 I drove a herd from Blanco Canyon, Crosby county, Texas to Chino Valley, near Prescott, Arizona. In 1887 I drove a herd from Socorro to Laramie Plains, Wyoming, onto Crow Creek and sold them in small lots. They were shipped out over the Rock Island Railroad to Nebraska. In 1889 I moved two herds, one from New Mexico and one from Panhandle of Texas, to Malta, Valley county, Montana, situated on Milk River. In 1890 I drove a herd from Clayton, New Mexico, to the Cypress Hills on the south line of Canada.

In 1901 I carried a herd from Clifton, Arizona, to Liberal, Kansas. My wife was with me on the trail this time.

During all this time I had moved many herds in Texas from one part of the state to the other and also in New Mexico. My last drive and the only one of its kind so far as I know by anyone, when I moved 104 buffalo from Dalhart, Dallam county, Texas to Fort Garland, Colorado. I had no trouble with this herd of buffalo—as I had with herds of cattle. They had become domesticated by feeding them cotton seed cake and each night I would move them about one-fourth of a mile north of where I located my camp and about dark gave them about 50 pounds of cake. They would consume the cake and lay down until

about midnight and get up to graze on the buffalo grass and lick up what waste cake was left and bed down until daylight next morning, at which time I would be up, (for I had an alarm clock) and head them on north. One of the large buffalo bulls became vicious when we reached Fort Garland. We killed him and sent him by express back to Pueblo, Colorado, where he was held in cold storage twenty-one days. The State Bankers of Colorado met with the Bankers of Pueblo that year and he was barbecued and served to them.

A PIONEER MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE

Mrs. Mary Kate Cruze, R. F. D. Box 178, San Antonio, Tex

I was born October 21, 1849 in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, daughter of Peyton and Mary Cox. My father died in



Mrs. M. K. Cruze



J. S. Cruze

1850 and in 1851 mother married Mr. Albert Heaton from Washington, Maine. He was a kind and just step-father. He took mother and her two children to Pattersonville, La., where he had a good home.

Then we moved to Franklin, La., mother and father going overland in the buggy, while the old negro nurse

and we children, with the household goods and my old cat went on steamboat. We settled near the bayou and father established a cooper shop and wharf where boats came and loaded with his product of barrels, casks, etc. He had nine men working in his shop, when a terrific scourge of yellow fever swept over Louisiana and when the fever abated there was only one man left out of the nine. Whole families died. Mother and father both had the fever, though somehow we children escaped. My father never went into his shop again because he imagined he could see and hear his men working as he had seen them last. He sold the cooperage and engaged in the hotel business, though at one time he was judge of St. Mary parish. He had heard so much about the "great state of Texas" that he finally decided to cast his lot in this land of promise, so in 1856, in company with two friends, Messrs. Cooper and Smith, he set out on horseback for the Lone Star State. Cooper and Smith located at Austin but father went on to Hays county, where he bought land in the new town of Cannonville, owned and sponsored by Mr. Rufus Cannon and later run against San Marcos for the county seat. Father wrote glowing letters to Mother, telling of the wonderland he had found, of the trees, flowers, knee high grass and abundance of crystal clear water. There was a gushing spring at the corner of the lot he planned to build our house on and he urged Mother to pack up and come as soon as possible. On June 27, 1856, Mother's twenty-seventh birthday, she started to Texas, via New Orleans with her four children, Charles, the eldest aged nine years, my self seven, and two half brothers, Albert and William Heaton, aged four and two years respectively. I will never forget the sea voyage on the "Charles Morgan" from New Orleans to Galveston with its sea-sickness and seemingly never-ending smell of tar and rope. The overland journey to Austin was made by stage coach and there we stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who lived in a double log house on Congress Ave.

Father came to Austin a day or two after we arrived and we were overjoyed to see him. The next day Father

hitched up the oxen "Lion" and "Berry" to a big covered wagon and we left our kind Louisiana friends for a wilderness and strangers. We children enjoyed each step of the journey, as we would get out of the wagon, gather flowers, shells and all kinds of pretty rocks, wondering the while if we would ever reach "Cannonville." If I remember rightly there was only one house that could be seen from the road in the two days that it took to make the twenty-five miles, as the oxen never went faster than a walk. Cannonville was situated about three miles south of where the village of Dripping Springs now stands. We lived three months with the Cannon family before our house, was finished. We carried water from Onion Creek a mile distant. We had many hardships. The crops were almost failures and to make our troubles worse, our good friend, Mr. Cannon died.

There were only three houses ever built in Cannonville. Mr. Newton Jackson of Austin, built one, a Mr. Sehropshire one, and Father the other one. Then Mrs. Cannon refused to give deeds to the land her husband sold. The election for county seat was held and "Cannonville" lost and "Cannonville" died a natural death. Mrs. Cannon, her children and an old negro "Mammy" moved to Bastrop and we moved into their home on account of it having a good well of water. A post office was established and Father was appointed post-master of "Cannonville." The mail, which was carried on horseback, came from Austin and it was a great day when it arrived, as people came for miles for the occasion. Meantime Father tried farming but a late frost came, followed by grasshoppers and a disastrous drouth which it seemed would put an end to everything. But the people were undaunted. The men hitched their oxen to the great lumbering ox-wagons and set out for Port Lavaca or Indianola to purchase supplies. People are grumbling about today's high prices but who among them has seen flour sell for \$25.00 a barrel, corn meal at \$3.00 a bushel and everything else in proportion? I never knew flour being cheaper than \$16 or \$18 a barrel until after I was grown.

We had no church or school and the mothers taught their children. The most popular school books of those days were the "Bluebacked Speller" "McGuffey's Reader," "Ray's Arithmetic" and "Webster's School Dictionary." A popular punishment for misconduct during our lesson hours was to have us memorize an entire page of the dictionary. Father read a chapter from the New Testament each night and Mother heard our prayers. Mother had a beautiful voice and often sang hymns to us. We were a happy family indeed.

Reverend Johnson of Blanco City was circuit-rider for our district. He came each fourth Sunday to preach to our neighborhood and held meetings in some neighbor's house. Everyone within a radius of ten miles attended and if too far to walk, Father hitched, "Lion" and "Berry" to the ox-wagon and took us in style. Occasionally Rev. Johnson would bring with him his wife and little daughter, Mary Kate, whose name was the same as my own. We were great friends as long as she lived.

Our nearest neighbors were families named Wallace, Moss, Perry, and Dr. J. M. Pound, who was our family physician for thirty years. Mother belonged to the Good Samaritans and the Episcopal church, though later she united with the Christian church. Father was a Royal Arch Mason and though he did not belong to any church, he was a just man. The Ten Commandments were his creed.

In 1860 we moved from Cannonville to Jacob's Well, on Cypress creek, where Father contracted to take care of a herd of cattle owned by John Meeks and sons of Weberville, but knowing nothing about handling stock he gave it up and moved to the Blanco River, about twelve miles from San Marcos, where he farmed, made shingles and shoes. A neighbor, Mr. W. A. Leath had a tan-yard and made very good leather. We still had no schools so Father built a cypress-slab school house, where Mother taught her own and the neighbor's children. In 1861 and 1862, I attended a boarding school in San Marcos,, which was then only a small village. My teacher

was Prof. T. L. Lyons.

When the war between the states broke out, Mother had a hand loom and spinning wheel made, on which she spun and wove most of our clothing. I felt dressed up in my homespun dress and Father's home-made shoes. We knitted our stockings and gloves and braided our hats of wheat-straw or corn husks.

There was a little settlement below us on the Blanco river called "Arkansaw" and three or four men from there were forced to go to war. One morning we were startled to see a detachment of soldiers drawn up before our house. The commander explained that they were hunting three men from "Arkansaw" who had deserted the army and asked Father to be on the lookout for them, naming a place where he might report in case they were seen in that locality. He asked if he might have some bread baked. Mother and I went to work in a hurry and soon had 100 biscuits done, to which we added all the butter we had on hand. The commander was delighted and insisted that we accept pay, but we refused. The soldiers marched away after repeating their request for Father to be on the lookout for "Jap" Brown, "Little John" Pierce and Harris, the deserters. These men were never found, though they were hunted from time to time throughout the war and we learned later that they had lived in caves a short distance from their homes. After the war they came out of hiding, though no one outside the little colony knew where they had been. A sister-in-law of Jap Brown told me of the many narrow escapes he had while in hiding. Apparently Mrs. Brown was a very industrious woman and the neighbors wondered how she wove more cloth, raised better crops and more hogs than anyone. When a soldier left for the front, Mrs. Brown invariably donated socks and gloves, did sewing or any other useful favor that she could do.

Father and Brother Charlie went to war, as did my "best friend and schoolmate" and I had an anxious time thinking of my loved ones, though they all came home safe and sound. Great was the rejoicing from then on

and balls, picnics and many kinds of amusements took the place of our sad lonely hours. Many were the weddings that followed, for few indeed were the boys who had not left their girls behind them.

On July 24, 1865, I was married to Joseph S. Cruze at my father's place on the Blanco river. Though I was not yet sixteen and my husband lacked three days of being twenty, we felt full grown and far from children. We had lived through many trials and tribulations, we felt that we had missed our childhood.

Father was a magistrate in our precinct for several years before and after the war, also was elected assessor several terms. Then he moved to San Marcos and was appointed postmaster, his health failed and he moved to Pearsall. In 188 he came to visit us on our ranch where he took sick and died. We laid him to rest in the Leath graveyard on the Blanco river, beside his little daughter who died in infancy. Mother died in Dallas, January 1897.

In the first years of our married life we had hard times. We moved to Bastrop county where Mr. Thomas McKinney had a saw-mill on the Colorado river and my husband contracted to haul the lumber to Austin. McKinney agreed to furnish ten wagons and teams, but he let him have only two. It was well for the mill broke down, Mr. George Maverick, the mill foreman took sick, likewise my husband and I, with chills and fever, so we moved back to the mountains in Hays county. We had no home so we moved into a little vacant shanty that some one had built near a small spring that my husband had found when he was a little boy. The house had neither floor nor chimney and was chinked with mud which fell in on us when it rained. Mr. Cruze soon built a chimney and floored the house and we lived there for four years and were happy as larks.

We made several trips to Port Lavaca, likewise he had all the pleasure and hardships of cow hunts. I know I have baked a thousand biscuits for his trips. The time he spent on the trail seemed very long to me, as I stayed

at home, took care of the babies and the place. He had the same experiences that most trail drivers had, swimming swollen streams, thunder and lightning, stampedes, etc., but came out uninjured. He used a pack horse to carry his bedding and provisions and sometimes he would pack the old horse so heavily that he would sit down and had to be helped up. Once when he had gone about two miles from home the pack turned under the old horse and he ran away, kicked the pack to pieces and scattered biscuits for a mile. Later he made a big "KYAX" as he called it, somewhat on the order of the old saddle bags, but very commodious, then he bought a real pack-saddle and had no more mishaps with his kitchen outfit.

In 1868, two cattlemen hired him to help round up a herd of cattle near the Perdenales river. He worked a month at two dollars a day and when the work was done, neither man would pay him. Mr. Cruze also made two trips to Kansas over the Chisholm trail and of all the men he associated with on these trips and cow hunts, my half brother, Albert Heaton, of Del Rio, is the only man now living that we know of. On his last trip to Kansas his main helper was Adam Rector, a negro boy who could ride and rope with the best. One morning he and Adam were leading the herd when suddenly he saw the negro wheel and come tearing by him shouting, "Indians! Indians!" and in spite of his yells, Adam kept going to the rear of the herd. He knew that it was poor time to run so he stood his ground. Soon the Indians came up to him looking very savage, and one of them made a grab for his quirt. Instantly he grabbed the Indian's, the strings slipped off each wrist and they had traded quirts. Then they began a guttural demand for beef. He motioned to the rear of the herd and they went on until they found the boss, who gave them a yearling.

Mr. Cruze drove his own cattle and made wages besides which was more money than we ever had before and wisely did not waste any of it. He bought two "Kansas" wagons, as they were called, complete with sheets, bows, etc., a Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine, a set of moss-

agate jewelry, a side saddle, bridle, blanket, riding skirt and a fine pacing pony, which would go only as far as he liked, then turn around and go home in spite of me. He bought and established the "Cruze Ranch" where we lived for fifty years. In 1917 we sold it to our son, Joe S. Cruze, Jr., who has made it his home.

Our oldest son, Albert, lives in Houston, Will in Travis county and John in California, while two daughters, Margaret and Mrs. Addie Harlan and her son, Forrest live with us. Our youngest daughter, Mrs. Nell Curry, lives in Floresville. We have eight grandchildren, including twin baby girls, slightly more than a month old. We are well satisfied in our new home, Los Angeles Heights, San Antonio, and we are never so happy as when our children or some old friend comes to see us, for as ever the latch string hangs on the outside.

A COWBOY UNDERTAKER

W. K. Shipman, San Antonio, Texas

I was born in Caldwell county in 1864. My father was one of the first settlers of that county. In 1882, with my



W. K. Shipman

younger brother, Joe Shipman, I began work for John Davidson, who then ranched on the Jim Ned, near Coleman City. About May 1st of that year we received 1400 yearlings at Brady, drove them to the enough to make 3160 head enough to make 3160 head, and started them up the trail. On the way two of our hands, one called "Short" from Oak Grove, and the other we called

"Stumpy," got into a fight and "Stumpy" was badly

wounded. We hauled him to Fort Griffin and left him there. I do not know if he ever recovered. We went up the Western Trail, by way of Vernon on Pease River, Doan's Store on Red River. We got along with the Indians pretty well by giving them a yearling now and then. As we neared Dodge City Mr. Davidson came out to meet us, and told us we would have to hold them for a few days. Later we moved on to Ogallala, Nebraska, where the cattle were sold. I started on the trip as a hand, but got to be boss before we reached Dodge City, and drew \$100 per month for wages.

In the fall of the same year we took another herd up into the Indian Territory and delivered them to a ranch just south of Camp Supply. Brother Joe and I came back home to Coreyell county and got a job building rock fences. I went to all of the dances and neck lickings in the country while I tarried there, but in the spring I went west again and took another trip up the trail for John Davidson. Sold out at Dodge City, Kansas. In July, 1883, my brother, Joe was killed by a horse falling on him. In the spring of 1884 Mr. Davidson employed me to take charge of his ranch near Fort Stockton. Everything was dry that year and many cattle died. Later I went to New Mexico and worked on the V-V ranch near Fort Stanton until 1887, when wages were cut and I drifted back to Texas, going up to McKinney, in Collin county, where I took a position in a marble yard, and kept it until July, 1889, then went to Brownwood and opened a marble yard of my own, which I managed until 1900, when I sold out and went to San Angelo and started another marble yard, later putting in a branch business at Sweewater. I was successful in this line of work, and in course of time I added undertaking as a side line to my business, taking up the study of embalming and in 1905 I went before the board of examiners, and successfully passed the examination and became a licensed embalmer. In 1910 I moved to Del Rio and bought an undertaking business, added real estate business as a side line, and remained there until 1919, when I sold out and moved to San An-

tonio and purchased 500 acres of land on the Blanco road, ten miles north of the city, where I am now living.

CAPTURED THREE THOUSAND QUARTS

Captain W. L. Wright is one of the present efficient ranger captains stationed along the border. The illustration herewith shows a pack train loaded with tequila which Captain Wright and his men captured on the Jim Gibson ranch, fifteen miles northwest of Realitos, Duval County, November 22, 1921. Captain Wright says:

"We captured thirty-seven head of horses and mules with 3,000 quart of tequila, and had a fight with the Mexicans, wounding several, and some got away. We had trailed them seventy-five miles, and overtook them about two miles from Jim Gibson's ranch house. Old man Jim took this picture himself. When the rucus started Jim was out hunting and was about 150 yards from us sitting down, and when the shooting began he went in high, and when we reached the ranch he had his remuda in the pen and was catching a horse to come to us. There were sixteen smugglers, while I had eight men in my command."



Top Row—Pack Animals and 3,000 Quarts Tequila.

Bottom Row—Capt. W. L. Wright's Rangers.

WOULD LIKE TO GO AGAIN.

Webster Witter, Beeville, Texas

In 1884 I went on the trail for M. A. Withers of Lockhart. We left the Teague ranch in LaSalle county about the first of April with 4300 aged steers for Ogallala, Nebraska. Gus Withers, a real man, was our trail boss. That spring was a wet one, and besides having to swim swollen streams and contend with stampedes and thunder storms, we experienced a siege of Spanish itch and pink-eye. In the quicksands of the North Canadian River we lost two horses, and the Indians were very troublesome. I remember when we went out the Nueces Canyon we crossed the Nueces river twenty-eight times in forty miles, and our cattle became tender-footed from the rocks and crossing water so much. But despite the hardships and trouble on the trail I would like to go again. I believe S. B. Brite

of Taylorsville. M. A. Withers of Lockhart and myself are the only ones left who made this drive. I am now fifty-three years old, and as strong as any man in the state for my age I have traveled in every state in the Union with a Wild West show as an expert roper.

I am always pleased to meet up with the old boys of those good old days, to swap yarns with them and recount experiences of the time when a forty dollar saddle and a ten dollar boss was a combination that was hard to beat.



Webster Witter.

In the language of Rip Van Winkle, "Here's to your good

health, and your family's good health, and may you all live long and prosper."

MY EXPERIENCE ON THE TRAIL

Mrs. W. B. Slaughter, San Antonio, Texas

My experience on the cattle trail was with a herd of 1500 cattle in charge of my husband. We left Fort Sumner, New Mexico, May 25, 1896, and arrived at Liberal, Kansas, on the Rock Island railroad, July 25th, following. We cross the Canadian river at old Fort Bascom, New Mexico, and had to swim it. My duty on this trip was to hunt the watering places, and also the camp grounds for the herd at night, and to assist the young man (George Longan, who is now assistant editor of the Kansas City Star) to catch the change of horses for morning, noon and night. I also had to see that the man who drove the trail wagon had plenty of wood with which to cook the meals and have them ready at a certain time. When we arrived



Mrs. W. B. Slaughter

near Clayton, New Mexico, my husband, Mr. Longan, and myself, went across to Springer, New Mexico, and received 250 cattle which we drove back to the main herd at Clayton. I had a large Hines buggy which I used on this trip. When we left Clayton we traveled along the north line of Texas, as the Capitol Freehold Land & Cattle had all of Texas fenced for about fifty miles north

and east. We went across to where the city of Guyman is now located, as the Rock Island railroad was built only as far as Liberal, Kansas, at that time. I really enjoyed every minute of the drive, for the weather was fine, and

everything moved along nicely. When we reached Liberal a few cars of the cattle were shipped to the Kansas City market. I took the passenger train and went to Kansas City. All of the country we came over was unsettled at that time.

ED C. LASATER

Ed C. Lasater, well known throughout the United States as owner of the largest Jersey-cattle farm in the world, is a native Texan, and owns a ranch of three hundred thousand acres. The following sketch was taken from the National Magazine, issue of February, 1920:



Ed C. Lasater.

Ed Lasater was born near the little town of Goliad, Texas, just a little more than fifty years ago. His father was a ranchman who moved to Texas before the Civil War, when Texas was an open range. Losing his cattle interests during the re-adjustment period the senior Lasater engaged in the mercantile business at Goliad, immediately across the San An-

tonio River where the battle of La Bahia was fought and where the subsequent massacre of Fannin's men took place. Young Lasater grew up in an atmosphere of independence and with love for freedom. The wide open range of the prairies afforded him time to think, so he decided to become a lawyer. A suggestion of future ill-health caused him to abandon his studies and he engaged in the sheep business with his father. A little later, he was called to assume charge of his father's herd; and with Mexican sheep-herders for his assistants and companions he began his career as a sheep

raiser which continued up until the passage of the Wilson bill and wool was put on the free list, killing the industry for many years.

We next find Ed Lasater operating on a large scale as a cattle buyer, though still a very young man but with fine personal credit. He would buy cattle from the Texas ranchmen and ship to Chicago markets, but all the time he was making a close study of grazing lands which had, at one time, been so valuable for sheep raising. During the panic of 1893, Mr. Lasater had bought heavily of Texas cattle; in fact he had nearly 30,000 head on hand. A drouth hit Texas and the cattle could not winter on the range. It was necessary to feed them through the winter; then the bottom dropped out of the cattle business and fat steers sold for \$2.70 a hundred on the Chicago market, and Ed Lasater was \$130,000 loser on his cattle—he lost everything he had except his credit, and says himself that all he has accumulated since his failure has been done as a result of his financial disaster. He kept his contracts, paid for all the cattle that he bought, and accepted his loss. About this time, something happened in Lasater's favor. Practically all the land was owned by Mexicans through grants from the Spanish and Mexican governments. In 1893, the great drouth year, the ranchmen lost all their cattle, and the cry for water went up everywhere. The Mexicans depended upon shallow wells which were no more than trenches; and while they were no worse off than Lasater who had lost all his cattle, he had one thing they did not have—credit, and confidence in his ability to provide an adequate water supply. He investigated the situation, and found that the English companies which had been lending money to the Mexican grantees desired to have the land worked or otherwise utilized. He knew the lands, and what they would produce, provided the water supply was assured, and was enough of an engineer to ascertain that by making the wells deeper and installing pumps he could have an unlimited supply. He put up his proposition to some bankers who knew his ability and honesty. With this assistance, he contracted

for 30,000 head of cattle to be delivered the following spring. At the same time, he began buying up all the land he could get from the descendants of the Mexican grantees, making small cash payments, the balance on long time which was handled through loan companies. He had faith in the country. The water was there, all the time, and its lack was due to the inefficient methods of the Mexicans. In time, Mr. Lasater became owner of 360,000 acres in Duval, Brooks and Willacy counties, comprising now the Lasater ranch, known as "La Mota," at Falfurrias. "Falfurrias" (the name given by the Lipan Indians to a tree-crested motte or knoll and translated means "Hearts Desire") is a prosperous and thriving little town of 2,500 people, many of them Mexicans. Before the coming of the railroad in 1906 it was a cattle ranch less than 200 people occupying the adjacent 400,000 acres. Now it has modern schools, churches, city conveniences, an empty jail, the finest creamery in the South and many modern homes. The palm trees and orange groves and balmy atmosphere strongly suggest California. But this was far from the condition of the country a few years ago when Ed Lasater first dreamed of establishing a great dairying industry and the largest and finest herd of pure bred Jerseys in the world.

Since 1906 Mr. Lasater has sold to actual settlers and farmers 60,000 acres of his original ranch tract of 360,000 acres. This would probably represent five hundred families, or 2,500 people—thrifty and industrious farmers from Iowa, Kansas, Texas, Nebraska, Indiana and other states. Practically all of the ranch land adjoining or near the town of Falfurrias is suitable and capable of maintaining a large population.

THE PLUCK OF A POOR GERMAN BOY.

B. Vesper, Big Wells, Texas

I was born in Germany in 1845, on a farm. My father died when I was seven years old, and I was reared by a

good mother. I served as an apprentice in the blacksmith trade for three years, working for my board, and would walk home, a distance of six miles every Sunday. In 1868, when I was 23 years old, I left Germany and came to America, landing in New York, where I took an immigrant train for Leavenworth, Kansas. There I found some former friends, and I secured a job hauling brick in a wheelbarrow at one dollar per day. I soon gave that up and went to work in a sawmill, but that didn't suit me either, so I accepted a position in a livery stable, washing buggies and caring for 14 horses and 14 sets of harness. During this time I made the acquaintance of Herbert Peck, a coachman for H. L. Newman of Leavenworth, and he secured me a position with Mr. Newman's brother-in-law, a Mr. Moorehead. I served Mr. Moorehead from 1868 until 1870, receiving \$30 per month and board, and was treated well by the family. While working there I met George Lang, who had a butcher shop in Leavenworth, and he invited me to go with him to Texas after a bunch of cattle, so on March 1, 1870, we left Kansas for Texas, when the ground was covered with snow and the weather was as cold as blue blazes. We were on the road one week when we reached Red River in a storm. Next morning we crossed the river into Texas and were



B. Vesper and Granddaughter

on the road one week when we reached Red River in a storm. Next morning we crossed the river into Texas and went to a ranch on Beaver Creek, owned by a man named Terrell, of Fort Worth. Mr. Lang and I left the outfit at the ranch and rode over to Fort Worth, which was then only a very small town with one bank, a blacksmith shop and a store. We made a trade with Mr. Terrell for 700 beeves, to be gathered as soon as possible, and by the fifteenth of April we were ready to start back to Kansas with them. That was the largest herd of cattle I had ever seen, and it was all new to me. I shall never forget our first night out, when we had a stampede. I flew right in and tried to keep up with the herd, but my horse fell with me and when we got up and together again the cattle were out of sight. I could hear a big bell on something that was running so I decided to follow it, but soon lost the direction of the bell, and concluded to go back to camp. The old horse I was riding kept trying to go in the opposite direction from the way I thought the camp was. I rode and rode and got so tired I climbed up in a tree to take a nap out of reach of the coyotes that were howling all around, and when I dozed off to sleep I tumbled out of the tree, waking up in time to catch onto a lower limb. Then I again decided to try to go to camp, and told the old horse if he knew more about its location than I did to go ahead. And right there I learned that a good cow horse knew more than a green Dutchman, for in just a little while he took me right into camp. I told the boys if they had stayed with me we would have held the herd. We had no other trouble for several days, but just after crossing Red River we caught up with two herds, one of them belonging to a man named Hunter, and the other to a man named Eikel of Fort Worth. Hunter had an escort of soldiers with his herd.

In passing through Fort Sill on this trip we saw the Navajo tribe of Indians, consisting of 700, which the government was feeding at that time. There was a motherless calf which followed our herd out of Texas,

and after we had been on the trail a short four Indians overtook us and made signs that they wanted the calf. Mr. Lang gave it to them. They roped and killed and had all the meat packed to take back with them in less than ten minutes. This just gave them a good appetite, for in a short while sixteen young warriors overtook us, caught Mr. Lang's horse and yelling like the devil, demanded more beef. They stampeded our herd, but we managed to keep the cattle in line and let them run. They soon rode up with Mr. Lang and he cut out four big steers for them and they let us go. That night we were only seven miles from their camp and deemed it expedient to all stand guard. We got through without further mishap, except being in a storm or two, and reached Wichita, which was then a very small place, where Mr. Lang located a place for us to herd, while he went to Leavenworth to find a buyer for the cattle. He returned in about a month and we moved on to Abilene, where Mr. Lang had sold the cattle and we shipped out from there, and then we all went to Leavenworth, where Mr. Lang settled with us and told us he was going back to Texas in the fall after another herd. All of the hands quit the outfit except myself and Jim White. We got the outfit ready and shipped everything to Baxter Springs, and from there we went down by Sherman, Whitesboro and Gainesville, where we struck camp and stayed several months to let our horses fatten while Mr. Lang made a trip to Kansas. When he returned in March he contracted a bunch of cattle from Yarborough and Bob Sparks, and we received them at old Fort Jackson on the range. Mr. Lang went out with them to help them round up, leaving me in charge of the camp with instructions to make each of our men take so many horses a mile or so from camp before nightfall, hopple them and sleep there, but for one of us to keep watch each night, as the Indians were stealing everything in that country. They made a raid on the Yarborough & Sparks outfit, getting about 30 horses, including one of mine that had strayed off. We took their trail, but soon turned back

and went to Fort Jackson and reported the raid to the scouts there and joined in the pursuit again. We had quite a little excitement when we overtook the redskins. One Indian was killed and a Mexican scalped him. There were so many Indians that we decided to give up the chase and let them keep the horses.

This Indian raid put Yarborough & Sparks out of business for awhile, and they gave up the contract, so we went from there to the ranches of Col. Pickett, Dan Waggoner and Bill Chisholm, but made no trades and were directed to Fort Griffin. Here we bought 800 cows and beeves. Bob Sparks went on to Kansas with us, and had pretty good luck.

Jim White and I got an outfit together in 1871, and started on a buffalo hunt, locating our camp on the Saline River, about twenty miles from Ellsworth, Kansas,, and went to killing buffalo for their hides, remaining there all winter and until the spring of 1872. Buffalo were on the range like herds of cattle, and when the north winds began to blow they would drift south in great droves. In March we left the Saline and went over on a creek called Saw Log,, making our camp near the creek, never thinking of high water. About three o'clock one morning, while I was asleep in the wagon, I felt something cold and awoke just as the wagon was about to float off. I yelled to Jim to get busy and we managed to get all of our provisions out, but before we could get everything the old wagon went down the creek and lodged in a tree. Two of our horses were drowned in the flood, which was caused by heavy rains above us. On this trip, we killed hundreds of buffalo and made good money. From there we went to Fort Dodge, then a very gay western town, but soon the railroad was built up to the Arkansas river and a small town sprung up there,, Dodge City. The first building to go up in the new town was a saloon and dance hall, then a blacksmith shop and store, then another saloon,, and of all tough places, this was the limit. All kinds of characters gathered there.

Railroaders, buffalo hunters, cowboys and gamblers—a
road house was built there and a saloon was built there.

mean mixture. One night as I walked up to the front door of the dance hall I saw a man standing with gun in hand. Inside two men had just stepped up to the bar to take a drink, but he shot one of them through the head, got on his horse and rode off. The music stopped until the floor could be scrubbed and everything was going again as if nothing had happened.

I came to Texas in 1874, and stopped in San Antonio. Here I got acquainted with some of the leading trail men of those days,, and began to drive butcher cattle into San Antonio from the ranches, getting several bunches from the old Cortina ranch. Here I met Simps McCoy, Duncan Lemons,, John DeSpain and Jesse Laxson and among others I had dealings with were Speicer, Ludwig, Wm. Herpol, Mont and Cal Woolward, Billie Votaw, Lee Harris, Oge, Captain Crouch, Steve Speed, Billie Slaughter and others. My business made me good money until the railroads came through, then the stock yards were put in and the slaughter pens were built. This made the butchers more independent. Tom Daugherty was the first commission man in San Antonio to handle butcher cattle, and the next one was George W. Saunders, who is still in business there.

In 1881 I married Miss Lucy Hall, but she passed away within a year and a half, leaving me with a day old baby boy, Chas. B. Vesper. I had no relatives in the United States and I had a difficult time trying to raise him, but he grew to be a big strong man and when he reached manhood's estate he wanted to try his luck in some other part of the country. I attended the Cattle-men's Convention at El Paso in 1903, where I met my old friends, Mr. Moorehead and Mr. Newman, who I had worked for in 1868 in Kansas. Mr. Newman had a son who owned a ranch in New Mexico and he said if Charles cared to try it there he would give him a chance. He took the place and was manager for fourteen years. He still resides in New Mexico, having married and settled down, and is the father of two fine boys.

In 1884 I was married the second time, my bride be-

ing the step-daughter of Chris Speicer, Miss Frances Bitter. We moved out to the ranch which I now own, 5,000 acres,, and lived there thirty-two years, then moved to Big Wells, turning over the ranch to my sons, J. H. and C. F. Vesper. Have four children in my family, the three boys above mentioned and one girl, Marie, now Mrs. Y. C. Strait. On Christmas Day, 1919, my wife passed away and since that time I have made my home with my daughter and on the Strait Brothers ranch, nine miles west of Big Wells. I am now seventy-five years old, enjoy the best of health, and can honestly say that I was never arrested or had a case in court. Instead of driving cattle now I drive my old Ford car, with my little granddaughter, Mattie Louise Strait, as my companion, whose picture accompanies this sketch, and we don't allow any of the young cowboys to pass us either.

MRS. IKE T. PRYOR.

Mrs. Myra Stafford Pryor, wife of Ike T. Pryor, of the Cattleman's and Old Time Drivers' Associations, is a native Texan and proud of it. She was born near Columbus, in Colorado county, on her father's ranch. Her father was Robert Earl Stafford and her mother Sarah Elizabeth Stafford. Her father came to Texas in 1858 from Georgia, and when he had prepared a place for his family, Mrs. Stafford followed about six months later, in 1859, with her two children and a few negroes, making the journey by water from Cedar Keyes to New Orleans and from New Orleans to Galveston. Mr. Stafford met her at Galveston, and from there they went by railroad to Eagle Lake, thence by stage.

Robert Earl Stafford, who had learned the cattle business as a boy at his father's home in Georgia, on coming to Texas embarked in the cattle business as a matter of course. When the war between the States broke out he joined the Shropshire Upton Company—a part of Hood's Brigade, organized in Colorado county, and was in the

war until the close of hostilities. After the war he returned to his home and re-entered the cattle business.

Earl Stafford drove up the trail for the first time in 1869. Mrs. Pryor's mother was a typical Texas woman, hospitable and patriotic.

Little Myra Stafford, with her sister and two brothers, enjoyed the usual wonderful life of a little girl on a big Texas ranch. There was horseback riding—and she does not remember when she learned to ride—and picnics at Eagle Lake and elsewhere, and all sorts of happy things occurring every day—and then, when Myra was thirteen years of age, she was sent to Virginia to finish school.

When she came home a sure enough grown up young lady, what a wonderful time she had on the old ranch and how glad she was to get home again.

The Stafford and Sam Allen families were old and intimate friends, in fact Mr. Stafford and Mr. Allen were long business partners and shipped cattle to Havana. Miss Myra often made long visits to the Sam Allen home at Harrisburg, and always had a splendid time.

Mrs. Pryor lived for twenty-five years at Columbus, but many of her old neighbors there have passed away or have moved to other cities. She loves the old Columbus oaks. There was one, across from her house, in which the wisteria had climbed, and when in bloom, mingling with the long floating grey moss, made a picture for a fairy land. In Mrs. Pryor's opinion, the oaks of Columbus are unsurpassed in beauty and size.

Mrs. Pryor's father also owned a ranch in Wharton county, and she is familiar with all the small towns in those sections of the state, near her father's holdings. Eagle Lake was in those days a great resort, people would go to hunt and fish and picnic and have a great time. Alligators of all sizes used to inhabit the lake when she was a child and at times frightened the children by their roars.

Mrs. Pryor counts as one of her priceless relics an old flint lock gun used by her greatgrandfather in the Revolutionary War. He too was a Robert Stafford. At



Mrs Ike T. Pryor

the meeting of the Old Trail Drivers' Association she presented to Mr. Jack W. Baylor, an embossed leather belt ornamented with chased silver and gold buckle and side ornaments,, and long worn by Brigadier General

John A. Baylor,, and presented by him, about 1885, to his old friend, Robert E. Stafford of Wharton and Colorado county. Mr. Stafford bequeathed it to his widow, who in turn left it to his daughter. Mrs. Pryor gave it to this particular grandson of General Baylor because he had always been kind and attentive to his aunt, Mrs. A. Burkes who is a special friend of Mrs. Pryor.

Mr. and Mrs. Pryor were married in 1893, and moved to San Antonio in 1896. They are both elected officers of the Texas Historic Landmarks Association. They have their home in the heart of the city and have taken part in all public and private enterprises launched for the good of San Antonio and Texas since their arrival.

MRS. GEORGE W. SAUNDERS

Mrs. Ida Friedrich Saunders, wife of Geo. W. Saunders, is always an interested and devoted attendant at the meetings of the Old Trail Drivers' Association.

Mrs. Saunders was a Miss Ida Friedrich, and was born under the shadow of the Alamo, and as a child, with her two sisters and four brothers, played around its sacred precincts.

Her first remembrance of the Alamo was with a feeling of awe about it, and that it was all fastened up securely. Then it was opened and used by Mr. Grenet as a grocery store, the Church being used as a warehouse.

She remembers interesting stories of the Indians as told to her by her mother, when they came in to trade at their store, and how frightful they looked with long rings in their noses, with knives in the legs of their high moccasins, and wrapped in their dirty blankets.

She also tells of the big spring by the Commerce street bridge, where many people went to get water for household purposes because the water was so cool and pure.



Mrs. Geo. W. Saunders

The children used to fish there in the river and found it great fun.

As a tot she was always interested in the old Alamo ditch, it seemed to fascinate her, and she took advantage of every opportunity to investigate it.

Her parents, Fensel and Agnes Friedrich, came o San Antonio in 1854, and made their home on Crockett Street, adjoining the Menger Hotel. The property remained in the hands of the family until a short time ago. Mr. Friedrich became known all over the United States for his horn furniture of all kinds. He had orders even from Europe. Their close neighbors were the Grenets, Stum-bergs, Callahans and Kampmanns.

Miss Friedrich was married to Mr. Geo. W. Saunders in 1889. They have one child, now Mrs. Agnes Cannon.

COL. C. C. SLAUGHTER

The subject of this sketch, since early manhood, was identified with the cattle interests of Texas. He was born in Sabine county, Texas, February 9, 1837. Under the leadership of his father, George Webb Slaughter, he made a success of the cattle business and became a leader in his chosen life work. He became an Indian fighter of note and was captain of the State Rangers for several years. His record in this respect stands high in the annals of the state, and his courageous leadership had much to do with forcing the Comanches into paths of peace, and in carrying out a new home in the wilderness for the settlers that were to come later.

In 1861 Colonel Slaughter was married to Miss Cynthia Anne Jowell, of Palo Pinto, and to them were born five children. Mrs. Slaughter died in Dallas in 1876, and in 1878 Colonel Slaughter was married to Miss Carrie Aberill, from which union there were four children. In 1877 Colonel Slaughter established the Lazy S Ranch, and for years grazed his cattle on the public domain in the Plains country of West Texas. At one time he claimed a section of the Plains 200 miles square or a total of 24,000,000 acres. Later he purchased ranch land, fenced it and improved it and at one time owned in fee simple more than 1,000,000 acres of land and was for years the

largest individual taxpayer in Texas. There was probably more cattle bearing the Lazy S brand marketed than those of any other ranch in the world.

Together with Kit Carter, J. C. Loving and John N. Simpson he established the Cattle Raisers' Association in 1873, and was the second president of the organization. One of the great achievements in the life of Colonel Slaughter was the organization of the National Beef Producers' & Consumers' Association in 1884, which at one time had an enrollment of 60,000 members residing in all sections of the United States.

Colonel Slaughter's contributions to benevolent organizations have been abundant, his efforts in this line culminating in the building of the Baptist Memorial Hospital in Dallas, toward which he contributed more largely than any other individual. He was president of the Confederate Veterans' Reunion held in Dallas in 1902. He won the title of Colonel for splendid service in the Confederate Army, where his career was marked for courage and patriotic devotion to principle. Colonel Slaughter located in Dallas in 1875, and from that time forward was prominently identified with every movement that had for its aim the upbuilding of that metropolis. He became one of the largest property owners there, and for many years was identified with the banking interests of North Texas.

Colonel Slaughter's children were George M., R. L., E. Dick, C. C. Jr., Alex A. Slaughter, Mrs. G. T. Veal, Mrs. G. G. Wright, Mrs. J. H. Dean, and Miss Nellie Slaughter.

M. HALFF

Mayer Halff was born February the 7th, 1836, in Lauterbourg, Alsace, France, and died in San Antonio several years ago. He came to San Antonio at an early date and established the well known firm of M. Halff & Bro., where they conducted a large mercantile business. M. Halff be-

ing a progressive business man, soon became interested in the livestock business and forged his way to the top of the ladder in that industry. Halff's ranches and trail herds, throughout Texas, New Mexico and the Indian Territory caused him to be one of the best known stockmen in the industry. He was of a genial disposition which made him a host of friends. No old timer was better known in the early days than M. Halff. Always loyal to his friends and state, always ready to further the interests of Texas few men did more than M. Halff towards the development of our great state. Long live his memory.

DANIEL OPPENHEIMER

Daniel Oppenheimer was born in Bavaria, Germany, November 22, 1836 and died in San Antonio, December, 7th, 1915. He came to the United States in 1853 and worked for an uncle in Rusk, Cherokee county, for several years. In 1858 he formed a partnership with his brother, Anton Oppenheimer, under the firm name of D. & A. Oppenheimer, the well known banking house of San Antonio which exists today. Both brothers joined the Confederate Army and served throughout the Civil War, Dan Oppenheimer having been promoted to a Captaincy. The firm was the owner of several ranches and many cattle, their holdings being the well known Oppenheimer Ranch in Atascosa county amounting to 100,000 acres, which was sold a few years ago to C. F. Simmons. The firm was interested at one time in one of the best known herds of high bred Angora goats, held on their ranch, known as the Fink Ranch, in Bexar county. This ranch was sold to the U. S. Government which established Camp Stanley on this property. Dan Oppenheimer was well and favorably known throughout Texas. His many good deeds will be long in the memory of those who knew him.

THE KILLING OF OLIVER LOVING.

Charles Goodnight, Goodnight, Texas

Oliver Loving, Senior, is undoubtedly the first man who ever trailed cattle from Texas. His earliest effort was



W. J. Wilson

in 1858 when he took a herd across the frontier of the Indian Nation or "No Mans Land," through eastern Kansas and north western Missouri into Illinois. His second attempt was in 1859; he left the frontier on the upper Brazos and took a north-west course until he struck the Arkansas River, somewhere about the mouth of the Walnut, and followed it to just about Pueblo, where he wintered.

In 1866 he joined me on the Upper Brazos. With a

large herd we struck southwest until we reached the Pecos River, which we followed up to Mexico and thence, to Denver, the herd being closed out to various posts and Indian reservations.

In 1867 we started another herd west over the same trail and struck the Pecos the latter part of June. After we had gone up this river about one hundred miles it was decided that Mr. Loving should go ahead on horseback in order to reach New Mexico and Colorado in time to bid on the contracts which were to be let in July, to use the cattle we then had on trail, for we knew that there were no other cattle in the west to take their place.

Loving was a man of religious instincts and one of the coolest and bravest men I have ever known, but devoid of caution. Since the journey was to be made with a

one-man escort I selected Bill Wilson, the clearest headed man in the outfit, as his companion.

Knowing the dangers of traveling through an Indian infested country I endeavored to impress on these men the fact that only by traveling by night could they hope to make the trip in safety.

The first two nights after the journey was begun they followed my instructions. But Loving, who detested night riding, persuaded Wilson that I had been over-cautious and one fine morning they changed their tactics and proceeded by daylight. Nothing happened until 2 o'clock that afternoon, when Wilson who had been keeping a look-out, sighted the Comanches heading toward them from the southwest. Apparently they were five or six hundred strong. The men left the trail and made for the Pecos River which was about four miles to the northwest and was the nearest place they could hope to find shelter. They were then on the plain which lies between the Pecos and Rio Sule, or Blue River. One hundred and fifty feet from the bank of the Pecos this bank drops abruptly some one hundred feet. The men scrambled down this bluff and dismounted. They hitched their horses (which the Indians captured at once) and crossed the river where they hid themselves among the sand dunes and brakes of the river. Meantime the Indians were hot on their tracks, some of them halted on the bluff and others crossed the river and surrounded the men. A brake of carrea, or Spanish cane, which grew in the bend of the river a short distance from the dunes was soon filled with them. Since this cane was from five to six feet tall these Indians were easily concealed from view of the men; they dared not advance on the men as they knew them to be armed. The Indian on the bluff speaking in Spanish begged the men to come out for a consultation. Wilson instructed Loving to watch the rear so they could not shoot him in the back, and he stepped out to see what he could do with them. Loving attempting to guard the rear was fired on from the cane. He sustained a broken arm and bad wound in the side. The men then retreated to the shelter

of the river bank and had much to do to keep the Indians off.

Toward dawn of the next day Loving deciding that he was going to die from the wound in his side, begged Wilson to leave him and go to me, so that if I made the trip home his family would know what had become of him. He had no desire to die and leave them in ignorance of his fate. He wished his family to know that rather than be captured and tortured by the Indians, he would kill himself. But in case he survived and was able to stand them off we would find him two miles down the river. He gave him his Henry rifle which had metallic or water proof cartridges, since in swimming the river any other kind would be useless. Wilson turned over to Loving all of the pistols—five— and his six-shooting rifle, and taking the Henry rifle departed. How he expected to cross the river with the gun I have never comprehended for Wilson was a one armed man. But it shows what lengths a person will attempt in extreme emergencies.

It happened that some one hundred feet from their place of concealment down the river there was a shoal, the only one I know of within 100 miles of the place. On this shoal an Indian sentinel on horseback was on guard and Wilson knew this. The water was about four feet deep. When Wilson decided to start he divested himself of clothing except underwear and hat. He hid his trousers in one place, his boots in another and his knife in another all under water. Then taking his gun he attempted to cross the river. This he found to be impossible, so he floated down stream about seventy-five feet where he struck bottom. He stuck down the muzzle of the gun in the sand until the breech came under water and then floated noiselessly down the river. Though the Indians were all around him he fearlessly began his "get-a-way." He climbed up a bank and crawled out through a cane brake which fringed the bank, and started out to find me, barefooted and over ground that was covered with prickly pear, mesquite and other thorny plants. Of course he was obliged to travel by night at first, but fearing starvation

used the day some, when he was out of sight of the Indians.

Now Loving and Wilson had ridden ahead of the herd for two nights and the greater part of one day, and since herd had lain over one day the gap between us must have been something like one hundred miles.

The Pecos River passes down a country that might be termed a plain, and from one to two hundred miles there is not a tributary or break of any kind to mark its course until it reaches the mouth of the Concho, which comes up from the west, where the foot hills begin to jut in toward the river. Our trail passed just around one of these hills. In the first of these hills there is a cave which Wilson had located on a prior trip. This cave extended back into the hill some fifteen or twenty feet and in this cave Wilson took refuge from the scorching sun to rest. Then he came out of the cave and looked for the herd and saw it coming up the valley. His brother, who was "pointing" the herd with me, and I saw him at the same time. At sight both of us thought it was an Indian as we didn't suppose that any white man could be in that part of the country. I ordered Wilson to shape the herd for a fight, while I rode toward the man to reconnoiter, believing the Indians to be hidden behind the hills and planning to surprise us. I left the trail and jogged toward the hills as though I did not suspect anything. I figured I could run to the top of the hill to look things over before they would have time to cut me off from the herd. When I came within a quarter of a mile of the cave Wilson gave me the frontier sign to come to him. He was between me and the declining sun and since his underwear was saturated with red sediment from the river he made a queer looking object. But even when some distance away I recognized him. How I did it, under his changed appearance I do not know. When I reached him I asked him man questions, too many in fact, for he was so broken and starved and shocked by knowing he was saved, I could get nothing satisfactory from him. I put him on the horse and took him to the herd at once. We immediately wrap-

ped his feet in wet blankets. They were swollen out of all reason, and how he could walk on them is more than I can comprehend. Since he had starved for three days and nights I could give him nothing but gruel. After he had rested and gotten himself together I said:

"Now tell me all about this matter."

"I think Mr. Loving has died from his wounds, he sent me to deliver a message to you. It was to the effect that he had received a mortal wound, but before he would allow the Indians to take him and torture him he would kill himself, but in case he lived he would go two miles down the river from where we were and there we would find him."

"Now tell me where I may find this place," I said. Then he proceeded to relate the story I have just given, of how they left the Rio Sule or Blue River, cutting across to the Pecos, how the Indians discovered them and how they sought shelter from them by hiding in the sand dunes on the Pecos banks; how Loving was shot and begged Wilson to save himself and to tell his (Loving's) family of his end; how Wilson took the Henry rifle and attempted to swim but gave it up, as the splashing he made would attract the Indian sentinel stationed on the shoal.

Then Wilson instructed me how to find his things. He told me to go down where the bank is perpendicular and the water appeared to be swimming but was not. "Your legs will strike the rifle" he said. I searched for his things as he directed and found them every one, even to the pocket knife. His remarkable coolness in deliberately hiding these things, when the loss of a moment might mean his life, is to me the most wonderful occurrence I have ever known, and I have experienced many unusual phases of frontier life.

This is as I get it from memory and I think I am correct, for though it all happened fifty years ago, it is printed idelibly in my mind.

W. J. WILSON'S NARRATIVE.

In the spring of 1867 I bought a bunch of cattle on

the Clear Fork of the Brazos, started up the river with them and fell in with Charles Goodnight and Oliver Loving. They had had some trouble with the Indians, and we considered it safer to all travel together. We went on to the Pecos River on the old Butterfield trail. It never failed to rain on us every day until we reached Horsehead Crossing. The night we arrived at this crossing the cattle stampeded and all got away. Next morning we started to rounding them up. After hunting for three days we still had about 300 head of our big cattle missing. The rain had made all of the trails look old and we couldn't tell a new trail from an old one. We concluded to go back to China Pond and take a circle from there and try to cut the cattle off. China Pond was about twenty-five miles back on the trail. So seven of us, made up from different cattle outfits, went back, and when we reached China Pond we decided to go east, and many miles out we found the trail of our cattle, and the signs showed that Indians had captured them and were driving them to their camp up the river. They had evidently expected us to come down the river looking for the cattle, and they did not discover us until we were within a hundred and fifty yards of them. Seeing we were greatly outnumbered, and as it was about sundown, we decided to turn back and go to our camp, which we did, arriving there the next day.

When I returned from this cow hunt, Mr. Loving asked me to go to Ft. Sumner, New Mexico with him. We had a verbal contract with the people who were feeding the Indians there, and we wanted to hold that contract. The distance to Ft. Sumner was about 250 miles, and we were supposed to travel at night and lay up in the daytime so the Indians would not attack us.

The second day of our journey we stopped on a stream we called Black River, and stayed there two or three hours rested up our horses then concluded to go on to the point of a mountain where the road ran between the mountain and the river, and stay there that night. As we neared this mountain we discovered several Indians. They saw us about the same time, and we knew we were in for

trouble, but we reached the river all right, and I picked out a little mound next to the river where I could see all around me, except one little spot where the polecat brush had grown up about three feet high, and that brush obscured my view of the river for a distance of about 100 yards. I told Mr. Loving if he would stay down at that little clump of bushes and keep the Indians from crawling up on us from the river I would keep them off from above. These Indians had increased in numbers until there were over a hundred of the red rascals. I think they had been hunting south of the river and were going back to their old ground.

After staying in the brush a little while Mr. Loving came to where I was, and I urged him to go back there and prevent the Indians from coming in on us from the river. He started back down there carrying a pair of holster pistols over his left arm. The bushes were about forty yards from where I was standing, and I kept my eyes on this spot for I knew if a demonstration was made from that direction the Indians would charge us from the hill. When Mr. Loving had almost reached the bushes an Indian rose up and shot him, but not before he had fired on Mr. Loving. The Indian's shot went through Loving's holsters, passed through his wrist and entered his side. He came running back to me, tossed his gun to me and said he was killed and for me to do the best I could. The Indians at this time made a desperate charge, and after I had emptied my five-shooting Yarger, I picked up Mr. Loving's gun and continued firing. There was some brush, only a few inches high, not very far from where I was, and the Indians would run to it, crawl on their bellies, and I could not see them. I managed to get Mr. Loving down to the river and concealed him in a sandy depression, where the smart weeds grew about two feet high and laid down beside him. The Indians knew we were down there somewhere, and used all sorts of ruses to find our exact location. They would shoot their arrows up and some came very near striking us. Finally an Indian with a long lance came crawling along parting the weeds with

his lance as he came, and just about the time I had determined to pull the trigger, he scared up a big rattle snake. The snake came out rattling, looking back at the Indian, and coiled up right near us. The Indian, who still had not seen us, evidently got scared at the rattle snake and turned back.

We lay there until night. Mr. Loving's wounds had thrown him into a high fever, and I managed to bring up some water from the river in his boot, which seemed to relieve him somewhat. About midnight the moon went down, but the Indians were still around us. We could hear them on all sides. Mr. Loving begged me to leave him and make my escape so I could his folks what had become of him. He said he felt sure he could not last until morning, and if I stayed there I would be killed too. He insisted that I take his gun, as it used metallic cartridges and I could carry it through the water and not dampen the powder. Leaving with him all of my pistols and my rifle, I took his gun and with a handclasp told him goodbye, and started to the river. The river was quite sandy and difficult to swim in, so I had to pull off all of my clothes except my hat, shirt and breeches. The gun nearly drowned me, and I decided to get along without it, so I got out and leaned it up against the bank of the river, under the water, where the Indians would not find it. Then I went down the river about a hundred yards, and saw an Indian sitting on his horse out in the river, with the water almost over the horse's back. He was sitting there splashing the water with his foot, just playing. I got under some smart weeds and drifted by until I got far enough below the Indian where I could get out. Then I made a three days' march barefooted. Everything in that country had stickers in it. On my way I picked up the small end of a tepee pole which I used for a walking stick. The last night of this painful journey the wolves followed me all night. I would give out, just like a horse, and lay down in the road and drop off to sleep and when I would awaken the wolves would be all around me, snapping and snarling. I would take

up that stick, knock the wolves away, get started again and the wolves would follow behind. I kept that up until day light, when the wolves quit me. About 12 o'clock on that last day I crossed a little mountain and knew the boys ought to be right in there somewhere with the cattle. I found a little place, a sort of cave, that afforded protection from the sun, and I could go no further. After a short time the boys came along with the cattle and found me.

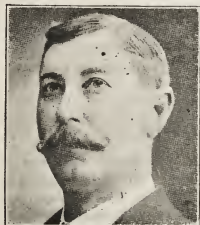
Charles Goodnight took a party of about fourteen men and pulled out to see about Mr. Loving. After riding about twenty-four hours they came to the spot where I had left him, but he was not there. They supposed the Indians had killed him and thrown his body into the river. They found the gun I had concealed in the water, and came back to camp.

About two weeks after this we met a party coming from Ft. Sumner and they told us Loving was at Ft. Sumner. The bullet which had penetrated his side did not prove fatal and the next night after I had left him he got into the river and drifted by the Indians as I had done, crawled out and lay in the weeds all the next day. The following night he made his way to the road where it struck the river, hoping to find somebody traveling that way. He remained there for five days, being without anything to eat for seven days. Finally some Mexicans came along and he hired them to take him to Ft. Sumner and I believe he would have fully recovered if the doctor at that point had been a competent surgeon. But that doctor had never amputated any limbs and did not want to undertake such work. When we heard Mr. Loving was at Ft. Sumner, Mr. Goodnight and I hastened there. As soon as we beheld his condition we realized the arm would have to be amputated. The doctor was trying to cure it without cutting it off. Goodnight started a man to Santa Fe after a surgeon, but before he could get back mortification set in, and we were satisfied something had to be done at once and we prevailed upon the doctor to cut off the affected limb. But too late. Morti-

fication went into his body and killed him. Thus ended the career of one of the best men I ever knew. Mr. Goodnight had the body of Mr. Loving prepared for he long journey and carried it to Weatherford, Texas, where interment was made with Masonic honors.

CYRUS B. LUCAS

Cyrus B. Lucas was born in Stratford, Canada, in 1857, and came to Texas with his parents in 1859, locat-



Cyrus B. Lucas

ing in Goliad county, where the father engaged in the mercantile and stock business, establishing the Fair Oaks Ranch which Cyrus B. Lucas still owns. Mr. Lucas' boyhood was spent on the ranch and after his graduation from college he devoted his time to the upbuilding of his business. In February, 1889, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Greenwood Scott,

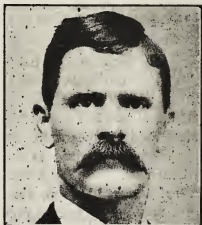
of Charco. To them were born two children, Richard Pryor and Lena Claire. Mr. Lucas served as commissioner in Goliad county for several years, and has been identified in politics and all movements that meant he upbuilding of county and state. He is recognized as one of the most progressive cattlemen of the Southwest. His Herefords, numbering several thousand head, rank among the best in quality in Texas. For more than twenty years he has used registered bulls in grading his stock. In 1894 he became a member of the Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas, and for several years was on the executive committee of that organization. He is identified with the Berclair State Bank, the Berclair Mercantile Company, The Berclair Gin Company, The

Austwell Mercantile Company, the Commercial National Bank of Beeville, and various other enterprises in that section, besides owning three ranches, Fair Oaks Ranch near Berclair, embracing 58,000 acres in Goliad and Bee counties; Buena Vista Ranch of 17,000 acres in Live Oak county,, and the St. Charles Bay Ranch of 58,000 acres in Aransas and Refugio counties. He is also an extensive farmer, having 5,000 acres of land in cultivation on his different ranches, and when his time is not taken up with his extensive farming and ranching enterprises he is busy attending to the details of the other commercial concerns with which he is prominently identified.

Mr. Lucas and his family reside on the Fair Oaks Ranch in the summer, but spend the winters in San Antonio, where he has a handsome residence on Lexington Avenue.

JOHN T. LITTLE.

John J. Little, one of the well known stockmen of Texas, was born August 8, 1860. His first commercial



J. J. Little

activity was in connection with his father's stock business. He went up the trail in 1879 for Captain Crouch at the age of 19, and afterwards he took charge of Capt. Crouch's sheep in Frio county. For many years he had the management of Schreiner & Halff Ranch of 68,000 acres in Frio county. He served as sheriff of that county, and has been identified in many ways with the upbuilding of that part of the state.

Mr. Little's wife was Miss Sallie Blackalle. Their home is at Pearsall.

WILLIAM HENRY JENNINGS

William Henry Jennings was born in Tippah county, Mississippi, and was the oldest son of a family of seven children. His parents, Joseph P. and Susan E. Jennings, moved to Texas in 1853, in an ox-wagon, and settled first on the north bank of the San Marcos river about twelve miles below its source in Caldwell county. Later the family moved to Lavaca county, purchased land and farmed there several years. Then moving back to Caldwell county the elder Jennings engaged in the cattle and horse business. In the late sixties cattle were cheap and plentiful, and Joseph P. Jennings was among the first to drive a herd over the trail to Kansas, trailing 700 old steers to Baxter Springs in 1869, where they were sold at a very good price. The subject of this sketch, William H. Jennings, assisted in gathering this herd and accompanied them as far as Austin. In 1870, when he was eighteen years of age, he took part in his first trail trip, when his father and Colonel George Neil drove 1800 mixed cattle to Abilene, Kansas. Working as a cowboy, he rode a little Spanish mule all day and herded one-third of every night. It rained a great deal during the trip and the work was exceedingly hard. In 1871 William Jennings became a full-fledged trailsman. He bossed a herd from Caldwell county to Wichita, Kansas, consisting of 2500 mixed cattle belonging to his father, an uncle and himself. In 1873 he drove cattle for J. F. Ellison and J. O. Dewees, and from that time until 1880 he was associated with Blocker Brothers in buying and handling cattle. He made his last trip over the trail from Llano county with a herd of 3500 two-year-old steers for Mat Murphy of Montana. †

In December 3, 1878, Mr. Jennings was married to Miss Agnes Adelia Daugherty of Caldwell county. To them were born three children, two sons and one daughter. Mrs. Jennings died in 1883. The daughter, Willis Blanche and one son, Walter are also dead. After moving to Pearsall, in 1882, Mr. Jennings bought and hand-

ed fat cattle in Frio counties. In 1877 he became Assistant Livestock Agent for the International & Great Northern Railroad Co., working under Colonel Homer Eads. He represented the Gould System and the Chicago & Alton Railroad in South Texas when cattle went via St. Louis or Kansas City and on to Chicago. He bought many thousand of fat beef cattle on his own account and shipped them to market.

In 1892 Mr. Jennings, while associated with John R. Blocker, Jesse Presnall, Andy Armstrong, Sr., and W. C. Irvin, shipped 18,000 head of cattle from Frio, LaSalle, Dimmitt and Zavalla counties to the Ponca Osage Indian Reservation. The transaction turned out very disastrously, for in that year cows were sold on the Kansas City markets as low as sixty-five cents a hundred, and \$2.50 was a big price for a good steer. Mr. Jennings acquired extensive ranch interests in South Texas and in Mexico, being associated with T. J. and John Blocker in the Piedra Blanca Ranch in Northern Mexico.

JOHN B. SLAUGHTER.

John B. Slaughter was born in Sabine county, Texas, December 15th, 1848, and had a life of singular success and thrilling experiences. His father, G. W. Slaughter, was of German-American ancestry and married Miss Sallie Mason, a young lady of Irish descent.

John B. Slaughter is a cattleman by birth and education. Born on the frontier in Sabine county, as soon as he could ride a pony, he was kept at work on his father's ranch, with occasional intervals devoted to rounding up cattle. This he followed until his seventeenth year when he went up the trail, driving for his father and brother, C. C. Slaughter, and received \$15.00 a month. This, with the little herd of thirty or forty head of cattle his father had given him, was his start in life. The trails to Kansas, the Chisholm, Dodge and Santa Fe trails, and the ranges of West Texas were his

field, and the saddle and slicker his home. His father and brother located their ranches in Palo Pinto county in the days when Indian raids and outlawry demanded that every one should be a ready and fearless marksman and carry with him at all times sufficient arms to defend his life and interests. Encounters with Indians, who would swoop down like hungry wolves, were neither rare nor novel. Their desire for ponies was never satisfied, and a scalp now and then, as a trophy, was always in order. These were the dangers he had been born to and reared in, and the hand to hand battles and running fights he took part in in Palo Pinto Jack and Young counties years ago, seem almost incredible. Where now are thriving villages and towns as well as cities, where a forest of oil derricks, highways, automobiles and rich farms cover the country, were once scenes of hot pursuits of marauding bands, or hasty retreats from overwhelming numbers of savages,, in which he always took part.

In the spring of 1871,, when preparing for the seasons round-up with his father and other hands, the ponies were placed in a corral, an inclosure made of cedar pickets set close, to prevent Indians from stealing them. Going out into the corral before daylight to look after the ponies, he found a hole in the fence. At the instant he discovered the gap an Indian sprang up from the ground almost at his feet, and fired, the ball entering his right breast and coming out at his back. He did not fall, but ran back for his rifle, while the Indian joined his band which was near by, and escaped in flight. Though shot through the body, in six weeks he was in the saddle again and on the trail again with cattle for his father and brother, which were in charge of a Mr. Adams. At Victoria Peak, in Montague county, the cattle were stampeded by a storm and scattered all over the country. The following morning the cowboys set out in twos, to gather them up, Mr. Adams and a young man going west. At nightfall all returned except these two. As the Indians had, the day before,

raided Bob Stevens' ranch at Victoria Peak near by, and stolen all of his ponies, the men believing Mr. Adams to be killed, after a short search, thought it useless to look further for him, but were prevailed upon by John and one of the hands to continue the search. John took charge of the herd, and three days later, attracted by a swarm of vultures they found the bodies of Adams and his young companion scalped and mutilated. The breast of one was cut open and his heart drawn out and laid on his stomach; the other had parts of his person cut off and stuck in his mouth. They rolled them in blankets and buried them under the bank of the creek where they had made their stand for life.

They were again attacked near Lookout Mountain, in what was then the Indian Territory. Fifteen Comanches stampeded their ponies, which were driven out in a separate herd, and ran them off, leaving them with 2000 head of cattle to handle and one pony apiece. Yet they did it, arriving at Abilene, Kansas, on foot, where the herd was sold.

Returning the next spring, he went to Weatherford and purchased of Counts & Hughes \$2,500 worth of ponies, and went with his men to Jack county to receive a herd of cattle his father had purchased of J. C. Loving. On the night of their arrival, while he and one of his hands were standing guard over the ponies which had been hidden in a valley, were surprised by a volley of shots, yells and flapping of blankets. The Indians seemed to have come out of the ground, and, like a whirlwind, swept off every horse, leaving them on foot. He was almost in touch with the red brutes, shooting and being shot at. The cattle were scattered also and while they were being gathered he returned to Weatherford for a new supply of horses.

In 1877, he and W. B. Slaughter, with a combined capital of \$6,000 entered the business together, buying steers and driving them up the trail to market, continuing until 1890, when he established a ranch in Blanco Canyon on Catfish River, on which he placed 2000 cat-

tle and remained five years. He then moved to Socorro county, New Mexico, and, in 1886 sold to an English syndicate for \$125,000, and went to Utah establishing a ranch on Green River, 30 miles east of Salt Lake City and remained there for two years. Returning to New Mexico he located near the Texas line and kept this ranch two years. In 1890 he moved to Glasscock county Texas, where he had a ranch of 160 sections, 6000 head of cattle and 100 head of horses and was president of the Peoples National Bank of Colorado City.

In 1898 he moved to Fort Worth, Texas, and built one of the handsomest homes, at that time, in the city. At about the same time he sold his Glasscock county ranch and leased ranches in Garza and Borden counties. This being state land was thrown on the market and in 1901 he bought the Square and Compass Ranch of 150,000 acres from the Nave-McCord Cattle Co., at \$1.60 per acre, together with five thousand head of cattle. Six thousand head of cattle were brought up from the Glasscock county ranch. After living in Fort Worth seven years he moved with his family to the ranch in Garza county and built one of the finest homes in West Texas.

In 1906 he sold 50,000 acres to C. W. Post, of Post Toasties and Grape Nuts fame, who was building a town and colonizing large tracts of land in Garza county. The town of Post, named after its founder, is the shipping point for the ranch and is located on the Santa Fe railroad. The ranch as it now stands is amply watered with tanks, wells, and is fenced and cross fenced thoroughly, large branding pens with dehorning chutes, squeezers, dipping vats and is especially fine in that it has plains lands for summer range and brakes for winter range. The cattle brand is U Lazy S on left side, crop the left ear. The home is modern in every respect having electric lights, hot and cold running water,, electric washing machine, churn, irons, wood saw and etc. A radio receiving station is installed which picks up the

daily markets and evening entertainments all over the United States.

One special achievement of Mr. Slaughter's is the crossing of the buffalo on Brahma cows, which is readily done and is known as the "cattalo." Then he has succeeded in producing a second cross, which has been thought impossible, resulting in a large, heavy, thrifty animal known as the "Vernier."

He was married in July, 1880, to Miss Belle May of Dallas and they had three children, Mamie, J. B., Jr., and Louie, deceased. Mamie, the daughter, married Frank E. Lott, a real estate man of Kansas City, and lives there. J. B. Jr., is on the ranch with his father and mother having finished his education, graduating from Yale University in 1914.

John B. Slaughter is one of the best known cattlemen in the state and his superior judgment and thorough knowledge of the cattle industry has resulted in his success where others failed. He is loved by all his men and highly esteemed by all who have his acquaintance.

Although seventy-five years of age, every day except Sunday, which is vigorously held as a day of rest on the ranch, he will be found on his favorite horses riding over the range, looking after his cattle and inspecting windmills, tanks, fences etc. This outdoor life keeps him fit and he is hale and hearty and can, as he says outside and out work any man on the ranch today.

DENNIS O'CONNOR

Dennis M. O'Connor, the subject of this sketch, a son of Thomas O'Connor of Ireland was born in Refugio county, Texas, October 9, 1840, and died July 18, 1900. He received a fair education as he was growing up, but the Civil War coming on left his education incomplete. He entered the cattle business, assisting his father. Few men ever dreamed in the old country where the elder O'Connor came from of the possibilities for a poor boy

that were possible in this glorious sun-kissed land. Thomas O'Connor, hte father, arrived in Texas from eeWafford, Ireland, in March, 1834, and located in Refugio county. He served in the Texas War for Independence and was the youngest man in the battle of San Jacinto. After his war he returned to Refugio county and engaged in raising cattlee on a small scale and also in manufacturing saddle trees and ox yokes. He invested all of his earnings in cattle and land and foresaw that those broad rolling prairies could not always afford free grass. He inclosed the first pasture in Refugio county, 10,000 acres with wire, and continued to fence pastures until he had 500,000 acres under wire and stocked with cattle and horses, his lands laying in Refugio, Goliad, San Patricio, McMullen and LaSalle counties, its estimated value being \$4,500,000 at the time of his death October 16, 1887. This property descended to his sons, Dennis and Thomas O'Connor, Jr. The mother of these boys came from New York with her parents, the Fagans, in 1829, and was married to Thomas O'Connor in 1839, the bride and groom riding on horseback to San Antonio, a distance of over 100 miles, to have the wedding ceremony performed.

SHANGHAI PIERCE

Of this remarkable character George W. Saunders says: "Col. Shanghai Pierce has a record in the cattle industry never surpassed and I doubt if ever equalled by any man. I spent ten years hunting his photo, and had about given up the search when A. P. Ward of San Antonio, a relative to Col. Pierce, suggested that I write to the Colonel's granddaughter, Mrs. Frank Armour, in Chicago. She directed me to write to her brother, Mr. Pickett Withers of that city and to my surprise and delight I received a good photo of Colonel Pierce just in time to get it in this volume of the Trail Drivers of Texas. Then it dawned upon me that I had no know-

ledge of where he was from, where he was born, or when he died, and I regret that I am unable to give this information at present. My first recollection of Mr. Pierce was just after the close of the Civil War when he bought fat cattle all over South Texas. I remember seeing him many times come to our camp where he had contracts to receive beeves. He was a large portly man, always rode a fine horse, and would be accompanied by a negro who led a pack horse loaded with gold and silver which, when he reached our camp, was dumped on the ground and remained there until the cattle were classed and counted out to him, then he would empty the money on a blanket in camp and pay it out to the different stockmen from whom he had purchased cattle. He would generally buy 200 or 300 head at a time. The cowmen would round up large herds a different times and Colonel Pierce would select what he wanted. We all looked upon him as a redeemer, and were glad to sell our cattle at any price as money was scarce in those reconstruction days before the northern trail started. Col. Pierce would sometimes stay in camp with us two or three days waiting to get the cattle shaped up. He was a great talker and would keep all the boys awake until midnight, laughing at his thrilling stories. He owned a large ranch on the coast, but his cattle were not fat and he would buy beeves to ship to Cuba, New Orleans and St. Louis, and he often came to Goliad, Bee, Live Oak and many other counties to get fat beeves. He kept this up until 1867, when the trail started north, and he became one of the biggest trail drivers of Texas, and became nationally known. During the money panic of 1873, which all old timers remember and but few operators survived, Colonel Shanghai Pierce pulled off some stunts that baffled the Yankees. He sent many herds up every year for several years from Matagorda county ranch in his straight mark and brand. His coast steers became known from the Rio Grande to the Canadian line as Shanghai Pierce's sea lions. Mr. Pierce was a loud talker, and no man who ever saw him or heard him

talk ever forget his voice or appearance. He was a money maker, empire builder, and a wonder to his friends and I believe to himself. His old ranch is now stocked with one of the best herds of Brahma cattle in the state, and is operated by Mr. A. P. Borden."

J. D. HOUSTON

J. D. (Dunn) Houston was born November 18, 1850, in Dewitt county, Texas, and died in San Antonio a few years ago. He was raised in the cattle business and knew it thoroughly. During the trail days Mr. Houston drove many herds to different northern markets and became well and favorably known from the Rio Grande to the Canadian line. He owned large cattle ranches in Gonzales and other counties in Texas. For many years he owned and operated a large ranch on the Pecos River. At the time of his death he was a large stockholder in the Lockwood National Bank of San Antonio. It would require volumes to describe Mr. Houston's extensive operations and great achievements. No one man has done more for the development of Texas than Dunn Houston.

BOB HOUSTON

R. A. (Bob) Houston was born April 25, 1849, in Dewitt county, Texas, and died February 1, 1895. He was raised on a cattle ranch and followed the cattle business all of his life, becoming one of the large trail drivers and sending many herds to northern markets, during the time maintaining large cattle ranches in this state, mostly in Gonzales county. All who knew Bob Houston liked him, for he was of a mirthful nature and could pull off more stunts purely for fun than any man in the country. Seldom it is that when a bunch of stockmen congregated that you can't hear something recalled by them that Bob Houston said or done. He was the life of his company, at the chuck wagon, on the road up at the branding pen

on the trail, at the markets, at Bank directors meetings, or weddings, balls and at home. He left a host of friends.

JESS McCOY

Jess McCoy was born in Mississippi July 27, 1841, and died March 12, 1920. He came to Texas with his parents in 1848, settling in Gonzales county, where he lived all of his life. After serving four years in the Confederate army, Mr. McCoy entered the cattle business and was among the first to drive herds to Kansas. He followed the trail for many years and became well and favorably known on all the northern markets and all over South Texas. Jess McCoy was one of the most honorable and substantial stockmen of his section, and his many good deeds will be remembered by those who knew him.

ON THE FORT WORTH AND DODGE CITY TRAIL.

T. J. Burkett, Sr., Waelder, Texas

While stationed in a line camp on the south line of the R2 Ranch in Walbarger county during the month of May, 1883, a message came stating that I was wanted to go up the trail, and to at once go to the R2 headquarters situated on Mule Creek, a tributary to Red River. Within three days every employee and the herd was ready to hit the Fort Worth and Dodge City trail. The herd was owned by Stephens & Worsham, and was bossed by Daniel P. Gipson. The first night out a thunder storm came up and the cattle stampeded and we ran them all night. I held between 400 and 500. and Billie Gatling held about 600 until after daylight, when several of the boys helped us bring them back to camp. We had 1800 steers in that herd and it took several days to gather all of them up.

We crossed near Doan's, where the Dodge City trail

crosses Red River, and resumed our long and tiresome journey in the direction of the north star. Hour by hour, step by step and day by day we pursued our way, not knowing the hardships that were in store for us. We had from one to three rains a week. Our route lay through the Indian Territory, where the range was a paradise for the long horn. One night we had a stampede in the Wichita Mountains, and when the sun rose on the bedground the next morning there was not a steer in sight. After three days hard work we again had them ready to wend their way to a distant clime beyond the sands of the Cimarron.

One day Quannah Parker, accompanied by another Indian came to me and wanted "wohaw, plenty fat, heap slick." I pointed to Gipson and told Quannah he was the wohaw chief, but the little Indian shook his head and said Gipson was "no bueno." Gipson told me to ride into the herd and cut them out a yearling, and they went off with it. There were about 500 Indians camped near the trail, and nearly every herd that passed gave them a beef. Hundreds of cowboys knew Quannah Parker, and he had scores of friends among the white people.

After we passed out of the Indian Territory we soon discovered that we had arrived at a Sahara in America. The grass was burned to a crisp, stock water was scarce, provisions were high and everything in the vegetable line was scarce. Irish potatoes the size of a hickory nut were \$2.50 per bushel. Sometimes the boss had to pay \$10 to water the herd. People there informed us that it had not rained there in seven months, and it looked to me like it had not rained in seven years. Holding one foot on the Kansas soil and the other on Territory soil was like having one foot in the submerged alluvial soil of the Nile and the other out in the desert where it had not rained enough to wet a pocket handkerchief in a hundred years. The cool nights and almost unbearable heat in the daytime about get the best of the cowboys.

Two days after we struck camp southwest of Dodge City several of the cowboys were excused by the boss to

go to town for supplies. Soon after they arrived there they began to "tank up" on mean whiskey and proceeded to shoot up the town. As they came out at a high rate of speel one of them, John Briley, was killed by the marshall of Dodge City. I was in Dodge City the next day and saw that he was buried. Associating with bad company has cost many a man his life.

Man dieth and goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. At the cemetery in Dodge City I noticed a number of fresh mounds, and I said to the sexton there that an epidemic of some kind must have struck that place, but he said the graves were those desperadoes who had died with their boots on. While looking around I noticed on a small tombstone the following inscription: "Here rests Mary Hamilton, aged 14." Then came the following lines:

"Weep not for me my parents dear,
I am not dead, but only sleeping here.
I was not yours alohe,
But God's who loved me best, and took me home."

Before we reached Dodge City Mr. Gipson received a message that Stephens & Worsham had 1500 steers on the trail and to wait until they arrived, as they wanted to put both herds together. When one herd was made out of the two, making 3350 head, all of the scrub employes were turned off and all of the stout, able-bodied men were selected to go on with the herd. Mr. Gipson returned to Texas and Frank Watson took charge of the outfit, and we proceedel on our way. An old trail driver told me that after a herd crossed the Arkansas River they would never stampede again. I was only pleased to find that his statement was true, for they did not stampede again. Solve this mystery if you can.

After we crossed the Kansas and Nebraska line we had a lovely range and plenty of water through Nebraska. When we crossed the plains of that state, for a distance of 75 miles we did not see a stick of timber as

large as a hoe handle and there was not a single house on this immense domain, not a creek or a river. Luckily for us heavy rains had fallen over the entire plains, and we had water. Old cowmen claim that on this stretch of plains the mercury often drops to thirty degrees below zero, and it is snow-bound for several weeks at a time. During severe winters it is impossible for anything to live there in the open.

After leaving the Nebraska line we crossed over into Colorado,, and there had the pleasure of feasting our eyes on the most beautiful range that was ever beheld by a cowboy. The gramma grass was half a knee high, and was mixed with nutritious white grass that was waist high, waving in the breeze like a wheat field. We drove up the Arickaree, a distance of about 100 miles, and had a picnic along this bubbling stream every day. The Arickaree was a tributary of the Platte River. We delivered our cattle near Deer Trail, Colorado, fifty miles southeast of Denver, and sixty-five miles east of the foot of the Rocky Mountains, on September 25th, 1883, to a man named Fant, who had bought them on the trail a few days before their arrival. After four long and lonesome months on the trail we at last reached our destination safe and sound, and after spending three days sight-seeing in Denver we pulled out for our homes in Texas. The old R2 boys are scattered today from the Black Hills in Dakota to Buenos Ayres in South America.

Gone to rest beyond the stormy seas,
To mingle with the blest on flowery beds of ease.
This world is but a bubble, there is nothing here
but woe,,
Hardships, toils and troubles wherever we may go;
Do what we will, go where we may, we are never
free from care,
For at best this world is but a castle in the air.

CHARACTER IMPERSONATION.

Among the different forms of entertainment provided for the Old Time Trail Drivers at their reunion in San Antonio in October, 1922, the character impersonations by Miss Elizabeth Slaughter were considered the best by



Miss Elizabeth Slaughter

As a Texas Cowboy

As a Negro Washwoman

the old cowboys in attendance. Miss Slaughter is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Slaughter, and as an entertainer she capped them all, when she appeared before the audience garbed as a cowboy and recited a poem entitled, "The Chisholm Trail," from John A. Lomax's book. She gave the gestures and the emphasis necessary to make it true to life, and did not hesitate to use the cowboy slang wherever it occurred in the poem. Another rendition by Miss Slaughter was a blackface sketch, "Husbands Is Husbands," wherein the young lady appeared before the audience as a negro washwoman. The "Chisholm Trail" sketch follows:

"THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL."

Come along, boys, and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm trail.
Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya, youpy ya,
Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya.

I started up the trail October twenty-third,
I started up the trail with the 2U herd.

Oh, a ten dollar hoss and a forty dollar saddle—
And I'm goin' to punchin' Texas cattle.
I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm trail
Rope in hand and a cow by the tail.

I'm up in the mornin' afore daylight
And afore I sleep the moon shines bright.
Old Ben Bolt was a blamed good boss,
But he'd go to see the girls on a sore-backed horse.
Old Ben Bolt was a fine old man
And you'd know there was whiskey wherever he'd land.

My hoss throwed me off at a creek called Mud,
My hoss throwed me off round the 2U herd.
Last time I saw him he was going across the level
A-kicking up his heels and a-running like the devil.
It's cloudy in the West, a-looking like rain,
And my damned old slicker's in the wagon again.

Crippled my hoss, I don't know how,

Ropin' at the horns of a 2U cow.

We hit Caldwell and we hit her on the fly,

We bedded down the cattle on a hill close by.

No chaps, no slicker, and it's pouring down rain,

And I swear, by G—d, I'll never night herd again.

Feet in the stirrups and seat in the saddle,

I hung and rattled with them long-horn cattle.

Last night I was on guard and the leader broke ranks,

I hit my horse down the shoulders and I spurred him in
the flanks.

The wind commenced to blow, and the rain began to fall,

Hit looked, by grab, like we was goin' to lose 'em all.

I jumped in the saddle and grabbed holt the horn,

Best blamed cow-puncher ever was born.

I popped my foot in the stirrup and gave a little yell,

The tail cattle broke and the leaders went to hell.

I don't give a damn if they never do stop;

I'll ride as long as an eight-day clock

Foot in the stirrup and hand on the horn,

Best damned cowboy ever was born.

I herded and hollered and I done very well,

Till the boss said, "Boys, just let 'em go to hell."

Stray in the herd and the boss said kill it,

So I shot him in the rump with the handle of a skillet.

We rounded 'em up and put 'em on the cars,

And that was the last of the old Two Bars.

Oh, it's bacon and beans most every day—

I'd as soon be a-eatin' prairie hay.

I'm on my best horse and I'm goin' at a run.

I'm the quickest shootin' cowboy that ever pulled a gun.

I went to the wagon to get my roll,

To come back to Texas, dad-burn my soul.

I went to the boss to draw my roll,

He had it figgured out I was nine dollars in the hole.

I'll sell my outfit just as soon as I can.

I won't punch cattle for no damned man.

Goin' back to town to draw my money,
Goin' back home to see my honey.
With my knees in the saddle and my seat in sky
I'll quit punching cows in the sweet by and by.
Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya, youpy ya,
Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya.

MY EARLY DAYS IN GOOD OLD SAN ANTONIO.

John A. Miller, Bandera, Texas

My parents, John G. and Katherine Miller came to San Antonio in 1848, and I was born September 10, 1851, where they first lived on Main Street and a ten-foot alley, now West Commerce and Navarro Streets. They lived



John A. Miller,

there but a few years, then moved east on Main Street near the graveyard and powder house, then used as an arsenal. One of my childhood pleasures was to go to the powder house and watch Mr. Lollard, the caretaker, make paper cartridges.

In those days all of the ditches were full of running water. The ditch west of San Antonio river ran down North Flores

Street part of the way, turned east and then south and ran on the west side of Main Plaza in front of the Southern Hotel. There were two ditches east of the San Antonio river. The first one ran back of the Alamo and under the Menger Hotel. The other ditch was farther east on what is now called Water Street. Most of the houses were built on the river and the ditch convenient to water.

At the river crossing on Commerce Street there was a very low bridge, and somewhat of a hill to pull on the

east bank. There was a large spring on the north side of the bridge on the east bank, where all the neighbors procured their water. Houston Street had very few houses on it then. The Mavericks had an orchard fenced with cedar pickets, where the Moore building now stands and it ran up to the present location of the Gibbs building where Mr. Maverick lived. He had one of the finest pecan trees in his yard that could be found anywhere, and there were some large cottonwood trees back of the Alamo, which gave that historic building its name. as Alamo means cottonwood in Spanish.

The plazas were like duck ponds as the water would stand there for days after a rain. The old pioneers who I recollect were Messrs. Lewis, Maverick, Menger, Grenet, Muncey, and many others who were men when I was a young boy.

In 1857 we moved to the Salado on the Austin road, and lived there until 1859, then moved to Selma on the Cibolo, where my father kept the store, post office and stage stand. The old time stage coach was the only way of carrying mail and passengers from San Antonio to Austin.

From 1866 to 1869 Riley Davenport and I sold beeves to San Antonio butchers. They were William Heffling and his slaughter house and pens were where Muth's Garden is now on Grayson Street. Loesberg and Spicer had their pens on the Alazan west of town. There were two market houses in San Antonio then, one was the old market house on Market Street, and the other was in the middle of Alamo Plaza, south of Crockett Street. We delivered about forty head every two weeks. The prices we received were six or seven dollars for the first beeves weighing from 900 to 1000 pounds, and if they kept it on hand until it got thin they would turn it loose and go out on the Salado, in the range, and get a big fat steer in its place. Sometimes we would sell them the same steer two or three times, but they were never short any steers.

In 1870 I went to Brownsville with Capt. W. L. Smith

after horses which we brought to the Pettus ranch in the San Antonio river and sold most of them to the United States government on Col. Ed H. Cunningham's contract. Then we went back after 300 mules which we took to the Brazos river, sold some and worked the balance on the railroad for two years.

In 1873 I gathered what cattle I could, about 900 head, and drove to Wichita, Kansas, found the market dull and sold on a credit, for which I realized mostly experience. Some of the boys who went with me were John Davenport, Bob Murchison and Mike Connor. John Davenport now lives in Bandera county, Bob Murchison lives in El Paso, and Mike Connor died at Uvalde several years ago.

When I was 22 years old I bought a small place on the Cibolo, in Comal county, and improved it. I afterwards sold this place, and in 1881 bought 3500 acres of fine land near Bandera, the old James ranch, and moved on to it in 1882, and still live on this ranch. I quit the cattle business in 1876 (at the wrong time) when I sold all I could gather, about 700 head, to Jesse Evans of Lavernia, and have not raised many cattle since, but have devoted my time to stock farming on a small scale.

I was married February 26, 1878, to Miss Jennie C. Davenport, who has been a faithful helpmeet to me during the long span of wedded years. We have one daughter, Miss Minnie Miller. My wife's father was Captain William Davenport, a well known pioneer who lived on the Cibolo. He was captain of a ranger company which operated against the Indians in the early days. Captain Davenport died several years ago, but his widow, now eighty-five years old, still lives at the old home place on the Cibolo.

I have two brothers, W. F. Miller of San Antonio, and George Miller of Marathon, and one sister, Mrs. C. Y. Myer, who lives at Belton.

CAPTAIN A. C. JONES

By George W. Saunders.

Captain A. C. Jones of Beeville, Texas was one of our most widely known and popular men in Texas. He was a self made man like so many of the sons of Texas, having no advantages in early life. His success was due to his unaided efforts, a keen business sagacity, and a prompt and decisive way of taking hold of things. He was born in Nacogdoches county, Texas, in 1830, and reared on the very borders of civilization, his boyhood being spent among scenes of privations and dangers. Captain Jones began as a farmer and stockraiser with a capital of \$2500.00 at the age of 22. During the 70's and 80's he had invested in business, lands and cattle more than \$100,000.00. He removed to Goliad county in 1858 and in 1860 he was sheriff of that county. He was later, treasurer of Bee county, Texas. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate Army as private soldier in Company E, Wallers Battalion, in General Dick Taylor's Command. After 18 months' hard service he was promoted to a captaincy and remained in the army until the last gun was fired. Captain Jones took the lead in all affairs pertaining to the upbuilding of the county in which he lived and in this he was backed by his entire community. Capt. Jones was never a trail driver but was a pioneer ranchman, merchant and farmer. He died several years ago, leaving a large fortune to W. W. Jones of Corpus Christi, who owns the Nueces Hotel there, several hundred thousand acres of ranch land, 13,000 head of cattle and a million dollars loaned out. W. W. Jones was the only son of Capt. C. A. Jones and is a member of the Old Trail Drivers Association and promised to furnish a sketch of his life and his photo for this book, but, like many others, has neglected to do so. His greatest worry today is the income tax. I know he is honest, as last year he paid a forty-year-old \$20.00 gambling debt which he lost when sowing his wild oats, but of course he has not gambled any since then. The party was threaten-

ing to charge compound interest on the \$20.00 for forty years but Jones pleaded limitation. I have known W. W. Jones from childhood, have kept close tab on his operations through all these years and I pronounce him a wonder as a financier. He is very popular with all who know him, loyal to his country and his friends.

A. C. Jones, Jr., son of W. W. Jones, is a popular young ranchman of the Hebronville section, and is following in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, the latter remembering him in his will.

CAPTAIN HENRY SCOTT.

By George W. Saunders.

Captain Henry Scott, who died in Corpus Christi on February 27, 1891 and was interred at Refugio, Texas, his old home a few days later, was born in the state of New York in 1830. Two years later his parents moved to Mission, Refugio county, Texas, where a small body of intrepid Irishmen had established a colony. Captain Scott was raised fighting Indians. At the time Ward and his men were massacred near the Mission, Captain Scott, a small boy at the time, was one of the survivors. Soon after this came the massacre of Fannin and his men at Goliad. Such times as these made a deep and fearful impression upon the mind of young Scott, who was destined himself to play an important part in the history of Texas. When ten years old he accompanied his father on an Indian expedition, and in battle with the Indians, on the ground where Brownsville now stands, his father was killed, young Scott was captured and taken 250 miles into Mexico. One night, finding all the guards asleep, he mounted a poney, and after wandering through the wilderness many days and nights, living on berries and roots, he finally reached a white settlement where he found shelter and rest. Scott's account of the battle of Refugio in 1836 as given to Col. John S. Ford is recorded in Texas History by L. E. Daniel. Scott was

young at the time but those horrors were deeply impressed on the boy's mind. He spent most of his life in Refugio, Goliad, Bee, San Patricio, Aransas and Nueces counties to protect the border against bandits from Mexico that were stealing stock and murdering our citizens. This company was in action the majority of the time and for two years the value of it's service to the State could not be estimated. Mr. Scott followed one of the Swift murderers into Mexico and had him put in jail, paid \$1,000.00 out of his pocket to have his captive delivered to him in Texas and brought the Mexican to Refugio where he was hung to a tree in the yard of the Swift family where he helped to murder Mr. and Mrs. Swift, four miles from Mission, Refugio county, Texas. Few men in the state did more than Captain Scott towards the development of our great state:

OSCAR J. FOX, COMPOSER OF COWBOY SONGS

Oscar J. Fox, of San Antonio, Texas, is winning fame



Oscar J. Fox

as a composer of cowboy songs. Mr. Fox was born in Burnet county, Texas, in 1879. He went to Europe for his musical education, and also spent several seasons in New York. He has just completed arrangements with G. Schirmer and Carl Fischer, music publishers of New York, for the publication in concert form of two cowboy songs, "A Cowboy's Lament," (Oh,

Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie) and "Rounded Up in Glory." Both of these songs were taken from John A. Lomax's "Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads," published by the McMillan Co. of New York.

A. W. BILLINGSLEY, WIFE AND SON



Reading from left to right, A. W. Billingsley, Mrs. A. W. Billingsley, Sergeant A. W. Billingsley, Jr. Mr. Billingsley, Sr., was born in Bee county in 1854, and was for many years a well known cowman of Southwest Texas. He is now engaged in the dairy business in San Antonio. The young man in uniform in this picture was first sergeant in the 344th Field Artillery, 60th Division, and saw active service in France during the World War.

JOHN AND THOMAS DEWEES

By George W. Saunders.

John O. Dewees was born in Putnam county, Indiana, December 30th, 1828. His father moved to Tasewell county, Ill., in 1832, located on Fox River and laid off the village of Dundee, Ill., engaged in farming and established the first planing mill erected in that section. At that time there were few white pioneers west of the Mississippi. Sioux and other tribes of Indians were camped near the little pioneer village. The Indians were treated kindly and made good neighbors. Mr. Dewees worked on his father's farm and hauled produce to Chica, 30 miles west of Dundee. At that time Chicago

was a government post containing about 300 inhabitants. Mr. Dewees' father moved to Texas and settled near Bastrop in 1849, engaging in farming and stock raising. At the beginning of the Civil War he owned 1600 cattle. In 1862 he joined Company B, commanded by Captain E. B. Millet, 32nd Texas Cavalry and served throughout the war and engaged in many battles and skirmishes. At the close of the war he gathered what cattle he could and started anew in the cattle business. He started a ranch in Wilson county, Texas, bought land and cattle and in a few years he owned 60,000 acres of pasture land in Wilson, Karnes and Atascosa counties. He began driving cattle over the trail in the early 70's, formed a partnership with Col. James Ellison and this partnership lasted many years. During this time the Ellison and Dewees cattle were thick on the northern trails. For many years they sent from 20,000 to 40,000 cattle per year. A long time the firm filled Indian contracts and sold to ranchmen to be delivered at different points all over the Northwest. Mr. Dewees died several years ago, leaving a large fortune and a host of friends. His widow and grandchildren are conducting the estate profitably.

Thomas Dewees, a brother of John O. Dewees, was a large cattle operator on ranches and on the trail. We are unable to obtain his history but it is similar to that of his brother. He was well known and very popular. He died several years ago and left considerable property.

CAME TO TEXAS IN 1838.

Mrs. H. C. Mayes, Carlsbad, Texas.

My father, William Rodney Baker, moved from Terre Haute, Indiana, to Austin, Texas, in 1838. I was then six weeks old. My brother, Nelson Baker, was the first white child born in Austin. Father moved from Austin to a place ten miles south of the village on Onion Creek. On February 1, 1842, Father and my uncle, Silas Sherman, 17 years old, went out after the milk cows and

never came back. Next morning they were found dead and scalped by Indians. They had cut out father's heart and badly mutilated his body. From the signs found there a desperate battle had taken place. Broken arrows were scattered about, the bark knocked off trees, and father's gun barrel was bent, showing that he had used it as a club against his foes after he had exhausted his supply of ammunition.

I am now eighty-four years old, and have lived in Texas all of my life. My husband, Hollen C. Mayes, came to Texas in 1850. He was in the Ranger service, and also served through the Civil War in the Confederate Army. He died August 5th, 1921 in his 86th year. We raised eight children, six boys and two girls.

A LONG DRY DRIVE.

The following story appeared in a booklet issued a few years ago by Joseph A. Spaugh of Hope, Indiana, telling of his experiences in Texas. Mr. Spaugh lived with the family of Silas Hastings in Wharton county, and went up the trail with one of the Hastings herds, but in his narrative he does not give the year. It is as follows:



Joseph A. Spaugh

"One evening Dan Smith said to me, 'Get your traps together for in the morning we start for Llano county to round up a herd of cattle and go

North.'" If I were to tell you all that happened between the time we gathered those cattle on the Gulf of Mexico and the time we delivered them to the purchaser in Abilene, Kansas, it would be more than you could bear.

I will only describe the outfit and relate our experience. The crew consisted of fourteen men and boys, eleven hands, the overseer, the scout and the cook, two yoke of oxen, thirty-five saddle horses and eighteen hundred stock cattle. The scout was a Mexican called Don. It was his duty to ride ahead of the cattle and look out for grass and water, kill game and furnish the outfit with meat. At night the cattle were rounded up and two men were put on guard. One man was riding one way and one the other, while the cattle were lulled to sleep by the cowboys with a low, weird strain, a song of peculiar charm, which quieted the cows when sung by the cattlemen.

This year had been a very dry one. There had been but little rain and water was scarce. One evening after we hit the alkali country in Central Texas, we were encamped near a small chain of lakes. Don had rode farther in advance of us than usual that day. He knew that country, having been over it before and when he rode into camp that evening he reported to Smith that he found very little water in the Brazos country. He said that ten or twelve miles out the trail forked and the prong that the cattle had used this year bore to the West. The other one, the way the cattle had gone the year before, had not been used this year and it was his opinion we would have to follow the west prong for water. Smith said, "That is the wrong direction, and if you keep turning this outfit from its course you will land us back where we started." Smith talked loud and I watched for the blue smoke which could be seen on such occasions. It did not come but some of the older hands said that unless he took the advice of the Mexican it would materialize a little later. And it did. We moved the cattle up to the forks of the trail and camped again for the night. Don advised the following of those who went before but Smith said he wanted to take the cattle to Kansas and did not want to keep them in Texas. Dan Smith, to his sorrow, forgot the rule of life that to cope with those who cut across, we must sometimes go around.

The next morning before starting out every man filled his canteen with black coffee for we could not drink the alkali water as it made us sick. It had rained just a little in the night and Smith was encouraged and said he "would drive those cattle over the old road or drive them to hell." So we were off. One day out and no water. Two days out and no water. It was burning hot on the plains and oh, that terrible alkali dust. I put my red cotton handkerchief up under my hat and let it hang down over my face to keep that awful dust out of my nose. Talk about nothing to drink and a dry country, that was surely the place. Three days out and no water. The third night it took all the force we had to hold the cattle. Range cattle possess a peculiar instinct whereby they can smell water and tell in what direction it lays. All through the long night those cattle would throw up their heads and sniff the air. I tied my broad brimmed hat down over my ears to partly shut out the sound made by those poor cattle dying for water. They could no longer bellow but continued a pitiful moan or lowing. The scout had reported that evening that there was some water twenty miles ahead so we got up and made an early start next morning expecting to push ahead but when the sun came up it seemed to shine down on us with renewed power. With the glaring sun above us and the burning sand beneath us and no water in sight we were in a terrible strait. Now and then we would pass a cow that had dropped out of the herd and lay prostrated in the trail. That morning the cattle had been walking in a "mile string." Sometimes those eighteen hundred would be stretched out for two miles. About nine o'clock the cattle began to drop back and finally the leaders turned back. We made an effort to get the animals in bunches in order to check the backward turning movement but it was of no avail. Seemingly the word to retreat had been passed along the line from the leaders and every cow in that herd turned back and went in the opposite direction. We had orders to stop the cattle and in an effort to obey we rode back

and forth whipping them over the head with our quirts. Dan Smith pulled his six shooter and fired into the herd until it was empty. The fact was soon evident that we had lost control over the animals which would blindly walk right against us. It is well known to those familiar with cattle that cows dying for water go entirely blind. All our efforts to stop those foremost in the herd only gave those in the rear time to catch up and help form a solid, impenetrable line of surging, maddened animals which kept steadily advancing in defiance of every obstacle. Seeing that their efforts availed nothing, the men withdrew to one side and formed a little group, every member of which, except the Mexican, proved to be greatly excited. He sat on his horse perfectly calm and self-possessed saying not a word. Dan Smith in his rage, was the last one to ride into the crowd. When he rode up no one spoke and taking off his hat he threw it on the ground and began to pour forth such a torrent of profanity as was never heard before. He cursed until he was exhausted, and then, talking in a whisper, stood up in his saddle stirrups and swore if he owned Texas and hell he would sell Texas and move to hell. I realized that the cattle had a leader but we had none. Smith said every one of the cattle would die, but Don spoke up and said, "No, you will have a loss in them but they won't all die." Smith said to Don, "You got us into this trouble and now you must get us out. What shall we do?" According to the opinion of the Mexican there was only one thing to be done and this is what was done. Riders were put out to throw in the stragglers and gradually work the cattle back to the lakes. Ten days later we took the west fork of that trail, being on a strict count thirty-five cattle and five horses short. After following the Texas steers on the cattle trail for five months we arrived at our journey's end and the cattle were turned over to those who had purchased them.

The Mexican killed Dan Smith at Abilene in a drunken brawl. Someone else was put in charge of the train. More mules and wagons were bought and the journey

southward was continued but I had given them the slip and worked for a time in Kansas then came to Indiana where I have since lived.

CHAPLAIN J. STEWART PEARCE.

Chaplain J. Stewart Pearce, First Infantry, Camp Travis, is always present at the conventions of the Old Time Trail Drivers Association. He is the son of a cowman, and is himself a former cow-puncher, and is chaplain of the Association. On one occasion, during the annual memorial service, Chaplin Pearce, with feeling said of the departed trail drivers:

"Their language may not always have been couched in terms accepted of the church. Their prayers may not have always been as dignified, or their hymns as pure in tone as they might have been, but within the breasts of the men who braved the hardships of those early days beat hearts as true as those which beat within the breasts of any of God's children. I was reared in San Antonio. I knew most of the men whose names have been read in the memorial resolution. Some of them many a time have spent the night in my father's home. And I know that the cowboy frequently was not all he should have been. Many of you have wondered why San Antonio's streets are so crooked, and that's the reason. The boys came in straight but they went out crooked. But whatever they may sometimes have seemed to be on the surface, down beneath all that they were true blue, Uncle Ab was my first boss. Uncle Ab used to let his mouth run wild somtimes, as we all have done on occasions. But whatever Uncle Ab's language may have been, he had a heart that was pure and good and beautiful. I remember one time we aame into a border town with a herd of cattle. And you know what happens when cowboys come into town after six or eight months on a ranch. But Uncle Ab came to me and said, "If I were you, I wouldn't go across the river with the other boys tonight." He knew I had just joined the church."

MARTIN AND JOE O'CONNOR.

Martin and Joe O'Connor, of Victoria, Texas, are sons of the late D. M. O'Connor. They own and operate large tracts of land in Victoria, Refugio and Goliad counties on which they graze thousands of fine cattle, following in the footsteps of their illustrious grandfather, Thomas O'Connor, and are among the most worthy gentlemen of their section.

FATHER RECEIVED A PREMIUM FOR BEST CORN

C. E. Austin, Nixon, Texas

My father came to San Antonio in 1854, and at the fair held there that year he received a silver cup as a premium for the best corn raised in Bexar county. The cup was made by Mr. Bell, the jeweler there. My maternal grandfather received a premium for the best yoke of oxen at the same fair. We afterward moved to Karnes county where we raised cattle and hauled freight from Powder Horn to San Antonio, Austin and other points in the state. I was on my way to Brownsville with cotton when the Civil War ended. John Western, my brother and I were driving my father's wagons. There were about twenty teams in our crowd, and we were turned back after four days out of San Antonio. I was very young then, being only about twelve years old. We continued to haul freight until 1869, when father took his family and started with a drove of horses to East Tennessee, arriving there about the first of September of that year. I came back to Texas in 1873, and have lived in or near San Antonio ever since.

SON OF A TRAIL DRIVER

Harry H. Williams, San Antonio, Texas

I value my membership in the Old Trail Drivers' As-

sociation very greatly, and it was very considerate of



Harry H. Williams

you to invite me in to the association by virtue of my newspaper work in behalf of it. And I was very glad to join as a regular member by reason of being the son of a trail driver. Also, as a boy and young man I often made short drives with herds over the country, usually in delivering a herd to some congregating point.

My father and his brother drove a small herd of East Texas steers to Vicksburg immediately following the Civil War, in late '65 or in '66. The

drive began from Cass county, and the steers were gathered in Cass and adjoining counties. My father was 22 at the time and his brother was 20, and each had served the full four years of the war in the field. My father was Henry C. Williams, born at DeKalb, Bowie county, 79 years ago, dying in Milam county, 26 years ago. His brother was William W. Williams, two years younger, now living in Houston, Texas, at 136 Rosalie Street. My grandfather was J. J. Williams, for many years at Douglassville, Cass county, where he is buried.

I remember hearing my father tell incidents of the trip to Vicksburg, one of which was that when the herd was swam across the Mississippi river, there was one steer, unusually vigorous and ambitious, that swam circles around the herd while crossing. I don't know how

large a force the two brothers took along, but do know that they had a cook, wagon and camping outfit, for just a few years ago in Austin I met the man, who, as a young boy, himself just out of the Confederate army, went along in the capacity of cook.

Later, on returning home, my uncle was elected sheriff of Cass county, at 26 years of age. My father married in Mississippi, returned to Texas, and principally reared his family in Stephens and Eastland counties.

In my work as livestock representative of the San Antonio Express I have repeatedly tried to make known my great appreciation of the usefulness and value of the Old Trail Drivers' association; still, I can not forego the pleasure of again saying that Mr. George W. Saunders' work, and the work of others whom you have enlisted in the cause, in preserving the history of the old cattle driving days, is one worthy of the highest commendation.

MORE ABOUT THE CHISHOLM TRAIL

Charles Goodnight, Goodnight, Texas

I do not look at a trail as being an honor or a dishonor to anyone, but I see no reason why they should be named for people who did not make them.

On page 260 of the first volume of this book is given an article by Fred Sutton of Oklahoma City, in which appears this statement: "The trail was started in 1868 by John Chisholm (Chisum), who drove the first bunch of cows from San Antonio to Abilene, Kansas, and for whom the trail was named."

Now, the facts are, John Chisholm (Chisum) followed the Goodnight & Loving Trail up the Pecos in 1866, reaching Bosque Grande on the Pecos about December, wintering right below Bosque Grande, with 600 Jingle Bob steers. We wintered about eight miles apart. In the spring of 1867 he disposed of those steers to government contractors, and returned to his Colorado and Concho ranch and began moving his cattle west. In 1860 I

formed a partnership with him on the following basis: He was to deliver to me all cattle he could handle at Bosque Grande on the Pecos River, I allowing him one dollar per head profit over Texas prices for his risk. During this contract or agreement, he lost two herds by the Indians. I handled the rest of his drives from Bosque Grande west, disposing of them in Colorado and Wyoming. This continued for three years, and I divided profits equally with him. These profits enabled him to buy the 60,000 head he once held on the Pecos.

Chisholm (Chisum) never drove a herd north, and never claimed to have done so. He did drive two herds to Little Rock at the end of the Civil War, less than a thousand steers in all.

John McCoy conceived the idea of the Texas cattle trades going to Abilene, and sent scouts down to meet the herds and drive them through the country after they had passed Red River, at the place known as Red River crossing.

Chisholm (Chisum) moved the herds before spoken of en route to Little Rock by what was well known as the Colbert Crossing, following the old U. S. Road the entire distance. In conversation with me he said one Chisholm, in no way related to him, did pilot 600 steers from the Texas frontier to old Fort Cobb, and he presumed that this was the origin of the name of the trail, although no trail was opened.

Chisholm (Chisum) was a good trail man, and the best counter I have ever known. He was the only man I have ever seen who could count three grades accurately as they went by. I have seen him do this many times.

I estimate that he delivered to me 15,000 or 16,000 cattle in the three years mentioned. I drove the last of his cattle in 1875, being two herds of big steers, and I took them over what is known as the New Goodnight Trail, leaving the Pecos River above old Fort Sumner to Granada, Colorado. I think W. J. Wilson, known as "One Armed Bill Wilson" will remember Chisholm's reaching the Pecos in the winter of 1866. As I remem-

ber it, he had passed up to the Colorado in 1866 with Mr. Loving with the stock cattle of our first drive, and he and Mr. Loving met me at Bosque Grande on the Pecos, I think, in February, 1867.

As above stated I positively know no trail north was made by Chisholm (Chisum) but the first herd driven north out of northwest Texas was driven in 1858 by Oliver Loving, leaving Palo Pinto and Jack counties, thence north to Red River, crossing Red River in the neighborhood of Red River Crossing, and striking the Arkansas River near old Fort Zarah, then up the Arkansas to just above where Pueblo now stands. There he wintered the herd. In 1859 (spring) he moved them to the Platte River near Denver and peddled them out. He remained there until the Civil War broke out and had much difficulty in getting back home, but through the assistance of Maxwell, Kit Carson and Dick Wootan, he was given a passport and afterwards delivered beef to the Confederacy during the war, which completely broke him up. He joined me in 1866 on the Western trail, and followed this until his death. Part of these facts were given me by Mr. Loving himself.

NOW A MEMBER OF CONGRESS

Claude Hudspeth, El Paso, Texas

I was born in a little log cabin that stood on the banks of the Medina River, one mile below the town of Medina, in Bandera county, forty-four years ago. I worked as a cowboy from the time I could sit in the saddle and whirl a lasso up until this present hour, having just returned from my ranch on Devil's river, where I rounded up and delivered in person a herd of steers at the railroad station at Barnhart, some distance from my ranch.

My father was a frontier sheriff. He was away from home a great deal of the time running down outlaws and cattle thieves who infested that country in the days when the good right hand was the chief protection

that afforded the citizenship of that country, exercised by efficient peace officers of that day. I worked for some of the old-time pioneers of that section, namely John R. Blocker, Eugene McKenzie, and many others.

I have held the offices of State Representative, State Senator, District Judge, and am now serving my second term in Congress.

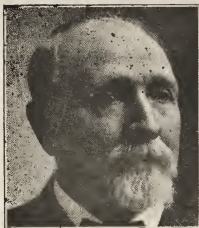
In my early life my principal job was a cook in a cow camp where cowboys will testify, some of them that survived, "that I cooked things that nobody could eat." The boss, wishing to promote, and also to prevent indigestion among the men, elevated me to the position of horse wrangler. There was hardly an old-time trail driver that I have not met up with, and for whom I hold the highest esteem, love and friendship.

My education consists of three months in a log cabin out on the banks of the Medina, where I thoroughly mastered the contents of Webster's Blue-back speller and reader combined. This constituted the curriculum and the extent of my literary studies.

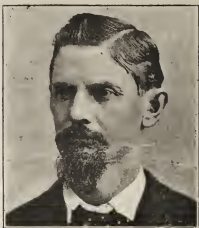
June 19, 1922.

MEN WHO MADE THE TRAIL FAMOUS.

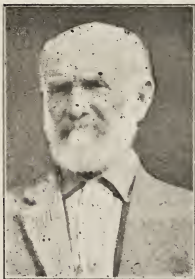
The following several pages are devoted to additional grouping of some of the most noted of the earliest trail drivers of Texas, and heaviest dealers during the existence of the trail. It is safe to say that these men and their connections handled more than seventy-five per cent of the cattle driven out of Texas during those days, and made possible the wonderful growth of the great cattle industry of the United States. The several groups of pictures show some of the foremost drovers of that period. Other pictures appearing in this book are of the younger men who took up the work where their predecessors left off, and the cow hands and trail bosses who had their share in the work of driving the herds to the Northern markets.



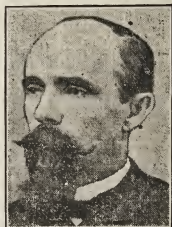
W. C. Irvin
Sketch on Page 64



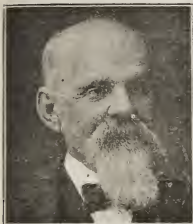
Thomas McDaniel



W. S. Hall
Sketch in Volume 1



Alonzo Millett
Sketch on Page 263



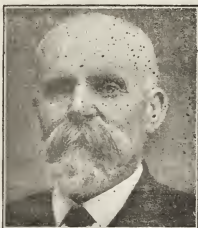
Jim Rutledge



Ed Rutledge



John Rutledge

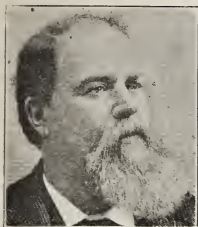


Emmett Rutledge

Sketch on Page 278



Col. Ike T. Pryor
Sketch in Volume I



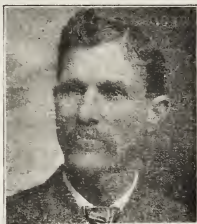
Col. C. C. Slaughter
Sketch on Page 341



George Webb Slaughter
Sketch on Page 200



P. E. Slaughter
Sketch on Page 235



John B. Slaughter
Sketch on Page 356

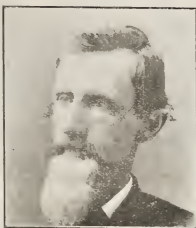


William B. Slaughter

Sketch on Page 306



G. G. Odom
Sketch on Page 105



D. H. Snyder
Sketch on Page 159



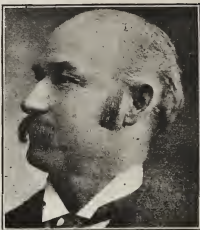
T. A. Coleman
Sketch in Volume I



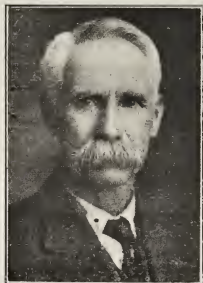
Joe Cotulla
Sketch in Volume I



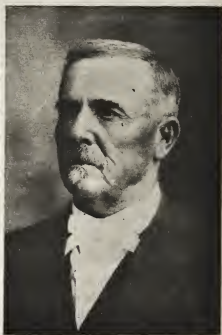
John Redus
Sketch on Page 258



Jim Dobie
Sketch on Page 287



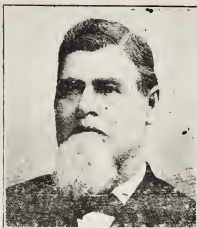
W. E. Cureton
Sketch in Volume I



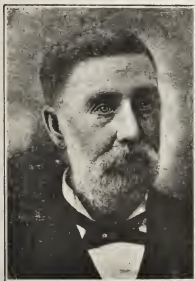
E. M. (Bud) Daggett
Sketch in Volume I



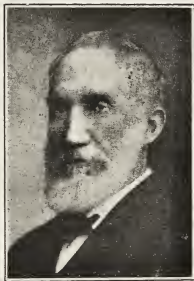
Thomas Dewees



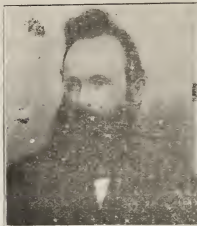
John O. Dewees
Sketch on Page 377



Col. J. F. Ellison
Sketch in Volume I



D. S. Combs
Sketch in Volume I



T. J. Moore
Sketch on Page 151



Jesse Presnall
Sketch on Page 279



W. H. Jennings

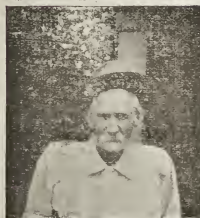
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Dunn Houston
Sketch on Page 363



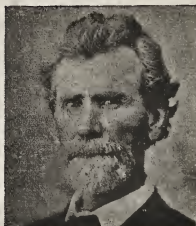
Bob Houston
Sketch on Page 363



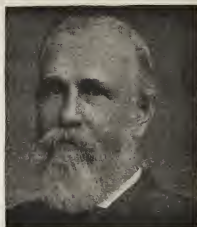
Jess McCoy
Sketch on Page 364



Mifflin Kenedy
Sketch on Page 402



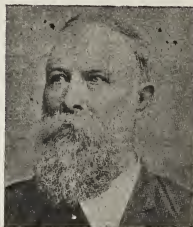
Captain Henry Scott
Sketch on Page 375



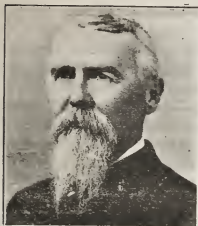
Shanghai Pearce
Sketch on Page 361



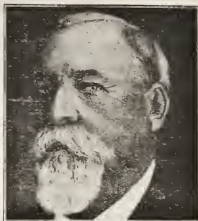
D. M. O'Connor
Sketch on Page 360



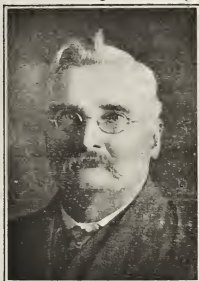
Captain A. C. Jones
Sketch on Page 374



Seth Mabry
Sketch on Page 156



George W. Littlefield
Sketch on Page 140



P. B. Butler
Sketch in Volume I



W. G. Butler
Sketch on Page 153

CAPTAIN MIFFLIN KENEDY.

Captain Mifflin Kenedy was born at Downingtown, Chester county, Pennsylvania, June 8, 1818, and died at Corpus Christi, Texas, March 14, 1895, aged seventy-six years. Early in life he became a seaman and followed that line of work for many years. In 1842 he went to Alabama and during one season on the Alabama river served as clerk of the *Champion*, a boat running from Mobile to Montgomery. The *Champion* then proceeded to Apalachicola, Florida, and ran on the Apalachicola and Chattahoochee rivers until 1846. While thus engaged in Florida he met Captain Richard King, then a river pilot and in after years his partner in steamboat operations on the Rio Grande, and ranching in Southwest Texas. In the early part of 1846 Captain Kenedy was placed in charge of the *Champion* and ordered to take her to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Upon his arrival at Pittsburg, he met Major Saunders, an engineer in the United States Army, and a friend of his, who was sent there by General Zachary Taylor to obtain boats for the use of the army on the Rio Grande. Major Saunders purchased the *Corvette*, Colonel Cross, Major Brown, Whitville and other boats for the service. Captain Kenedy was made commander of the *Corvette* and directed to proceed to New Orleans and report to Colonel Hunt of the Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A. The appointment was confirmed and Captain Kenedy enlisted for the war, as master, and was ordered to proceed with the *Corvette* to the mouth of the Rio Grande and report to E. A. Ogden, assistant quartermaster, U. S. A. One of the reasons for selecting him for this work was his experience in conducting light boats over the Gulf. He reached the station at the mouth of the Rio Grande in June, 1846, and from that time until the close of the Mexican War transported troops and provisions to Matamoras, Reynosa, Camargo and other points on the river. After the victory of Buena Vista, and while moving on Vera Cruz, General Winfield Scott stopped at the

mouth of the Rio Grande, desiring to consult with General Worth. Captain Kenedy's vessel, the Corvette, was selected to take General Scott and staff up the river.

Captain Richard King joined Captain Kenedy in May, 1847, and acted as pilot of the Corvette until the close of the war, in 1848. Both were thoroughly experienced seamen and rendered their country good service. At the end of the Mexican war, Captain Kenedy, Samuel Belden and Captain James Walworth bought a large number of mules and wagons and a stock of merchandise and started for San Juan, in the state of Jalisco, Mexico, but sold their outfit at Zacatecas and returned to Matamoras where they divided the proceeds of the trip and dissolved partnership. Captain Kenedy immediately purchased another stock of goods and, with his merchandise loaded on pack-mules started for the interior of Mexico. At Monteréy he sold out and returned to Brownsville, reaching there in the spring of 1850.

Seeing the necessity of good boats on the Rio Grande, he then formed a partnership with Capt. Richard King, Captain James O'Donnel and Mr. Charles Stillman, under the name of M. Kenedy & Co. The firm's purpose was to build boats and run them on the Rio Grande and along the Gulf Coast to Brazos Santiago. Captain Kenedy proceeded to Pittsburg, Pa., and built two boats, the Comanche and Grampus. He bought Captain O'Donnel's interest in the business during the following two years, and in 1865 the new firm of King, Kenedy & Co. was formed, Charles Stillman having retired. The two firms, during their existence, built and purchased twenty-six boats for trade. In 1874 the firm was dissolved and divided assets. During this time Captain Kenedy served under Major Heitzleman, in the U. S. Army, during the Cortina raid and was Captain of Co. A, 1859.

Captain Richard King established the Santa Gertrudes ranch in Nueces county, Texas, in 1852, and Captain Kenedy bought half interest in it in 1860. They dissolved partnership in this undertaking in 1868, taking

share and share alike of cattle, horses and sheep. Capt. King, by agreement, reserved Santa Gertrudes ranch, Captain Kenedy buying from Charles Stillman the Laureles ranch consisting of twelve and a half leagues of land, 10,000 cattle, and many horses and sheep, and he moved thereto at once. After the Civil War so many thieves, marauders and outlaws remained on the frontier that Captain King saw that the only effectual way to protect their cattle interests was to fence. Captain Kenedy enclosed 132,000 acres of the Laureles, and Captain King enclosed his pastures. They were the first cattle raisers in the state to fence large bodies of land. Captain Kenedy remained on the Laureles ranch until he sold it in 1882 to Underwood, Clark & Co. of Kansas City, for \$1,000,000 cash. At the time of the sale it contained 242,000 acres of land, all fenced, 50,000 head of cattle and 5,000 head of horses, mares and mules.

Colonel Uriah Lott projected the Corpus Christi, San Diego & Rio Grande narrow gauge railroad from Corpus Christi to Laredo in 1876, and with the assistance of Captains Kenedy and King built the road and sold it to the Mexican National Construction Company in 1881. Captain Kenedy also supplied the money with which Colonel Lott built the San Antonio & Aransas Pass railroad, a distance of 700 miles, in 1885.

In 1882 Captain Kenedy established the Kenedy pasture Co., the ranch lands lying in Cameron county, and being thirty miles in length by twenty in breadth.

April 16, 1852, Captain Kenedy was married to Mrs. Vela de Vidal of Mier, Mexico, the wedding occurring at Brownsville. Six children were born to this union, only one son surviving. Mr. John G. Kenedy, who is now president of the Kenedy Pasture Company.

Captain Kenedy was a believer in State rights and was a staunch Confederate. He and his friend, Captain King assisted the Confederacy in many ways. They handled their own and Confederate cotton, and lost heavily when their cotton was denounced and seized by General Banks.

JOHN G. KENEDY

John G. Kenedy was born in Brownsville, Texas, April 22, 1856, and was educated at Spring Hill College, Mobile, Alabama. After leaving school in 1873, he accepted a position with Perkins, Swenson & Co., bankers and commission merchants at New Orleans, where he remained several years. In April, 1877 he started on the cattle trail from Laureles, his father's ranch, to Fort Dodge, Kansas, accompanying 18,000 head of cattle. He remained two months at Fort Dodge, drove a herd of 2,000 cattle from there to Ogallala, Nebraska, and then returned to his father's ranch. Six months later he went into the sheep business, which he sold to Lott & Nelson in 1882. After the sale of the Laureles ranch in 1882 Mr. Kenedy became secretary of the Kenedy Pasture Company, which owns 600 square miles of pasture lands, all under fence. In 1884 he became general manager of this company and took entire charge of La Parra ranch, located six miles from Sarita, Texas. This ranch has 160 miles of fencing, a water front on Buffalo Bayou and Laguna Madre of sixty miles, seventy live artesian wells, and is stocked with about 25,000 head of cattle. Mr. John G. Kenedy married Miss Marie Turcotte of New Orleans January 30, 1884, and has two children living, John G. Kenedy, Jr., and Sarita Kenedy East. Mr. Kenedy is now president of the Kenedy Pasture Company, and his son, John G. Kenedy, Jr. is manager.

FELIX M. SHAW.

Felix M. Shaw was born in Travis county, Texas, in October 1860. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Shaw, who lived "by the side of the road," near Austin, and were truly friends to trail drivers. The subject of this sketch had just entered manhood when trail driving was at its best and there was no more beautiful sight

to him than to see Del Valle Flat covered with herds. The fascination was more than he could resist, and although his father needed and depended upon him to help at home, he just had to go up the trail, and three seasons found him with John Blocker's outfits en route to Montana. Felix M. Shaw was married in October, 1896, to Miss Ella Matthews of Austin, who, after a short and happy married life, was called to her reward. In 1895 he married Miss Florence Terry of Eagle Pass. To their union were born three daughters and one son, all now living in San Antonio. Mr. Shaw died and was buried at San Antonio July 17, 1908.

A LOG OF THE TRAILS.

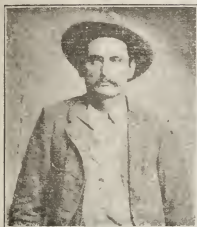
George W. Saunders, San Antonio, Texas.

The question of the log of the Chisholm and other trails leading to the Northern markets has more versions than any question connected with the early trail days because no one it seems, gives this phase of the game more than a passing thought. Most everyone has heard of the Chisholm Trail, the Goodnight Trail and the Loving Trail but as a matter of fact most of the trail-drivers did not care anything about the name of the trail they were traveling, as they were generally too busy to think or care about its name. In conversation I have heard men say: "I took the Chisholm Trail at Goliad, Lockhart, Corpus Christi, San Antonio, and many other Texas points." Some of the sketches in Volume One of the Trail Drivers of Texas speak of the Chisholm Trail starting at San Antonio, Texas; some at other places. The writers of these sketches were honest. They had probably heard this and had not taken the trouble to investigate the real starting and commencing point, until after the organization of the Old Trail Drivers' Association in 1915. At that time our Secretary was instructed to write to old trail drivers all over the country for infor-

information on this subject.

We received many letters, each one giving his version, which differed somewhat. W. P. Anderson, who was railroad agent at Abilene, Kansas, in the late sixties, and had to do with the first shipments of cattle out of that place, gives us a satisfactory description of the Chisholm Trail,

laid out by Jese Chisholm, a half-breed Cherokee Indian, from Red River Station to different points in Kansas. Quot-



Geo. W. Saunders.

40 Years Ago.

ting from Mr. Anderson's letter to the Secretary, which is recorded in the minutes of the first reunion and to be found on page 14, of the first volume of the Trail Drivers of Texas:

"In reference to Mr. Goodnight's allusion to my 'blazing' the trail for the Joe McCoy herd, my recollection of the first herd that came to Abilene, Kansas was that of J. J. Meyers, one of the trail drivers of that herd now living at Panhandle, Texas. A Mr. Gibbs, I think, will ascertain further on the subject. The first cattle shipped out of Abilene, that I recollect, was by C. C. Slaughter of Dallas, and while loaded at Abilene, Kansas, the billing was made from Memorandum slips at Junction City, Kansas. The original chapters of Joe McCoy's book were published in a paper called 'The Cattle Trail,' edited by H. M. Dixon, whose address is now the Auditorium Building, Chicago. It was my connection with this publication that has probably led Mr. Goodnight into the belief that I helped blaze the trail with McCoy's cattle herd. This was the first paper that I know of that published maps of the trails from different cattle shipping points in Kansas to the intersection of the original Chisholm Trail, one from Coffeyville, Kansas,

the first, however, from Baxter Springs, then from Abilene, Newton, then Wichita and Great Bend, Dodge City becoming so famous obviated the necessity for further attention in this direction."

One of the greatest developing projects ever known in the United States was done by this industry in taking the wilderness from the Indians and wild animals, stocking, peopling and developing sixteen states and territories in 28 years, namely; Western Indian Territory, Western Kansas, Nebraska, Montana, North Dakota,



Crossing at Red River Station

South Dakota, Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, Utah and Northwest Texas. We all know that this entire domain was a wilderness in 1867 and only a few trappers and miners had penetrated them. However, the Government's Immigrant California Trail crossed this wilderness, as did a few prospecting expeditions but up to this date habitation was confined to a few trading posts and forts. Compare this condition with the condition in 1890. All of the Indians were on reservations, the millions of buffalo were replaced by herds of fine cattle, horses, sheep and hogs; the iron horse rumbled through these lands, bringing happy, prosperous people, who built towns, schools, churches and tilled the rich soil that was wait-

ing for them. The government and other interests did their part and did it well, but to the old trail drivers belongs the glory and honor for having blazed the way that made this great development possible. They did more towards development in twenty-eight years than was ever previously done in one hundred years by our ancestors. The trail to the North from Texas was started in 1867 and closed in 1895, but most of this great development was done in twenty years, from 1870 to 1890. It is conservatively estimated by old trail drivers that there were 98,000,000 cattle and 10,000,000 horse stock driven over the Northern Trails during the 28 years of trail days and that there were 35,000 men employed to handle these herds. Many of them are dead. Those surviving are identified in all lines of business, from high finance to day laborers. The majority of them belong Texas. One thousand and two hundred of them belong to the Old Trail Drivers' Association which holds its annual re-unions in San Antonio in October of each year, when they live over the bygone days.

From Red River to Abilene, Kansas, as I remember, the streams in 1871 were; Big and Little Washita, Turkey Creek, South and North Canadian, Cimarron, Bluff Creek on the line of Kansas. Here we found the first civilized settlement of English-speaking people. The next streams were Pond Creek, Salt Fork of the Arkansas North Fork of the Arkansas, at Wichita Kansas. The next town, Newton, Kansas, was a railroad camp as we went north and a big town when we came back through two months later, that being the terminus of the railroad at that time. Next stream was Smokey River, on which was located Abilene, Kansas, the great Texas cattle market at that time. My experiences at Abilene, and full details of this trip from Texas and return over the trail in 1871, and my trail experiences up to 1886 are fully described in volume one of "The Trail Drivers of Texas."

Some herds left the main trail in Wilson county, passed through Bexar county via San Antonio, to get supplies, then through Comal county, intersecting the

main trail in Hays or Caldwell counties. All of these trails zigzagged and touched lots of adjoining counties not mentioned in my log.

The thousands of herds that were bought at Abilene, Wichita, Dodge City, Ogallala and other markets were driven to ranches all over the northwest, some as far as the Canadian line.

Here is a correct log of the cattle trails from Texas to Kansas and the Northwestern States and territory beginning at the Rio Grande in Cameron county and giving the names of all the counties in Texas these trails passed through: Starting at the Rio Grande, the trail passed through Cameron, Willacy, Hidalgo, Brooks, Kenedy, Kleberg, Nuéces, Jim Wells, San Patricio, Live Oak, Bee, Goliad; Karnes, Wilson, Gonzales, Guadalupe, Caldwell, Hays, Travis, Williamson, Bell, Falls, Bosque, McLennan, Hill, Johnson, Tarrant, Denton, Wise, Cook, Montague, to Red River Station, or crossing where the Texas trail intersected the Chisholm trail. In the late 70's it became necessary to move the trail further west, as the old trail was being taken up by farmers. The trail was changed to go through Wilson, Bexar, Kendall, Kerr, Kimble, Menard, Concho, McCulloch, Coleman, Callahan, Shackelford, Throckmorton, Baylor and Wilbarger to Doan's Store or crossing on Red River. Later on the Southern herds quit the old trail in San Patricio county and went through Live Oak, McMullen, La Salle, Dimmit, Zavala, Uvalde, Edwards, and intersecting the Western trail in Kimble county, from where all followed the well defined and much traveled Western trail to Doan's Crossing on Red River. As I remember the trail to Dodge City from Doan's Crossing it passed up North Fork Red River, Croton Creek, crossed North Fork Red River at Wichita Mountains, up North Fork to Indian Camp, Elm Creek, Cash Creek, Washita, Canadian, Sand Creek, Wolf Creek, Otter Creek, Beaver Creek, Wild Horse and Cimarron where Red Clark conducted a road house called "Long Horn Roundup," on up Bear Creek, Bluff Creek, at Mailey's road house,

Mulberry Creek and Dodge City. Now, my gentle readers, you have the log of old Northern cattle trails, through Texas, and by looking at a map of Texas you can locate any part of the trail by the counties touched but remember several of the Texas counties were not organized at that time and none in the Indian Territory. You will recall it has been fifty-five years since the trail started and twenty-four since it closed. I personally drove over all these trails described and there are hundreds of men yet living that will vouch for the correctness of this log.

John Chisum of Denton county, drove lots of cattle to the head of the Concho in the late sixties, and on to the Pecos later. Oliver Loving, Chas. Goodnight, John Gamel, and others drove some herds from the head of the Concho to Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos in the sixties, on up the Pecos to Fort Sumner and on to Pueblo, Colorado. There was a trail called the Goodnight Trail that went from the Pecos by way of Tascosa to Dodge City and other Kansas markets, but I have been unable to get a true log of that trail.

For the information of readers who are not familiar with geographical Texas and its cattle industry, I will state that herds starting from ranches in all parts of the state would intersect the nearest of these Northern trails, coming in from both sides and I doubt if there is a county in the state that did not have a herd traverse some part of it during trail days.

Some of the sketches in both volumes of the Trail Drivers of Texas report trouble with the Indians on the trail and others report no trouble. For your information I will say the Indians were not always in the same mood, as sometimes they would leave the reservations on hunting expeditions and change their plans to murder and stealing from the trailers, emigrants and settlers. They were always ready to steal but they were not fond of the Texas cowboy's mode of dealing with them and were very friendly when there were several herds near each other on the trail but a lone herd was most always

Imposed on. Few herds passed through the Indian Territory in early days without some trouble with the Indians. I have gone several trips without any trouble more than having them beg for a few animals and some provisions; at other times I have had them steal horses, stampede the herd and molest us in every possible way, but the best remedy for then was to stand pat and they usually came to our terms.

The publication of this the second volume of *The Trail Drivers of Texas* will complete a work I started many years ago, beginning with the agitation of, and the final organization of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association. Collecting data for the two volumes was a task that would have tested the patience of Job. I was like Davy Crockett—I knew I was right—and I went ahead. The work was tedious and slow, but I enjoyed it because I knew the organization should exist, and the books would be very interesting and would give facts that the rising generations should know. The general matter of which these two volumes is made up depict a life of which the present generation knows very little. They deal with actual happenings that occurred in the days of trail driving, and these facts are much stranger than fiction. I started a campaign to raise \$30,000 to build a monument in Brackenridge Park at San Antonio, on the old trail, to perpetuate the memory of those noble old trail drivers. Donations are coming in regularly, and I believe we can build this monument in 1924. When it is completed my work is done.

The cowboys, or cow-punchers, sometimes called "waddies," were men who done all kinds of ranch and trail work with cattle. Whether he was a ranchman, owner of trail herds, son of a cattle king, or just a hand, his occupation gave him that name. Right here I want to defend the cowboys, or cow-punchers, against the so-called "Wild West" fiction stories that purport to link them with all elements of bad men. There was a very small per cent of them went wrong, as the temptations and influences they met at the northern markets after a

long, lonesome, tiresome journey, could not be resisted and entrapped some of them, but no larger per cent than would have fallen from the same number of college students. It is not fair to besmear the name of the cowboy with the deeds of every outlaw in the country. I know the majority of these cowboys made the best citizens of Texas. It is true they were light-hearted and care-free, but they never forsook a friend, or failed to respond to the call of distress. Woman's virtue was their highest ideal, and their respect for womankind was unbounded. These cowboys stood the acid test, and I do not think a nobler set of men ever lived.

In this volume there are about 200 pictures of representative trail men. I claim that 100 of them and their connections handled fully 75 per cent of all of the cattle and horses that were driven out of Texas to the Northern markets during the trail days. I am proud to say I was personally acquainted with 90 per cent of these noblemen. They are passing away fast, and I fear there will never be another set of men with such traits of character, home-loving, straight-forward, and God-loving, as the old trail drivers were. They have all stood the acid test, and their memory will stand as a lasting monument to their many deeds and great achievements. And here again I want to take occasion to pay a tribute to the pioneer women of our state, without whose aid and help the early cowmen could not have endured the hardships incident to frontier life. The most appropriate and fitting tribute to these noble women is given in J. M. Hunter's book, "Pioneer History of Bandera County," which chapter is here given in full:

"It is pleasant and right to recount the noble deeds of our fathers, but far more pleasant to say something in praise of our gentle sisters, the heroines of the pioneer; she who rocked the cradle bed of childhood; our first, last and faithfullest friend. We would feel remiss in a chivalric duty did we fail to note her share in the great work of discovery and improvement, and it is only proper that we should record some encouraging word to

her aspirations and advocate her claims to a just and proper place in the history of our great state. The trophies of the years that pass are a few immortalities gleaned from its sepulchre. Epochs, events, characters, that survive; oblivion is the common goal of the race. Whatever has contributed to human weal has been remembered, memorialized by cenotaph and mausoleum and remains with us on History's page. Their deeds shine on the pages of history, like stars blazing in the night, and their achievements have long been celebrated in song and story. Romulus and Remus founded an empire and their names are immortal. Columbus discovered a new world and he stands unique in the sublime faith and courage which impelled him over an unknown sea. Honor has been rather partial in bestowing her gifts and fame has placed her laurels chiefly on masculine brows, forgetting the countless heroines who were worthy of recognition. It is with great pride that we call attention to the fact that the pioneer women of Texas have proved themselves competent to fill positions other than presiding at the festal board, or beating out the rhythm of their blood with sandaled feet on polished floors, or strewing flowers in the path of the conqueror as he retires from the bloody carnage; for many noble names have swollen the list of those who have proven to the world that woman can be true and great even in arduous duties incident to pioneer life. Bravely has she gone to the unprotected frontier, with no shelter but the crude cabin, the dugout or open camp, where winds whistled, wolves howled, where Indians yelled, and yet within that rude domicile, burning like a lamp, was the pure and stainless Christian faith, love, patience, fortitude and heroism. And as the Star of the East rested over the manger where Christ lay, so, speaking not irreverently, there rested over the roofs of the pioneer a star of the West, the star of Empire, and today that empire is the proudest in the world. The pioneer woman, though creature of toil and loneliness and privation, she endured it with a constancy as changeless as the solitude and danger about her. She has borne

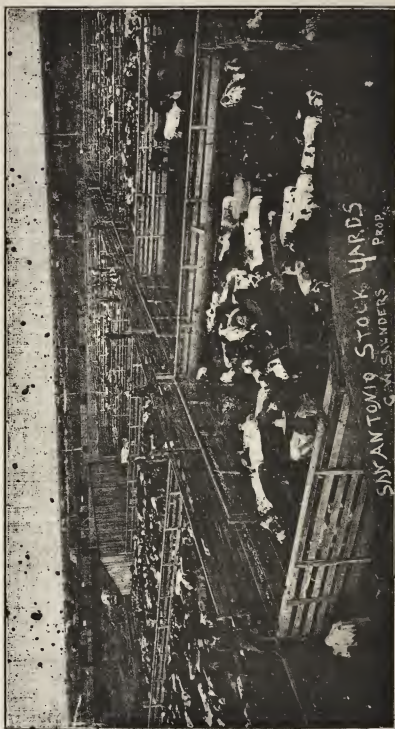
her part in all the vicissitudes incident to the outposts of the borderland and her hands have assisted in kindling fires on the confines of civilization to guide the wheels of empire outward, onward. Of necessity, the pioneer woman sacrificed more than the pioneer man, the finer texture of her being was less adapted to the rugged environments of pioneer life. However, as the tides of ocean are forever faithful to the mysterious attractions of the moon, so woman has followed man across seas, over mountains and into deserts to witness his adventures and share his achievements. Those who lay the foundation of empire and extended the outposts of civilization tre worthy of all honor, and especially is this true of the frontier women. If Texas today boasts of statesman or warrior, of patriots and freemen, of a civilization and a social fabric into which is inwrought the elements of permanency and progress, she owes it large to her pioneer women who founded the first homes, worshiped in the first humble chapels erected to God on these western hills and boundless prairies now crowded with temples and churches and schools and institutions of learning, while the multitudinous tramp of a million feet are still heard in the distance coming this way to enjoy what these pioneer mothers purchased by their sacrifice and privation. It was not given to many of these leaders to enter into the fruits of their labors. This splendid civilization we enjoy today, the social vines that shelter us, the civic boughs whose clusters feed us, all spring from seed sown, and the harvest of tears reaped by our pioneers, our old settlers. These pioneer women were familiar with much that has passed with the years, so rapidly have conditions changed. Be it said to their honor that in humble homes and with few advantages she did her part well; there was something in the lullaby that she sang to her children at twilight, in the sublime simplicity of her teachings that fostered a sturdy manhood and patriotism which was inwrought into the stalwart republic, the precursor of the Lone Star State. She has been scalped and tortured by the savage, and her blood has reddened these plains and

valleys as an oblation on the altar of empire. Her life and the tragic scenes through which she passed are each a romance whose daring and adventure and sacrifice are the chief actors on its eventful pages. All that is noblest in man is born of woman's constancy and deathless devotion to him. Knighthood found its inspiration in the pathos of her love and the charm of her smiles. Woman loves man, is jealous of his freedom, his liberty, his honor, and for him she sacrifices all. Heart and soul are the smallest things she immolates on any altar. The pioneer women of Texas robed themselves out in drudgery and toil that their beauty might reappear in the structure their devoted hands built to liberty and progress. They buried themselves in these western solitudes, that from these living sepulchres might come the great pulse-beat of a mighty nation, buoyant, chivalric, progressive civilization. They gave up the comforts and pleasures of society, severed the tenderest ties of the human heart, home and kindred, the old altars where they prayed, the graves of their loved and lost, these the dearest things to a woman's heart, that we today might enjoy in their fullest fruition what they lost. We may well be proud of the temper of these Texas heroines; their dear old hearts beat the prelude to the grand march of the empire. Their feet beat out the trail over the trackless prairie and across rugged mountains which has since widened into the great thoroughfares of commerce and travel; their tender hands planted the first flowers on the graves of those whose bones first reposed under Texas soil. God bless you, our dear pioneer women. We treasure you as trophies fresh from the field of victory; may your declining years be rewarded with the gratitude and appreciation of all who enjoy the blessings, and privileges of this great country; may your last days be as the calm eventide that comes at the end of a quiet summer day when the sun is dying out in the west. We believe and admit it today that woman is heaven's "ideal of all that is pure and enobling and lovely here, her love is the light of the cabin home." It is the one thing in the

world that is constant, the one peak that rises above the cloud, the one window in which the light burns forever, the one star that darkness cannot quench—is woman's love. It rises to the greatest height, it sinks to the lowest depths, it forgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life, and grows in every climate; neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty can extinguish it. It is the perfume of the heart; it is this that has wrought all miracles of art, that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the last grand symphony that bears the soul away on wings of joy. In the language of Petronius to Lygia, "May the white winged doves of peace build their nests in the rafters of your homes," may the gleams of happiness and prosperity shine on the pathway of your remaining days, and may the smile of an approving God be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your pathway, guiding you safely across the frontier of time to a safe place beneath the shade of the trees on the other side."

THOMAS M. SHAW.

T. H. Shaw was the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Shaw, and was born in Travis county, Texas, September 27, 1856. He was a natural cowman, and from the time he was a mere boy he loved the work, the camp fire, the chuck wagon, and all the paraphernalia of the cowboy. For several seasons he went as far as the road was cut, from Texas coasts to Wyoming and Montana. He encountered Indians, had thrilling experiences, and had many narrow escapes. At different times he was interested with John R. Blocker. In 1886 he was married to Miss Nannie Blocker and to them were born two sons, Tom H. Shaw, Jr., and Blocker Shaw of Fort Worth. Mr. Shaw spent several years ranching and farming in Runnels county, where he made many lasting friends. In 1907 he moved his family to Fort Worth and entered the live stock commission business, in which he was engaged at the time of his death November 17, 1912.



The picture on the preceding page shows George W. Saunders' Stock Yards in San Antonio in 1888, at the time when John Rutledge penned his 3500 cattle there to allow his cow-hands to stop over and see the sights of the city. The cattle and horses in the pens can be plainly seen in the picture, with the chuck wagon at rear of a shed. Captain Will Wright, now with the Texas State Rangers, was with the Rutledge herd at the time, and while meandering around town got lost and could not find his way back to camp without assistance from the police.



A PRIZE WINNER.

The above steer, "Joe Bailey," weight 2200 pounds, was bought by George W. Saunders at the opening of the Ft. Worth Stock Yards in March, 1903, at 15c per pound. The animal was raised by D. S. Donald of Cram, Texas. Mr. Saunders bought him at auction, then raffled him off, and won him back. Three weeks later "Joe Bailey" was slaughtered at San Antonio, and after giving some of the beef to prominent state officials, Mr. Saunders sold the remainder for \$300. Compare this 2200-pound steer with the old Shanghai Pearce sea lion on Page 70, which weighed about 700 pounds after a two days' stampede.



E. B. FLOWERS

Mr. E. B. Flowers, of San Antonio, Texas, was born at Burketsville, Ky., November 27th 1862. He moved to Caldwell county, Texas, with his parents in 1880. Young Flowers found something here which just suited his nature, the cattle business, and went to work on ranches for different stockmen. He went up the trail for Bishop & Head in 1882 and since that time he has been continuously identified in cattle interests. At present he owns large ranches in Zavala county, well stocked with fine cattle. Mr. Flowers is known as "Smiling Elisha." All who know him are his friends for his word is his bond. He owns considerable property in San Antonio and is a very busy man superintending his ranch and city pro-

perties, but never too busy to give his attention and money to all worthy charities. He is classed as one of Texas' most worthy citizens.

EXPERIENCES OF A RANGER AND SCOUT.

A. M. (Gus) Gildea, Deming, N. M.

I was born April 23, 1854, in Dewitt county, Texas, my father, ranching at the time, having moved to Texas in 1852 from Mississippi.



J. E. Galdea was a soldier under General Scott in Mexico, 1846-47, having enlisted in New Orleans, returning there in 1848 after the Mexican War and married Mrs. Mary Adelaide Cashell, a widow with one young son, Augustus Lorraine Cashell who is living at this time, January 1922, in Pope county, Ark. J. E. Gildea and his step-son, Cashell, were both in the Confederate Army and came out lieutenants, and after Gen. Lee's surrender both went to Mexico, my father from the lower Rio

A. M. (Gus) Gildea.
in 1878.

Grande where the Confederates under Brig. Gen. J. E. Slaughter had repulsed the Yankees in what is known as the battle of Casa Blanca and which was fought some time subsequent to General Lee's surrender and my half brother Cashell, went as interpreter with Gen. Joe Shelby's men. My father was with the French and Austrian army of invasion and Lieut. Cashell with the Mexican Republican army until the Confederates in this last fight

of the Civil War were pardoned by proclamation of President Johnson, when they returned home and went to gathering their scattered stock of horses and cattle at the ranch on the Nueces river fifteen miles below Oakville, in Live Oak county, and here is where I began my cowboy work at twelve years of age. From then, 1866 until 1906. I was more or less in the saddle on the frontiers of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and in Old Mexico. In 1868 I was sent to Louisville, Ky., to school and to study medicine and after a year's time I got lonesome and wanted to hear the wolves howl and the owls hoot back in the West, so I took "French leave" out of school and went up the Ohio river to Cincinnati and from there out in the country and down into Indiana and back to Kentucky, then into Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana until I again reached New Orleans, where I stayed several months. Coming back to Texas in the fall of 1870 I was again sent to school to St. Mary's College in San Antonio and attended this school until 1872, when I went on to the frontier south and west of San Antonio, selling Grover & Baker sewing machines. The first school I attended was the old "free school" on what is now Houston Street in San Antonio, taught by good old man Newton and Mr. Lacky in 1859 and 1860. The latter hiked North at the opening of hostilities between the North and South, and his place was filled by Mrs. Pryor. At that time Houston Street was only a road through mesquite and huisache brush. In 1864-65 I attended the St. Mary's College and here I was taught those Christian principals that ever remained with me and encouraged me to overcome many temptations in after life. In 1870-71 I again attended this college after my return from my "spin" over the range in the Southern and Eastern States as mentioned, and on this "spin" I rode with the Ku Klux Klan in Tennessee when there was no other law to protect Southern homes against the ravages of freed Negroes urged on by the carpet-baggers and protected in their nefarious practices by Federal bayonets. In 1866-67-68, when not attending school I

was working cattle for my father in Live Oak county branding, gathering and driving to Bexar county, where we were then living on the Olmos creek, five miles north of San Antonio. In 1876 I left Dimmit county, where I owned a small bunch of cattle, which I sold, and started to Arizona, stopping awhile in Menard county, where I had a sweet heart and here I joined Thomas W. Swilling to go with him to Arizona. We left Menardville early in September, 1876, and pulled out via Ft. Concho, fifty miles north where we layed in a supply of grub, enough to last us until we reached Roswell, New Mexico, and again "hit the grit" for Arizona, every mile of it over an uninhabited country, infested with hostile Indians. At Centralia which was a stage station on the high plains guarded by negro troops, we left the stage road and followed the old Butterfield route to Horsehead crossing on the Pecos; thence up east side of Pecos to New Mexico. The Indians were raiding the country when we left and we saw their trails and camped on them quite often from Fort Concho until we got to Seven Rivers in New Mexico. About twenty-five miles west of Ft. Concho we met a company of cavalry escorting the telegraph operator at Ft. Concho, a Mr. Milburn, who had been out repairing the line between Ft. Concho and the Pecos river on the stage road, about three miles of which had been cut and destroyed. Mr. Milburn, whom I knew when operator at Ft. Duncan, advised us to return with them to the fort stating that the country was "lousy" with Indians, and we would not be able to get through. At Centralia the negro sergeant in command of the guard advised us to go back. At the rifle-pits we nooned where the Indians had camped the night before; at Castle Gap the Indian trail split, the largest party keeping the trail westward and the smaller party going northwest. The large trail was mostly horses and was about forty in number, no doubt going to the Mescalero Agency at Tularosa, New Mexico, crossing at Horsehead and thence northwest through the Guadalupe Mountains with a bunch of stolen horses. Another trail came in from the north

and crossed our trail near Castle Gap, going southeast toward Camp Lancaster, at the mouth of Live Oak Creek. There was about ten on foot and three horses and they crossed the trail we were on about five hours before we came along. We traveled until about midnight, hoping to strike the Pecos at Horsehead, water and get away in the dark hours, as it was a bad place for Indians, but being sleepy and tired, we left the trail and went about two hundred yards south and lay down to sleep, staking our horses on fine grass. About five o'clock a. m. we saddled up and pulled out before day and reached Horsehead about nine o'clock, not many hours behind two bands of Indians. About three o'clock the next afternoon we saw a dust ahead of us and not knowing but what it was Indians I sent Swilling with the pack horse into the cane brakes of the Pecos while I maneuvered up the river to see who was coming and found out that it was two white men, a Mr. Pearce, and Nath Underwood, driving a small bunch of cattle from New Mexico to Ft. Stockton, Texas. They let us have a little corn meal and some "jerky" from their meager supplies and we went on about five miles to Pope's crossing on the Pecos, where we watered our horses and filled our canteens, then crossed our trail and went behind a butte about one-half mile from our trail and camped. Pearce and Underwood went about two miles farther on their road and camped, making the distance between our camps about seven miles. They hobbled two saddled horses and one-pack-horse and staked the other pack horse, which was a beautiful black and white paint. The Indians had no doubt spotted them before we had met them and had gone under the banks of the Pecos and hid until they went into camp and some time during the night went after their horses, knowing that they had four and only finding the one staked and seeing the trail of our three horses naturally supposed that it was the other three belonging to the cattlemen going on the back track, which they followed and ran into us just at day-break. It was misting rain when we got up to make a fire next

morning and we had rolled our shooting-irons up in our bed to keep them dry and we did not see the Indians until they were very close to us, nor could they see us until they reached the top of the butte. We saw each other about the same time and they fired only one shot with a carbine and ran back towards the Pecos. When I got my gun they were one hundred and fifty yards away and I fired four shots, wounding one horse and killing one Indian and wounded one. They changed their course, going south down the river a half a mile, then turned east and went up on another butte about three-quarters of a mile from us and buried the dead Indian, then went north parallel to the river and crossed it next day where they were seen by a cowman. We then made coffee and packed up and were about to leave when Nath Underwood rode into camp on their trail. I told him about seeing them with his paint horse. Two Indians were riding him. There were seven Indians and four horses, three horses carrying double. (Nath Underwood now lives in San Antonio and I had the pleasure of meeting him at the Old Trail Drivers' Convention in November, 1921.) Next day we got to Pearce and Paxton's camp and got enough 'chuck' to last us to Seven Rivers. After resting our horses a few days, Mr. Paxton wanted me to locate land at Rattlesnake Springs, near the Guadalupe Mountains and he and I went to see it, leaving Tom Swilling in camp with the others whose names I do not remember. We pulled out early in the morning, crossed the Pecos, then on up Delaware Creek, on which we nooned, then went on to Rattlesnake Springs, only to find it in possession of other parties, three Jones brothers, with whom we spent the night, and started back next morning. At noon we camped in the deep bed of the creek and while there we heard a racket and in peeping over the bank we saw ten Indians driving about twenty-five horses about fifty yards distant right on the trail. The loose herds ahead had obliterated our trail, but they were liable to see it any time and return to investigate. When we got back to Paxton's camp that night we found

all well, but next day one of the Jones boys came to camp and reported that the Indians had passed their ranch just at night and next day they were afraid we had been killed and came to investigate. Tom Swilling and I continued our journey to Seven Rivers (Beckwith's ranch) where we met John Slaughter's outfit returning from a cattle drive up in New Mexico. When we arrived at South Spring, the head quarter ranch of John S. Chisum we camped on the ground where the Slaughter outfit had camped a few days before and saw where a Texas cowboy had been shot from his horse by one of Slaughter's men as he rode into their camp his congealed blood lying in a pool on the ground where he fell and died. His name was Barney Gallagher, and I knew him at Carrizo Springs in Dimmitt county. He was generally known as "Buckshot," a typical cowboy character of those frontier days.

Chisum was putting up two herds of cattle when we arrived and we went to work gathering a mixed herd for Nebraska and one of wild old "moss-horns" for the Indian reservation at San Carlos, Arizona, John Chisum having the contract to furnish the Government beef for over seven thousand Indians on this and its sub-agencies. While working the range, which included all the country from Anton Chico on the north to Seven Rivers on the south and the White Mountains on the west to the Canadian on the east, which John Chisum claimed as his range and over which grazed approximately 100,000 head of John Chisum's "rail" brand and "Jingle-bob" ear marked cattle, we had some tough work and adventures. Two men were tried by "Judge Lynch" and executed; one at Bosque Grande ranch, for murder and hung, and one near Narvo's Bend crossing while bringing a herd down the river to Headquarters ranch, for murder and shot. Both of these were for cold blooded murder which was witnessed by other cowboys who immediately arrested, tried, convicted and executed the murderers, and went on with their work as if nothing of so grim a nature had just happened. The law of the range was "forget it"

for discussions were likely to lead to trouble. In those days, cowboy law was enforced and every cowboy knew it, and I never knew of the subject again brought up around the campfire. After the Nebraska herd had been gathered, cut and road-branded it took the trail via Trinidad, Colorado, with Si Funk in charge, and in about a week we were ready to hit the trail for Arizona with 4000 head of wild "moss-horn" steers and 150 head of horses, including the wagon, teams and some private stock belonging to the boys.

It was now November and the weather was getting very cold. We had, as near as I can recall, twenty regular men in the outfit, the "big boss," "Big Jim," the negro cook and the secretary; our night reliefs of four men three hours each and one man on relief three hours with the remuda. The men had running guard relief and sometimes were justified in reducing the force on relief and at other times reinforcing it according to the foreseen danger of Indians, trail robbers, or weather stampedes.

We camped one bitter cold, sleety night on the summit of the White Mountains and were to pass through the Mescalero Indian reservation next morning. We had grazed our herd that day in the mountains where the grass was good and protected from the snow that had fallen heavy the day before and the previous night, and we thought that they would bed easily, but they were restless and wanted to drift, which necessitated putting on double guard and bunching the remuda under close guard, for we believed the Indians would try to stampede both cattle and horses as they were mad at Chisum's men, who had killed some of them the previous year on the reservation. Every man not on duty that night had his horse saddled and tied up, as Chisum told us on the trail that ever since the Indians had been located on the Tularosa, through which his cattle trail led, that as toll, they would cut twenty head of the best beeves each trip, and they do the cutting themselves and they would not

take 'drags.' Every man in the outfit except "Old John" and old man Northrup, his private secretary, had a pow-wow and made "big medicine" and did not intend to let "big Injun" have any beef on this trip. There were with us 21 well armed men, with the cook, and over one thousand fighting Apache "bucks" five miles ahead of us, whom we had to encounter manana, unless we submitted to their insolence. We knew Chisum's men just a year before had rode into the reservation after stolen stock and on getting no satisfaction from Godfroy, the agent, they attempted to drive the stock away and were attacked by the Indians and some of the Indians were killed and all driven into Ft. Stanton; that now they were not on Government reservation, having left it after the cowboy raid above mentioned and took refuge along the brakes of the Tularosa and Lost Rivers on the west side of the White mountains, therefore had no right to demand toll and we believed they would not attack us if we refused their demand for beef. We resolved to refuse and fight if it became necessary. At 3 a. m. the cook was roused and told to "rustle chuck." We were not long in getting on the outside of some hot coffee, "pone" and "sowbelly" and at daylight every man was in his saddle at the herd. The remuda was now thrown in the herd and we were looking for "Old John" to come and start the cattle, when old "Solomon" the Mescalero chief and twenty painted warriors, well mounted and armed, came towards us. Frank Baker (afterwards killed by Billy, the Kid) and I rode out and met him and he not seeing Chisum whom he knew, ignored us and attempted to pass. I signaled him to halt and with a scowl on his face he said "Captain Chees-om? Queremos baka-shee." (all the Apaches called beef or meat baka-shee, pronounced bah-cah-she. The northern Indians called it wo-ha) I replied "yo soy capitan; ninguna bakashee por usted. (I am captain; no beef for you.) My back being turned to the wagon, I did not see Chisum leave camp but one of the boys rode up and informed me and I signaled the chief to remain where he was. I rode

back to meet Mr. Chisum. He was very angry and wanted to go to the chief and I asked him not to interfere and to go back. I called Bill Henry who was near by and told him to tell the boys if they saw Mr. Chisum and I ride back to the chief to surround the Indians and if I fired a shot not to let an Indian escape nor an Indian horse get back to the agency; that if Mr. Chisum interfered I would shoot the chief. Henry went off in a gallop and "Old John" being thoroughly convinced by this time, turned his horse and started back to the wagon, which had gone up close to the herd. I returned to the chief who sat on his horse with a sullen look on his face and I pointing in the direction of the reservation said, "vallesc bakashec nada." He grunted and offered me his hand which I refused to take, knowing that if I did so every one of his warriors would offer their hands and he and every buck would want to shake hands with every man of us and thus get to the big boss, which I did not want to occur. He wheeled his paint mustang and took the back trail at a fast gait and every buck formed in single file and followed him. We had no more trouble with them and when we got the lead cattle to within a mile of the reservation Frank Baker and I were sent ahead to see that the Indians were kept back so as not to stampede the herd. Godfroy, the agent, had a conflagration with Solomon, the chief through the interpreter, who gave orders and our way was cleared. Here I was shown the Indian, whom I shot and wounded at Pope's Crossing in September. He was convalescing, but as poor as a snake, my bullet having struck him in the back, passing through the right nipple. I told him I shot him and killed one and a horse. Several stood by him who said they were there and all seemed pleased to see me and shook hands and asked for "el otro?" (the other man) I told them he was with the herd and they said "bueno." and rode to meet the herd. We watered at Lost River and started over the long trail of sixty miles over the "white desert" to San Augustine Springs, where Shedd's ranch was located. It took us nearly thirty-six

hours to reach there with the lead cattle and the tail drags were forty-four hours in getting in. When the lead cattle got to within five miles of San Augustine, they were held back and allowed to go in slow, the drag end was twenty miles behind, which meant a line of cattle twenty miles long. The remuda had been sent in to water and back twelve miles the evening of the second day to enable the line men to change mounts and send their jaded ones to water. This drive was the worst of the whole trip but we did not lose a single head. Chisum said it was the first drive he ever made over it that he did not lose cattle, both from exhaustion and cattle thieves who would cut the line between the riders, who were often necessarily several miles apart, and get away with them as they were never followed on account of scarcity of men. These thieves were generally Mexicans, but sometimes Indians and white men. When we reached the Rio Grande we layed over a couple of days to rest and graze, while some of the boys were sent down the river to Dona Ana and vicinity, to pick up stolen cattle he had previously lost. For some reason or other I was generally made "side boss" on these trips, so taking four men we left early in the morning and began to round up at Dona Ana in the afternoon and we had picked up nearly fifty head, nearly all work oxen and started back with them when we were followed and attacked by a bunch of Mexicans. We had seen them coming and rode back to a gully where we dismounted. They could see us and came at us on a charge, yelling and shooting. Our first volley scattered them and drove them back. It seems that some soldiers from Ft. Sheldon, were with the Mexicans and two of them got hurt or were killed, for the next day an officer and ten men came to us while we were crossing the river to inquire into the occurrence. He was shown the cattle we had brought in, all bearing the same brand and ear-mark as the balance of the herd and informed that they were stolen cattle belonging to Mr. Chisum, with whom he had been conversing. He said that after the fight it had been reported to the post com-

mander, that it was cattle thieves who had taken the oxen and the Mexicans had followed to recover them when they were attacked and seven killed and two soldiers badly wounded. The soldiers had no right to be with them, but were courting some Mexican girls and ly induced them to go with them, not thinking of hoving a fight.

I quit the outfit when we reached the San Simon in Arizona, thirty-five miles from our destination which was Croton Springs, in Sulphur Springs valley, and where I again worked for Chisum in 1878, "circling and signing" and guarding his range from the point of Pinal Mountains on the north to about where Pierce is ow on the south, from the Dragoon Mountains on the west, to the Chiricahua Mountains on the east. It would require too much space to relate the incidents that transpired in connection with our lives the short time I worked there, but all will be told in detail in a book I hope to have published in 1924.

In the latter years I served as a special ranger in Companies D and F Texas Frontier Batallion and U. S. Deputy Marshall and also deputy sheriff and other official positions on the frontier. This service was from 1881 to 1889. I have met most of the so-called outlaws and bad men who ranged in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona from 1865 to 1890 and never knew but one but what had some good traits about him. On the other hand I have known some so-called good men and officers with some very bad traits about them. I married in San Antonio in 1885 and have two boys and a girl dead and three daughters living. They are, Mrs. William E. Lea, of Sanderson, Texas; Mrs. A. M. Preston who was with her husband in France and Mrs. Robert C. Courtney of Del Rio, Texas. Now at the age of sixty-eight years I am still hale and hearty and square with my fellowmen, but owe much to God for keeping me and mine. served ten years in a Mexican prison, and afterward died near Dallas.

In 1895 I helped to drive a herd from Garza county to



Lee L. Russell
Sketch on Page 66



R. R. Russell
Sketch on page 248



W. J. Edwards
Sketch on Page 47



Thos. B. Saunders
Sketch on Page 68

GOT A TAIL-HOLD AND HELD ON

R. F. Galbreath, Devine, Texas.

In 1873 I helped to drive the second herd of cattle out of Medina county for Lytle and McDaniel, from



R. F. Galbreath.

Haby's ranch above Castroville to Ellsworth, Kansas. We crossed the

Guadalupe at New Braunfels, and went on by San

Marcos, Austin and Fort Worth, crossed Red River

at Red River Station, and on to Pond Creek, where

the Indians killed a man named Chambers, who

was in charge of a herd belonging to Jim Tucker,

of Frio county. I and Jim Neal, Hyge Neal, C.

K. Perkins and others helped to bury Chambers at Pond

Creek. Then we drove on up to Russell, Kansas, on the

Smokey River above Ellsworth, and from there I went

with another herd to Cheyenne, Wyoming. We were

near Big Spring on the Platte River when Sam Bass and

Joel Collins made the big haul in a train robbery there.

I knew them both well. Collins and another of the

robbers was killed at Buffalo Station, in Nebraska, and

Bass was killed at Round Rock, Texas.

Our outfit consisted of Bill McBee, Quiller Johnson,

Bill Henson, Jim Berrington, and three negroes. All are

dead now except Bill McBee and myself. Bob Trimble

was our boss. He was killed a few years afterward by

Joe Cordova, who was hanged on Bexar county jail for

murder.

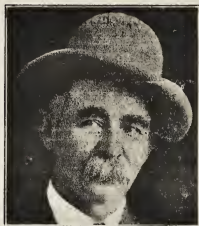
In 1877 I helped to drive a herd to Dodge City, Kan-

sas, for Lytle and McDaniel. James McClusky was our

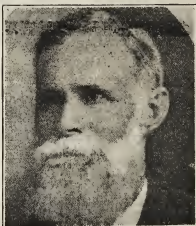
boss. On that trip I met up with Mack Stewart, who

Wyoming for A. J. and F. M. Long of Sweetwater. John Goggan was our boss.

On the first trip mentioned in this story Quill Johnson, Bill McBee and myself crossed Red River on a ferry boat. Tony Williams, a negro, was riding a mule, and swam with the cattle to point the herd. The waves were so high Tony was swept off his mule, and we thought the was gone, but in a little while we discovered him holding on to the tail of a big beef steer, and when the steer went up the bank Tony was still holding on and went with him.



John Z. Means



George Wesley Evans

Sketches in Volume I

THE POET OF THE RANGE.

C. C. Walsh of San Angelo, Texas, is known all over the Southwest and western parts of Texas as the poet of the range. When he meets a man whose character impresses him he studies the man and the man's character.

Idiosyncrasies of his speech, peculiarities of expression, distinguishing facial features—all of these are within the purview of the studies of Col. Walsh, the banker and student of men. Then he writes the man he has studied into a poem and poems he has written will preserve a race of men rapidly passing from the range and from existence.

The West Texas cowman's folk life is a hobby with him. He believes the Texas cowman to be one of the noblest American type.. Their brogue, their mannerisms, their ideals and their shortcomings are his study book and he has faithfully incorporated them into poems, one of which follows:

THE OLD "SQUARE DANCE" OF THE WESTERN RANGE

Imagination—one't I had!

I haint got none no more.

It wuzn't like we used t' dance

Out on th' old dirt floor—

With cowboys thar in highheeled boots,

A kickin' up, my law!

While that old fiddle played, I think,

'Twas "Turkey in th' straw."

That old square dance we used t' see—

With fiddle er guitar,

Accordeum an' tambourine,

While folks frum near an' far

Cum driftin' in fur miles around,

Th' tops of all th' herds,

All laughin' happy, bright an' gay

An' full o' pleasant words.

The glow of health, an' pride of strength,

That grace which nature gives,

Unto them rugged boys an' ghels

Who clost to Nature lives,

Wuz somthin' grand to look upon

When tha cum on th' floor—
An' danced th' graceful minuet
Which all seemed to adore.

The old square dance of Airley Days
Wuz unsuggestive, Bill,
Thar wuz no vulgar stunts pulled off—
But, like the laughin' rill,
Which flows through pleasaint shady dells,
An' sparkles in th' sun,
'Mid innercence an' purity,
Tha danced each merry run.

Bill, sumtimes, when I shet my eyes,
It all comes back one't more.
I see ole "Uncle Jimmie" Jones
A comin' thru th' door.
His violin within its case,
Which he removes with care;
I see him rosum up his bow
With artist's skill most rare.

Ole Unele Jimmie, praise his name,
An' rest his soul in peace;
Wuz known all over the Western Range;
His fame shall never cease.
Th' music which he played, I know,
May have been cor-do-roy;
But it wuz jist th' kind which pleased
A country ghel an' boy—

His rep-er-tore wuz circumscribed—
In keepin' with his skill.
But everything he tried to play,
Wuz done with right good will.
That "Ar-kan-saw-yer Traveler" chune
Wuld allus head th' list—
No cowboy dance would be complete
Ef this one chune wuz missed.

It mattered little what tha danc'd—
The Ole Virginia Reel,
A polka, Schottisch er a waltz—
It was th' same old spiel.
In sets o' four, in sets o' eight,
A one-step er a two,
That "Ar-kan-saw-yer" chune wuz play'd
Th' blessed evening through.

'Mong other chunes were "Money Musk,"
"My Sailor's on the Sea,"
Er—"The Ole Fat Gal," an' "Rye Straw,"
"The Fisher's Hornpipe"—Gee!
Of course—with "Turkey in the Straw,"
Er "Bonapart's Retreat,"
Th' "Ole Gray Eagle" soarin' high,
We got thar with both feet.

Thar also wuz another man
Who made himself a name
Which may sumtime be posted up—
Within "Th' Hall of Fame"—
It wuz Ole "Windy Billy" Smith,
A waitin' with a grin—
"Official caller" at th' dance—
In whom there wuz no sin.

Yuh couldn't call him hansum, Bill
He wuz no cherum fair,
He had a long beak fur a nose
With carrot reddish hair,
His eyes wur like two small black beans,
His mouth was one long slit,
Then he wuz kinder lantern jaw'd,
An' stuttered quite a bit.

But when he stood up fur t' call
Th' changes in the dance,
His stutterin' 'ud disappear;

Th' creases in his pants
Caused by them short bow laigs of his'n
Wuld make you laff an' grin
Until th' herd commenced to mill!
As "Windy" would begin.

Th' fiddle now is chunin' up—
As Jimmy draws his bow;
While he begins to plink and plonk
Th' folks git in a row.
Then as he plonks and plinks and plunks,
An' tightens up his strings,
The boys and ghels form into squares
An' sich delight it brings.

Ole "Uncle Jimmy's" now chuned up—
He draws his bow at last.
Ole "Windy Billy" takes his stan'
He'd sail'd before th' mast.
His voice rings out upon th' air
Like sum clear bugle call,
While all now liss'n fur th' words
Which opens up th' ball.

"Gents: Hang your hats out on a limb,
This one thing I demand.
"Honor yer pardners—right an' left."
How pompous his command!
"Heel an' Toe—lock horns with yearlin's.
Now chase 'em round an' round,
That fiddle's goin' mighty fine—
Now both feet on the ground."

"Gents to the center—How are you?
Man! Hear that fiddle play.
Th' ladies do-ce—how de do?
Now hip! hurrah; hurray!!!
Right hands across—chase yer squirrels.
Th' gents will do-ce-do.

Now swing six—when you reach th' line—
My! see them yearlin's go.

“Do-ee—ladies—Th' ‘culls’ cut back,
Just see that ‘dogie’ trail.
Everybody dance—now yon go—
See that one steer ‘turn tail’—
Salute—pardners—promenade all—
Steve cut th’ pigeon wing.
Swing on the corners—mill th’ herd.
‘Doek’ dance th’ Highland Fling.

“Tie yer hats fast to yer saddles,
Now, ride to beat th’ wind.
Every gent salute yer heifer—
Show how th’ baboon grinned
All th’ ladies to th’ center;
Cow punchers, stake yer pen—
Play that tune a little louder—
Now russel ’em like men.

‘Hog-tie’ pardners, swing on corners—
Swing across—now swing through.
Elbow twist an’ double L swing
Do-ee-do, tight as glue—
All big steers do th’ ‘buck an’ wing,’
Young steers ‘double shuffle’—
Honor pardner—all-a-men let—
‘Big Boy’ do that senffle.

‘Eight pretty Herefords, form a ring,
‘Slough foot’ in th’ eenter.
Twist th’ grapevine round his horns—
Let no Mavericks enter.
All hands up a rarin’ to go
Jake—don’t brand that sleeper.
All promenade around th’ pen—
Catch your heifer—keep her.

“Boys—chase that ‘rustler’ frum th’ camp—
Th’ hon’ry ‘ball o’ hair.’

The ghels all form a ladies chain—

Of ‘Bowleg Pete’ take care—

Now then—reversemen— try yer hand,

Corral ‘em in th’ trap;

Then swaller fork, an do-ce-do,

Uncinch that broken strap—

“Walk th’ huckleberry shuffle—

Do th’ Chinese cling—

Long Simpson, lead th’ trail herd,

An’ git ‘em in a ring—

Gents purr round yer purty pussies.

Now rope ‘em—balance all,

Some dance ‘clogs’ an’ sum dance th’ ‘Tucker’—

Rinde in an’ top th’ hall.

“All hands up, an’ cirele around,

Don’t let th’ herd stampe.

Corral ‘em on th’ open ground

Then drift ‘em in t’ feed.

Do-cc, ladies—Salute your gents.

Lock horns—now—arm in arm—

Start up th’ trail—drift—two—two by two—

Refreshments have their charm.”

’Twas thus we’d dance th’ night away—

In those old days of yore—

Sumtimes we’d set a number out

An’ then, our minds ‘ud soar

Away out in th’ realms o’ space—

Whar smilin’ cupids dwell;

Er sumtimes wander near th’ brook

Down in th’ moonlight dell.

Then as we wandered, hand in hand—

Sumtimes our eyes ‘ud meet—

We’d feel a twich of th’ heart

Which was so awful sweet—
We culdn't tell you how it felt—
Fur it jist felt so good,
It culdn't be described to you
Jist like I wish'd it culd.

Alas! them good ole days air gone—
Gone air them good ole times—
When "Windy Billy" call'd th' dancee
In good ole-fashioned rhymes.
When dear ole "Uncle Jimmie" Jones
Sat with his trusty bow,
An' played upon his violin
Th' chunes which made us glow.

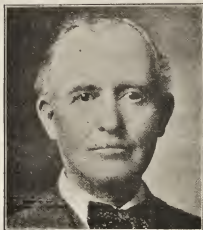
For both ole "Uncle Jimmie" Jones
An' "Windy Billy" Smith
Have drifted up th' Silent Trail,
A huntin' fur thair kith—
Which have been losted frum th' herd,
Upon th' range so wide;
But tha will find 'em I am sure,
Across th' Great Divide.

I look back on th' yesterday,
With pleasure an' with pride,
While calling up familiar names
With whom I used to ride,
In going to a countr'y dance
With sum sweetheart o' mine,
When—Oh! such pleasant times we had
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

JAMES B. GILLETT

Recently there appeared a book, "Six Years With

the Texas Rangers," recounting the experiences of



James B. Gillett

James B. Gillett, Ex-Sergeant of Company A, Frontier Battalion, which should be in every Texas home. James B. Gillett was born at Austin, Texas, November 4, 1856. He worked with cattle for several years, and in 1875 he joined Captain Dan W. Roberts' company of rangers at Menardville, and engaged in the work of running down outlaws, fighting Indians and rid-

ding the border of undesirable characters for a long time. Mr. Gillett writes interestingly of those early days, and tells of many events that are found on the pages of history. In his book he graphically describes cowboy and ranger life, gives the names of his comrades and associates, relates thrilling anecdotes of battles with Indians, and desperadoes, and keeps the reader interested from start to finish. He served as city marshal of El Paso for several years when that town was considered the "toughest" frontier town in the United States. The lawless element held full sway there for a time, killings were of almost daily occurrence, and it required an iron hand and a steady nerve to cope with the situation, but Jim Gillett was equal to the emergency and helped to make the Pass City a decent, respectable place in which to live.

Mr. Gillett, after so many years of strenuous duty, during which time he had many narrow escapes from death, retired from official duty to accept a position as manager of the Estado Land and Cattle Company, which owned large ranch interests in Brewster county. He had previously purchased a small ranch of his own and had acquired a number of cattle. He was manager for the Estado Company six years, during which time the head

had increased from six to thirty thousand head. His own bunch of cattle had also increased to such numbers that demanded his attention, and he resigned to devote his time to his own ranch near Marfa, where he lives today.

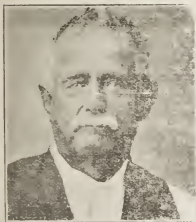
Mr. Gillett donated fifty copies of his book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," to the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association to be sold and the proceeds to go to the fund that is being raised for the erection of a monument to the old trail drivers.



James M. Chittim
Sketch on Page 112



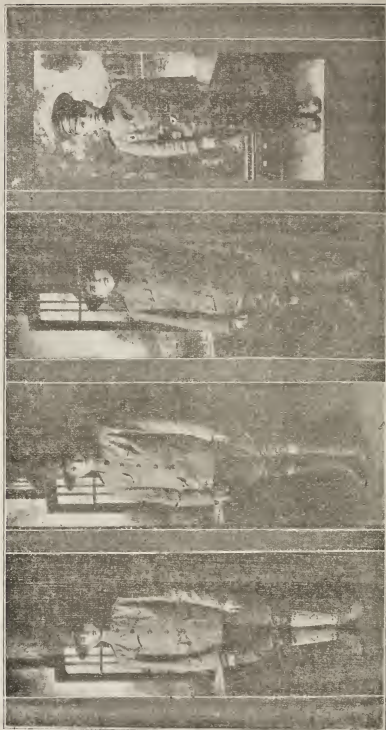
John G. Kenedy
Sketch on Page 405



Geo. C. Johnson
Sabinal, Texas



C. W. Ackenman



George Jary 15,

Roland Jary, 13

Lloyd Jary, 11

Willie Jary, 5

Four Grandsons of George W. Saunders

Photos Made in 1915

A FEW BARS IN THE KEY OF G.

Reading Before the Old Time Trail Drivers' Convention
by Miss Marian Elizabeth Jennings, of Devine, Texas

Miss Marian Elizabeth Jennings is a popular favorite at the reunions of the old time cowboys, and she is generally called upon to give readings at the annual con-



Miss Jennings

ventions. Her renditions are always good and meet with hearty applause because she brings the sentiment right home to her hearers. The following, by Clifton Carlisle Osborne, was recited by Miss Jennings at the 1921 Convention of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association in San Antonio, and when she had finished many of the Association's members came forward to ex-

press their appreciation and tender their congratulations:

"Two o'clock and time for the third watch on the night herd. Disentangling himself from his damp blankets, John Waring groped for his boots, and unrolling his 'slicker' which had served temporarily as a pillow, he enveloped himself in it and went out in the drizzling rain. For the hundredth time within a week, Waring had condemned himself for relinquishing the comforts of civilization to become a cow-puncher among the rock slopes of Colorado. He wondered if she felt the separation—if she cared. How happy they had been, and how much he still loved her. But the memory of that last day was still too clear in his mind. The words she had spoken in heat of anger had burned themselves into his soul. In hot rage he had come out here to plunge into the perilous life in a vain effort to forget. His thoughts strayed to the strange postal he had received the day previous, and

he began to puzzle his mind to decide who sent it, and what it could mean. For the communication was composed not of words, but of music four measures to the Key of G. He hummed the notes over and over, and they had a strangely familiar sound; he could not place the fragment. Abandoning the riddle as he rode around and around the cattle, he began to sing to pass the time. Suddenly in the midst he stopped short. He was singing the notes on the eard. It came to him like a flash. He tore open his coat and drew out the postal. There was no mistake. He had solved the mystery. With a wild shout, he wheeled his horse and rode furiously to the camp, and reached Coberly, the boss, in two bounds.

"I must be in Denver tonight," he said. "I want your best horse quick. I know it is a hundred and twenty miles to go, but it is only sixty to Empire, and I can get the train there. It leaves at one o'clock, and I can make it if you will lend me Star. I know he is your pet horse and you never let anyone ride him, but I tell you, Mr. Coberly, this means everything to me. I simply must get there tonight."

Mr. Coberly scowled. "You ought to know, Jack, that I won't lend Star, so what's the use of askin'? What in thunder is the matter with you that you are in such a confounded rush?"

Waring thought for a moment and then drawing the boss beyond earshot, spoke to him earnestly, finally handing him the postal eard. Coberly scanned it intently and a change came over his face. "Why didn't you show me this at first? Of course you can have the horse. Hey there, some of you boys! Round up the horses and rope Star for Mr. Waring. Jump lively now!"

* * * * *

Eight o'clock found twenty-three miles behind Star's nimble feet, and the Bar Triangle Ranch in sight. It lacked twenty minutes to ten o'clock when Waring drew rein at the foot of the great divide, the railroad station still fifteen miles away. He unsaddled Star and turned

him into a corral for an hour's rest to put new life into him. At a quarter past ten Star, refreshed by rubbing and water, was carrying him up the road. Up, up, they went, mile after mile, towards the snowy summit of the pass. Two miles from the top Waring dismounted and led his panting horse along the icy trail. He still had twelve miles to go, seven of which were down the steepest road in the state. Could he make it? He must. He stopped and anxiously examined his horse. He had plenty of life and energy yet. Waring was again in the saddle and racing down the dangerous path. Almost sitting on his haunches, Star would fairly slide down the hill, and recover his footing at the bottom. At last they came to a level road. A horseman approached and whipped out a six-shooter. "Hold up there. I want to talk to you. I'm the sheriff and I want to know what you're doing with Joe Coberly's horse."

"Why, I've been working for Coberly, and he lent me the horse to ride over here and catch the train."

"Hold on there, young man; that air won't do at all. I know old Joe, and I know he wouldn't lend that horse to his own brother, let alone one of his cow-punchers. I guess I'll have to lock you up till the boys come over."

"Look here, Mr. Sheriff, I'm telling you God's truth. Coberly let me take the horse because it was the only one that would get me over here in time to catch the train. Look at this postal. That is my reason for haste."

As the officer read the card his face lighted up. "That's all right, youngster. Sorry I stopped you. I don't wonder Joe lent you the horse. I hope you won't miss the train."

Waring rode forward, the town before him a half mile distant. The train was at the station. The black smoke began to come in heavy puffs from the engine. A quarter of a mile yet to go. The line of cars moved slowly from the station. Then Star showed the spirit that was in him. He bounded forward and swept down on the town like a whirlwind. Thirty feet—twenty feet—ten feet—he was abreast of the platform. Swerving the fly-

ing horse close to the track, Waring leaned over and grasped the railing with both hands, lifted himself from the saddle and swung over to the steps of the car. After congratulations of the passengers, Waring dropped into a seat and was soon lost in thought. Suddenly he remembered he had left his money in the bundle attached to Star's saddle. There was nothing to do but throw himself on the mercy of the conductor. He whispered in his ear and showed him the postal, and the conductor's expression softened. "I reckon I'll have to fix it for you by paying your fare myself and you can send me the money."

The car wheels were still turning when Waring strode through the station at Denver. Jumping into a carriage he was driven to the nearest drug store where he consulted the directory. "Number 900 S. 17th Street," he cried. Arriving there, he sprang up the steps. The butler ushered him into Mr. Foster's presence. "Mr. Foster, you are the president of the Denver National Bank which handles the Western interests of the Second National Bank of Boston. I have an account at the Second and want you to cash a check for me. It is after banking hours I know, and even if it were not, I have no immediate means of identification. It is of the greatest importance that I make the Eastern express tonight or I would not come to you in this irregular way."

"It must be an urgent matter that requires such haste. Really Waring, I must positively decline to do anything for you."

Then Waring told of the card. The banker said: "Let me see it. From what was it taken did you say?" Hearing the answer, a bulky musical score was laid upon the table before him, and turning the pages carefully he compared the music on the card with that of the printed sheet. Then he said in a kindly voice: "I will assist you, Mr. Waring. It will, of course, be a purely personal accommodation; I cannot resist such an appeal as this. What amount do you require?"

"A hundred dollars."

The banker wrote a check for a hundred and fifty, saying, "You can cash this at the Brown Palace Hotel. I envy you with all my heart. You have my best wishes for a pleasant journey. Goodby."

Waring ran down the steps with a light heart. "Telegraph office," he shouted. Ten minutes later these words were speeding over the wire:

"Postal received. Arrive Boston Friday night. See Luke 1:13.—Jack."

When the Chicago Limited pulled out of Denver that evening, John Tarbot Waring was standing on the rear platform, humming a fragment from the great oratorio, "The Messiah." There was a tender look in his eyes as he gazed at the postal card and the words he sang were:

"For unto us a child is born,

"Unto us a son is given."

At the same moment, two thousand miles away in the East a young wife was holding a telegram close to her lips. Turning softly on her pillow she glanced lovingly at the dainty cradle, and whispered as she glanced at her open Bible:

"Thou shalt call his name John."

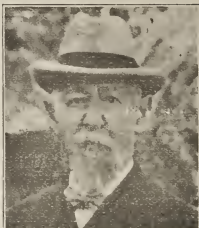
THE MORRIS FAMILY.



The above picture shows G. W. Morris and his manly sons, of Devine, Texas. Reading from left to right, G. W. Morris, Sr., G. C. Morris, T. H. Morris, G. W. Morris, Jr., J. E. Morris, L. C. Morris. There are also two girls in the family, Misses Pearl and Minnie Morris, and two sets of twins.



J. M. Conley
Fentress, Texas



D. M. Openheimer
Sketch on Page 343



Jack Potter
Sketch in Volume I



Mrs. Mont Woodward

ONE TRIP UP THE TRAIL.

B. D. Lindsey, San Antonio, Texas

I was born in Union Parish, La., January 21, 1856, and came to Texas when I was 17 years old, with my uncle, who located near Waco. I assisted him on the farm for awhile, then went south intending to become a cowboy. I had bunked with Ad Lindsey that winter, and he had been "up the tril" and I had caught the fever from him. In the early days of February, 1874, in company with Neally Cone and Bill Foster, I left Waco and traveled south on the Austin road. We had provided ourselves with a good supply of brandy peaches, a concoction sold in those days. That evening late we landed at the Westbrook ranch on Cow Bayou. Mrs. Westbrook kindly consented for us to stay overnight and directed us to the barn. Just about that time Mr. Westbrook appeared on the scene. I shall never forget him. He was a small sized man, wirey, spare build, about 30 years of age. With a firm look in his eye and a steady voice he said, "Boys, I see that you are drinking and I had rather you would ride on." We did. We crossed over the bayou and stayed over night. The next night we stayed with a Swede farmer six miles north of Austin. There were very few houses along the road in those days. We reached Austin the next day, remaining there only a few hours, then pulled on for San Marcos. When we got to the Blanco river our money was getting scarce so we sought employment. My first job was planting corn two days for Billie Owens, who now lives at Sabinal, Texas. My next work was for a Mr. Cochran, who owned a farm on the cattle trail. He paid me 75c per day. Herds were passing daily, and one rainy day I saddled my horse and drifted with a passing herd. In conversation with one of the boys he asked me if I had ever been up the trail, and when I informed him that I had not, he said I should claim that I had as I would be paid better wages. I kept this information for future use, and when I learned that a herd was

being gathered in the neighborhood, to be in charge of Sam Driskill, I made up my mind to go with that herd. I hailed Mr. Driskill as he was passing one day and asked him for a job. The first question he fired at me was, "Have you ever been up the trail?" "Yep" I replied, right off the reel. Two days later he sent for me and put me and Eberly Peters, who now lives at San Marcos, herding about 400 mixed cattle. We were both green hands, but we came in with all the cattle for two days. We held them bunched as though they were in a corral. The third day we moved out to the Perry Day ranch, near where the town of Kyle is now situated. When we stopped at noon my troubles began. I was left in company with wiser ones, and my idea was to not let any get away, so I kept butting them in. John Rutledge, one of the boys, cussed me for being a fool, and proceeded to give me my first lesson in handling cattle. When I went to the chuck wagon Pres. Horton, a typical cow-puncher, constituted himself a court of inquiry and began plying me with questions. He asked me if I had ever been up the trail, and who I drove for. I told him I went up the trail the year before, and drove for Chisholm. I had the idea that Chisholm owned all the cattle in Texas. Then Horton asked me where I drove to, and I told him Wichita. Next he asked me where I crossed the Brazos, and I said Fort Graham, and that I crossed the Red River at Red River Station. When he wanted to know what river Wichita was located on, I had to study for a moment then said "Arkansas." By this time I was growing nervous. He was also stumped, for he could not figure out how it was that I was so well posted. The fact of the matter is Ad Lindsey, who had been over the route, had told me these things, and I had not forgotten. For a little while Horton let up on me, but finally came back with the question: "Where does the bridge cross the river at Wichita?" This was a stunner, but I said, "Kinder toward the lower edge of town." He had me, as there was no bridge there at that time. Of course, I thought it was back to the farm for me, but

Sam Driskill, the boss, who had heard the whole discussion, came to my rescue and said, "Kid, I had discovered you were a green hand in this business, but I see you are willing, and I had rather have one willing hand than one too lazy to perform his duties." I was much relieved and right there I determined to give the best service I was capable of giving. We remained at the Day ranch about two weeks, and then moved on to the Baggett ranch, near where Temple is now, for our next and last stop. We completed our herd there and started on our long journey. Jess Driskill and Dock Day were the owners of the herd. Jess Driskill built the Driskill Hotel at Austin.

An incident occurred at the Baggett ranch, which, while a little personal, I think is worthy of mention, as it will show how green and foolish I was. A down easter, whose name I have forgotten, had been employed. He was about thirty years old and weighed 230 pounds. Aside from being a greenhorn he was really too heavy for trail work, and the bunch wanted to get rid of him, and set about to do this very thing, while I was made the "goat." The boys began to carry news to him of talks I had made about him, and from him they brought yarns to me. Of course neither of us had said anything about the other. We all carried the old style cap and ball navy pistols, as was the custom in those days. One evening while I was holding the cattle, the evening relief came out and this big 230-pounder made straight toward me, saying that I had talked about him long enough and he was going to put a stop to it. I had been told by the other boys that the trouble was coming, and to open up on him when it started, which I proceeded to do. I shot at him six times as he was coming toward me, aiming at his pannels, but he did not fall. Now mind you, the boys had previously extracted the bullets from my pistol, and I was shooting only wads, but I did not know it. The wads set his clothing afire, and also the sage grass, and it took us several hours to put out the prairie fire. The "wounded" man ran off, left his

horse, went to camp, got his time, and quit, just what the bunch wanted him to do. The boys told me that I would be arrested when we got to Fort Worth, and advised me to go to the boss and get a horse and leave the herd, scout along in the neighborhood for a few days, and fall in again. I took it all in like a sucker, until I asked Sam Driskill for the horse. Sam told me then it was all a put up job, and to pay no attention to them. From that time on I got along very well. When we arrived at Hayes, Kansas, 500 beeves were cut out and left there or driven to Ellsworth and held for a time. John Driskill was left in charge of the beeves. He now lives at Sabinal, Texas. There were twenty-three men in our outfit, but I can remember only the following: Orland Driskill, Sam Driskill, Dallas Driskill, Toll Driskill, Pres Horton, Charlie Raymond, Eberly Peters, John Rutledge, Tom Evans, Mills, one of the cooks, and Bill Hicks, my guard mate.

Near Fort Hayes we rested up on the Smokey River two weeks. A storm there stampeded our cattle and they mixed up with six or seven herds camped there at that time, and it took us several days to separate them. We traveled a northwest course from Hayes to Platte River below Fort Sidney, and went to a point about forty miles this side of Cheyenne, Wyoming, and on to the Snyder ranch near the foot of the Black Hills, where we delivered the cattle to the new owners. I was offered employment on this ranch at \$40 per month, with the privilege of investing my savings, but that country was too cold for me. I was told the snow remained on the ground seven months in the year. Some of us came back to Ellsworth, Kansas, where I helped John Driskill hold beeves for a month, then I took train for Texas, well satisfied that I had enough trail driving. While this is the only trip I ever made up the trail, I have seen much of the old trail drivers, and my hat is off to them. A truer type of manhood never existed in this or any other country. I now live at 3020 West Commerce St. San Antonio, Texas, where I own a comfortable home.

I married Miss Ella Michell of Uvalde, November 8, 1888, and we have four children living. Our oldest child died August 8, 1912.

NO FRIENDS LIKE THE OLD TRAIL DRIVERS

G. M. Carson, Rocksprings, Texas

I was raised in Blanco county, Texas. My father, John Carson and Mary Jane, my good Christian mother,



G. M. Carson

who have long since gone to their reward, moved from Mississippi in the early 50's and they settled in East Texas for a few years, then moved to Blanco county, and settled a ranch about four miles east of Blanco City, on the Blanco river, with a small bunch of horses and cattle. In 1861, father joined the Confederate

army and when he returned in 1865, broke and no

market for cattle until 1870, he sold 200 aged steers to Tom Johnson. His ranch and branding pens were where the town of Johnson City now stands.

Father went up the trail with this herd to Abilene, Kansas, in 1878. I went on the trail with one of John R. Bloeker's herds. A short sketch of this trip is in the first volume of the "Trail Drivers of Texas."

I moved with my family from the old home town in 1904 to Rocksprings, Edwards county, where we now live.

There are no friends like

The old time Trail Drivers,

We greet them when we meet them,

As roses greet the dew,

No other friends are dearer
Though born of kindred mould,
And while we prize the new ones
We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like
The old time Trail Drivers
In lands beyond the ocean
Or near the bounds of home,
And when they smile to gladden
Or sometimes frown to guide
We fondly wish these old friends
Were always by our side.

There are no friends like
The old time Trail Drivers,
To help us with the load
That all must bear that journey
O'er life's uneven road
The weary hours invest
The kindly words of Old Trail Drivers
Are always found the best.

There are no friends like
The old ime Trail Drivers
To calm our frequent fears,
Through life's declining years
And when our faltering footsteps
Approach the Great Divide,
We'll long to meet the Old Trail Drivers
Who wait on the other side.

DOCK BURRIS WAS WELL KNOWN

The following article was written by J. B. Polly of Floresville, Texas, and published in the San Antonio Express July 17, 1910:

The old settler of Karnes county that did not know

Dock Burris was himself unknown. As a cowboy, Texas Ranger and soldier in the Confederate Army, none was ever more expert, adventurous and gallant. The bronco he could not ride and tame was never foaled, the cow or steer he could not rope and tie down never roamed the prairies of West Texas, and the Yankee soldier that, given any chance at all he could not outwit, never drew a bounty during the war, nor has draw a pension since. Mr. Burris related the following incidents in his career:

"I was born on Galveston Island on August 24, 1810. In 1855, desirous of seeing more of life than I could while surrounded by salt water, I went to Karnes county and found employment as a cowboy. I continued in that business without let-up until the fall of 1858, and during the time thus engaged, hunted cattle and horses with and for almost all the old settlers west of San Antonio River. Among them, I remember, were Munroe Choat, John Pascal, John Talk, Capt. John Tom, Billie Ricks, Pat Rose, Walker Baylor, Bill Bishop, John W. Baylor, W. G. Butler and many others. In the fall of 1858, and until the next fall, I drove a freight wagon for Levy Watts between Indianola and San Antonio.

"In October, 1859, I enlisted in Capt. Bill Tobin's company of Rangers, which was organized for service on the Rio Grande, where the notorious Cortina had inaugurated a small war of his own against the Americans living west of the Nueces River, under the claim that all the country between the Rio Grande and the Nueces belonged of right to Mexico. I enlisted with John Littleton, who was recruiting for Tobin's company, and became one of its lieutenants. Tobin and the larger part of his company went on ahead and we recruits overtook him at Banquette. Thence we started on a forced march to Brownsville, but some of our horses gave out and we had to stop at King's ranch to exchange them for fresh animals.

"I was with the advance scouts when we arrived at Brownsville, about 12 o'clock on the night of the third day's march from King's ranch. I remember that we

were fired into by the Mexican guards stationed on the Matamoras side of the Rio Grande. In the reminiscences of Capt. J. T. Hunter he fails to mention a number of incidents that occurred during the campaign. One of these was the capture by members of Capt. Pete Tumlinson's company of a notorious Mexican bandit and incidents that occurred during the campaign. One of the adventurer known as One-eyed Trevino. This scoundrel was given but a short shift and was hanged. Another was the capture of a Mexican at Los Cuevos. As his captors were not prepared to hang this man, he was tied hand and foot, and thrown into the river and given a free swim down to its mouth. But he was not a good swimmer, and a few days later his body was found lodged against a boat. Another Mexican who was captured at the fight of Rancho Davis stepped into the great beyond from the back of Capt. Tumlinson's saddle horse, and a fourth one was hanged from a large root that projected from a bluff bank out over the waters of the Rio Grande. Each one of these men richly deserved the fate that befell him, for there was not a crime of which one or the other had not been guilty.

"Captain Hunter also failed to mention a fight that took place at Mule Shoe Bend, when Corina and his men tried to capture a steamboat laden with gold and silver, whose passage down the river the Rangers were protecting. The Greasers were stationed in a jacal surrounded by a picket fence and were so busy watching the boat that they did not know until it was too late that Tumlinson had led a part of his company over into Mexico and was coming up in their rear. Tumlinson whipped them to a finish, drove them into flight and captured all their horses, as well as their supplies of ammunition and provisions. Such terror, indeed, did Tumlinson's men inspire in the minds of the Mexicans, there that they never rallied again, and always afterwards spoke of the Americans as being 'muy diablos.' I was lucky enough to take part in that fight, having been, a few days before, trans-

ferred to Tumlinson's company, in which I had a brother, J. B. Burris.

"After this fight I went home on furlough and while I was away the company was disbanded. The first I knew of its disbandment was when on my way back to rejoin it I met the boys returning to their homes. Never having been mustered out myself and never from that day to this have I received any pay from the state for my services, I still claim to be a Ranger.

"In 1861 I joined a company of cavalry that was organized in Gonzales county by Mark Evans and which later became Company C of the Terry Rangers, or Eighth Texas Cavalry. We were mustered into the Confederate service at Houston with the understanding that we were going to Virginia. Upon our arrival at New Orleans, though, our colonel received orders to report at Bowling Green, Ky., to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. In accounts they have published of their experiences during the war quite a number of my Ranger comrades placed themselves under a fire from which it seemed impossible for them to escape alive and unhurt. I was in many such places and I should wonder now that I escaped alive were it not that I am just enough of a hardshell Baptist to believe in predestination. That doctrine comforted me mightily during the war; that there was virtue in it is shown by the fact that often as I faced danger and its close companion, death, I was wounded but once, and then received only a flesh wound. That was at Murfreesboro. My first experience under fire was at Woolsonville, Ky., and then in due order came Shiloh, Perrysville, Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. When Captain Shannon was given command of a company of scouts I was a member of it.

"One of my Ranger comrades, telling of how Forrest captured Murfreesboro, says there was no Federal cavalry engaged. He was either sadly mistaken, or my distinct recollection of capturing that morning in a tent where they lay asleep nine cavalry and all their arms, is a mere dream. They surrendered the moment I threw

my gun down on them. Why my comrade did not see the cavalry I cannot understand. The first camp we went into was a cavalry camp. To one of the Yankees captured that morning I was afterwards indebted, I think for my life. Very shortly after Shannon's scouts had captured three negroes and two Yankees and were in the act of plundering a house and after killing the five of them, had placed their bodies in a pile with the negroes on top of the two Yankees, I was captured and placed under guard in a prison pen in North Carolina. When it was learned that I belonged to Shannon's scouts the Federals guarding the pen, taking it for granted that I was concerned in the punishment of the five men, determined to take me out and hang me. But when they came for me the Yankee we had captured at Murfreesboro interposed, saying that he would shoot the first man that laid hands on me and that he had been captured by the Rangers at Murfreesboro and had been treated kindly. It was only this man's courage that saved me.

"When General Bragg marched his army through Kentucky, Wild Aaron Burleson and I were one day on picket together at a point about six miles from Green River. Between sunset and dark the Yankees rode up on us, fired a few shots at us and retreated in the direction of Louisville. Next morning Captain Shannon sent the two of us on a scout to locate the Yankees. We rode six or seven miles without coming in sight of the enemy and finally down to a bridge across Green River that the Yankees had burned down. Just beyond the bridge they had planted a Federal flag and Aaron and I resolved to get that flag. Hitching our horses we swam the river, and pulling down the flag, brought it back to our horses and started to make our report to Captain Shannon that no Yankees were in sight.

"We had gone but a short distance when we met an old gentlemen, a citizen, who not only showed us a place where we could easily ford the river, but also told us that there was a sutler's store on the other side of the river a short distance below the bridge. Needing cloth-

ing and a whole lot of other things, too badly to object to buying them from a Yankee sutler, Aaron and I lost no time in showing up at the store. Hitching our horses, we entered and commenced buying and quite soon had each bought so many things that we needed saddle bags to carry them in. These being in stock, we each bought a pair, stuffed our plunder in them, and hanging them across our saddles, came back to settle our bills. Of course we had no money except Confederate, and when we offered that to the sutler, he no sooner looked at it than he handed it back to us, saying it was no good. "Well," said Aaron, pocketing the wad returned to him, an example which I immediately followed, "that is too good money for us to refuse, and as we have no other kind, all we can do is to thank you for the goods we have." and off we rode, each pair of saddle bags packed so full that we could hardly find room in our saddle for ourselves.

"When Rosecranz's army was advancing on Murfreesboro, Col. Tom Harrison sent me and Wild Aaron Burleson to the extreme left of our skirmish lines. We found the Yankees forming in line of battle to come in on our left and, thinking to stay them awhile, we dismounted, tied our horses behind a hill and went forward. Getting within easy range of the Yanks, I dropped down behind a stump about fifty steps to the left of the one Aaron had pre-empted, and both of us began firing as fast as we could. Adam's position proved too exposed for comfort and he changed it, without notifying me of his intention to do so. In fact, it was some little time after he left me before I discovered that I was fighting all by myself and without any support. I fired in all about twenty rounds at them while they were getting into line, and I kept up my fire until they were within twenty steps of me, coming at full charge. Then I broke for my horse, mounted him, I might say, while still running, and ran as fast as he did when once on him, for the Yanks by this time were on each side of me and behind me—those behind shooting at me and those on either side

calling on me to surrender and trying to knock me out of the saddle with their long sabers, but not shooting lest they fire into each other. But as both my steed and myself combined our efforts, we soon forged to the front and outran them. Just at that moment, though, that I got out of the range of small arms they turned a cannon or two loose on me, and a shell struck a mudhole off to my left and splattered mud and water all over me. Before that my horse and I must have been making at least forty miles an hour, but when that mudhole was torn up by the roots and flung at us and over us we turned on enough power to carry us at the rate of a mile a minute.

"In Middle Tennessee one day, while I and six others were tearing up a railroad, an old citizen rode up and informed us that a fellow would soon come along riding in a buggy with a lady, who, although dressed in citizen's clothes, was really a Yankee soldier. It was hard lines on him to be taken from the company of his handsome companion, and he plead hard not to be and when we insisted he got mighty mad about it. Three years later, down in North Carolina, he was one of the Federals who captured me, he himself taking the butcherknife I carried in my bootleg from me and saying to me, "One of you rangers took my coat off my back when a lot of you captured me in Middle Tennessee, taking me out of the buggy in which I was riding with a lady, and if I knew you were the man I'd cut your throat with your own knife." Naturally I did not care to acknowledge just then that I was even with the party that captured him and, as I kept my face turned away from him, he did not recognize me as spokesman of the party."

"While we were around Rome, Ga., a party of Yankees were out a mile or so from town trying to round up a bunch of cattle. To catch them, Captain Shannon left me and Bill Lynch at one end of a lane while he went around to the other. As the Yankees entered the lane Bill and I charged them, our object being to drive them into Shannon's clutches. But they did not

drive. Instead they turned on us and shot Bill Lynch off his horse and left me for a minute or more not only alone but considerably demoralized. Luckily, though, Shannon heard the firing and came down the lane upon the Yankees. I was mighty glad he came, but while the fight lasted I was in as much danger from his bullets as from those of the enemy, and it was a wonder that I was not killed by one of them. One of the Yankees dismounted to let down the fence on one side of the lane and through the gap his comrades all escaped. As for him, I was at his side before he could remount and he surrendered. Bill Lynch owed his life to a gun strap that deflected the bullet."

Comrade Burris was telling the old vets that gathered at Confederate headquarters in San Antonio about that pony of his and how intelligent he was. His story started a long conversation about horses, during which Buck Gravis told of two cow ponies he used to own—one a dun, the other a bay.

"Why, gentlemen," he said, "when my crowd in the old days had rounded up a herd of cattle and wanted to cut out our own from the herd all I had to do was to read a list of brands we wanted to that dun pony and, durn me, if he wouldn't go into that herd and cut 'em out without bit of help. He would drive 'em out of the main herd and that bay pony would take charge of them and hold 'em out."

"Yes," said Comrade Briscoe, "It was really astonishing how sensible and trustworthy some of those old time cow ponies were. When I used to live down below Goliad my cattle got in the habit of crossing to the west side of the San Antonio River and mixing with Tom O'Connor's cattle. But I had no trouble in getting them back whenever I wanted to. All I had to do was to lead a little brown, gotch-eared pony that I owned across the stream and, turning him loose, saying 'Seek 'em Gotch, Seek 'em!' and he'd trot away and pick out my cattle by the flesh marks and drive them one by one to the place where I and a lot of lads were waiting to

hold them in the herd. And something more singular than that was that after Gotch had done this about three times my cattle would no sooner catch sight of him trotting around over the prairie and looking like he meant business than, as if by one accord, they would detach themselves from the bunches with which they were grazing and come lowing toward the herding place. As it was only when we turned Gotch loose that they did this, I am satisfied everyone of them felt it was no use to try to sneak away from him."

"I never had a cow pony as intelligent as either of those you fellows have told about," said Hart Mussey, "but I did have a smart dog when I was ranching on the Pecos. One morning he went nosing around a steel trap I had set for a wolf and got the end of his tail caught, and what do you reckon he did?"

"Just turned around and bit his tail off" suggested Buck Gravis.

"Just pulled up the stake the trap was tied to and dragged it, trap and all, to the ranch," suggested Briscoe.

"No sir," said Hart, "he didn't do either of those fool things."

"What did he do then?" asked Gravis and Briscoe.

"Why he did what any other sensible dog would have done," said Hart. "He just set up a howl and kept it up until I heard him and went out and released the poor brute."

WAS IN CAPTAIN SANSOM'S COMPANY

J. W. Minear, 140 E. Cincinnati Ave., San Antonio.

In 1870 I joined Captain John Sansom's company of rangers, stationed at Camp Verde, Texas, and in the spring of 1871 we went to Fort Griffin on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, where we were told that 400 colored soldiers had been driven into the fort by Indians only a short time before. After reaching Fort Griffin and rest-

ing our horses for a few days we went on a scout for several days, thoroughly combing that region. While in camp on a little creek Frank Kiser was taken ill and Captain Sansom left seven or eight of us to stay with him while the main command continued scouting. They were gone several days and succeeded in killing two Indians. On the lance of one of the fallen braves were six notches, our Tonkaway guides saying that each notch represented a white person that particular Indian had killed. The same dead Indian had a long braid of woman's hair fastened to the top of his head.

The Tonkaway Indians were very superstitious. When Kiser was sick, two of our rangers roped a wolf and brought it into camp. The Indians told Captain Sansom that if we should get into a fight with the Comanches, the men who killed it would be slain in battle. They begged so hard that Captain Sansom prevailed on the men to turn the wolf loose. When the two Indians were killed the Tonkaways held a council and smoked a pipe, and because the smoke floated in the direction of Fort Griffin they wanted to go home. On the way to the fort we killed some buffalo, I bringing down a bull four or five years old. I killed four others in Kansas.

In 1873 I helped to drive a herd from Bandera to Wichita, Kansas, for Schmidtke & Hay. In the fall of the same year I went with cattle to Creston, Union county, Iowa, and to show how easy it is to drive cattle at times, will state that while camped at Wichita, the boss took several hands to Cow Creek and cut out some cattle to ship, leaving me with 400 head, and saying he would send a man to help me drive them to Sexton's house, twelve miles west of there. I got the herd strung out and by riding up and down the line, got along very well. When I reached a spot where the grass had been burned from the ground they needed no driving. Finally Henry Fick overtook me and we made it all right. He said the boss got drunk and failed to send me the help promised, so he volunteered to come to my assistance.

While on our way back to Texas, and not far south

of Caldwell, Kansas, Frank Jureczki and I, while driving our loose horses, saw two men running a buffalo cow, and I roped her for them. They hauled her home in a wagon, and said they were going to raise buffalo.

AL. N. McFADDIN

Al. N. McFaddin is the owner of 50,000 acres of land near Victoria, Texas and is a promoter of agricultural prosperity and developer



Al. N. McFaddin

of the State's natural resources. Mr. McFaddin is the eldest son of James Alfred and Margaret E. McFaddin, and was born on a ranch near Galveston. He has lived in Refugio and Victoria counties all of his life, and has devoted his attention to cattle raising and agricultural pursuits. He is past-president of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, and

during his term of office did valient work in behalf of general betterment of the cattle raisers' interests throughout Texas. He has been associated prominently with the Texas Sanitary Commission, and gave freely of his best thought and effort in the furtherance of their policies. Mr. McFaddin is an able man, whose work is ably accomplished along lines that devolve in betterment of public and private good.

IRA C. JENNINGS.

Of the death of Ira C. Jennings, which occurred Dec-

ember 27, 1922, the San Antonio Express in its Cattle Clatter column had the following to say:

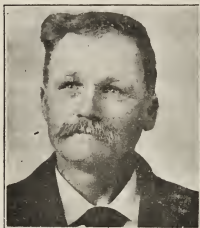
All that was mortal of Ira C. Jennings was laid to rest Friday in the old Humphreys cemetery at Martindale in Caldwell county, and in his passing there is a distinct loss to the ranks of the big cattlemen of Southwest Texas. For twenty years he had ranched in Zapata county, holding extensive acreage and specializing in the raising of cattle, rather than in buying and selling. Always he was the cowman of the family as differentiated from the steer man. Every year he had for sale or to keep a crop of calves. Born in Hayes county, removing to Guadalupe county, where he grew to manhood, he lived for a time at Pearsall, then in LaSalle county. From LaSalle he went to Zapata. His ranch lay about 30 miles east of Laredo, and in that city he had for years maintained a home, and there he died. For about three years he had been in poor condition following a stroke of paralysis which came up on him while branding calves one hot summer day. He liked to 'run' the brand on the calves himself, and fell in the branding pen with the heated iron in his hand. His condition had become so bad that he was confined to his bed for about three months before the end. In his youth he drove the cattle trail to Kansas, and while passing through the Indian Territory had an adventure with the redskins in which he won by getting more speed out of his horse than the band of pursuers could get out of theirs. He was a member of the Old Trail Drivers' Association, and two years ago was able to attend the meeting in San Antonio, although in failing health. He is survived by his sons, T. C. and Roy, and a daughter, Mrs. J. W. Neal of San Antonio, whose husband is a conductor on the I. & G. N. Railway. Also he is survived by his two brothers, W. H. and R. H., both well known to all the cattlemen of the country. His wife died in 1911 and he was laid to rest beside her in the country graveyard where his parents and four sisters are buried. W. H. and R. H., the two brothers referred to above, are all that are left of the

family of seven children. The great Mystery came upon him at 7:20 p. m. Wednesday, in the 65th year of his age, and those who know him best say he left none but friends to grieve for him, having no enemy at all. Nothing finer could be said.

A TRIP TO KANSAS IN 1870.

W. R. Massengale, Rio Frio, Texas

I went with a drove of 700 big steers, about the first of April. We put the road brand on them at the Strickland ranch, a few miles east of Helena, on the Yorktown road.



W. R. Massengale

The first night it came a little rain and wind and hail and the cattle not being used to herding out we had one of the worst stampedes I was ever in up to this time. We only had small opening to hold them on and it was very thick brush all over that country so in less than twenty minutes they were

cut up in five bunches and running as if they had tin cans tied to their tails. We crossed the San Marcos river below San Marcos town; there we met with John Campbell. He was bossing a herd for Choate & Bennet, and we camped close together that night. He penned his cattle. We herded out that night and had a bad thunderstorm and hard rain, but we held our "old mossy heads," all right till about one o'clock. It quit raining but the lightning kept up and the whole herd went to grazing and scattered all over the country, so Mr. Drake sent word to all hands to come in and let them alone. W. H. Mayfield was owner of the herd.

Just as we were all getting together a Mexican rode up and asked for Spencer, (one of our men). Spencer asked what he wanted and the Mexican told him that his brother, Ran, was dead, so we all turned and went to Campbell's camp. We found Spencer sitting against a tree, his head drooped down just like he was asleep. We got down and took him to a nearby house and layed him out. A young man by the name of Fly had his head on Spencer's legs and was struck also, but did not die until next day.

We crossed just below Austin where we had to rope two and drag them up the bank and roll them off in the river. It was about half bank full. One of them got half way across and turned back, so when he came where we were we turned him back, and I turned my horse over to Vicente Carvajal and got the old sealawag by the tail—well if you never saw an old steer scared in swimming water you have no idea how fast one can swim. After we got our cattle broken in I think we had the best herd on the trail. We had a very good time. At Austin was the last ferry boat so we had to cross all the streams without a boat. At Belton we took the "New Chisum Trail," went by the way of Fort Worth, which was a small village of one or two small business houses, a blacksmith shop and I think a school house and about 20 families. The Indians were bad in that section and we had a double watch on every night which made it hard for us. Some nights the cattle would run the first watch and maybe we would be up all night. I have gone three days and nights without sleep, on the same horse, and with very little to eat.

We crossed Red River about the 20th of May at Red River Station. It was up swimming and there was at least 20 herds balled up there waiting for the river to run down. It was a bad place to hold cattle, so many herds close together, so the boss, Mr. Drake, held a council with us all; some wanted to drive back a few miles and wait.

We crossed the Wichita the next day. From the time

we crossed Red River we never saw a house till we got to Wichita. We soon began to have a little trouble with the Indians. They would come and want a beef or two, but we would send them on to the next fellow, so we did not have to give them any at all, but they would stampede the cattle at night. We got into the buffalo country, and they gave us a little trouble. Once just as we were getting our herd on the trail, a little after sunrise, a man from the herd just ahead of us loped back and told us that the buffaloes were coming, so we held our herd up. I went to the top of a little hill and I saw a black string. It looked as though it was coming straight to our herd. I went back and we rounded our cattle up so we could hold them if the buffaloes did strike them but they past just ahead of us. Our cattle got a little nervous, but we held them all right. It took the buffaloes two hours to pass us. Sometimes they would be one behind the other, and then they would come in bunches of 300 or 400. I don't know how many to guess there was, but I think there must have been at least fifty thousand. Another time a bunch of about 300 ran through our herd while they were grazing.

We had some bad storms while we were on that long stretch across the plains. We crossed the Arkansas River at Fort Wichita about the 15th of June. About the 20th of June we stopped on a little creek called Beaver Creek. There Mr. Mayfield met us, and the hands all went back but myself and a Mr. Minms, Charley Angermiller and the cook, Bill Payne. We stayed in that camp till about the first of September, and had a good time.

In October we started back to Texas. When we got to Red River there were at least 100 families waiting to cross coming to Texas and it looked like we were not going to get across at all, so I told Mimms and Angermiller if they would let me, I would come alone. They said all right, so I came on. I got down to Belton and "swapped" horses with a man and gave \$25 "to boot," and got a dandy saddle, and sure "went yonder." I

had written to my wife to write me at Austin so when I got to Austin I got some very interesting news. I stayed in Austin that night, but the next morning by sun up I was on the road home. The next day at 3 o'clock I landed at home, 110 miles from Austin.

It was on Sunday and there were several ladies there. Two of them had young babies, so after a kiss and a general handshake I wanted to see my baby (which had been born during my absence) and there were three all on one bed and all the same size, so they told me to take my choice. After looking at them all I took a little red-headed girl baby, and that same red-headed baby is living at Rio Frio, Texas, and is 45 years old.



Joe Henderson



Wm. T. Lytle

FROM THE "HISTORIAN OF THE PLAINS."

The following letter was written to George W. Saunders, president of the Old Time 'Trail Drivers' Association, by William E. Hawks, of Bennington, Vermont. Mr. Hawks is the acknowledged "Historian of the Plains" and is collecting true data of the early days. He says:

"I want to thank you, for myself, and for every old



W. E. Hawks, "Historian of the Plains."

timer who is lucky enough to get a copy of your book for staying with the old timers until you got those letters and then having them published. I have spent thirty years gathering true data of the good old days, when men were men, and would offer you everything they had, even to their lives, and they thought it was right. I worked out on the old Overland Stage Coach and Pony Express trail long before Root & Connelly published their book, which is an epic. The Chisholm Trail, the Old Shawnee Trail, Middle or West Shawnee Trail from Red River north to Abilene and Baxter Springs The Southern Texas Trail extended from Red River to the Coast. Joe McCoy started his yards at Abilene, Kansas, July 1, 1867, and sent W. W. Suggs down to pilot the herds to the new shipping place. The first herd to cross the Nation on that trail was Wheeler, Wilson & Hicks of 2400 head bound for California. This herd drove within thirty miles of Abilene and stopped

and were later shipped from Abilene. The second herd to cross the Nation and drive direct to Abilene was owned by Mr. Thompson, who sold them in the Nation to Smith, McCord & Chandler, and by them driven to Abilene and shipped. The first cattle shipped out of Abilene was on September 5, 1867, and there were 36,000 shipped from that point during the balance of that year.

"The Chisholm Trail is said to be named after a semi-civilized Indian who broke the road for government supplies to go to Fort Cobb from the Arkansas River.

"I have never seen but one of Joe McCoy's books and that is owned by Harvard College. Have been there and read it through several times. It names Wm. Periman, James Ellison, J. M. Choate, James Daughtery, R. D. Hunter, George R. Baise, Hough-Reeves & Co., John Salisbury, W. H. Kingsbury, Holmsley, Ran Nichols, White, Allen & Co., R. C. White, Hunter, Patterson & Evans, L. M. Hunter, J. B. Hunter, Noffiner & Co., Tom Bigger, W. H. Winants, Noah Ely & Co., D. W. Powers, Joe Tanner, John Hittson, W. K. Shaeffer, G. W. Groves, Pedro Armego, Chas. Goodnight, D. Sheedy, Albert Crane, J. S. Driscoll, H. M. Childress, E. B. Millett, J. J. Myers, J. W. Tucker, Willis McCutcheon, J. H. Stevens, J. D. Reed, Seth Mabry, W. F. Tompkins, J. M. Day, Shanghai Pearce, Johnathan Pearce, J. T. Alexander, Tom Allen, J. S. Smith, Andrew Wilson, J. D. Smith, Rogers, Powers & Co., and others. I have pictures of Chas. Goodnight, Oliver Loving, J. W. Poe, Pat Garrett, "Billy the Kid," Tom Ketchum, Big Foot Wallace, Wild Bill Hickok, J. S. Chisum, J. B. Dawson, E. B. Bronson, Clark Stocking, Cal Joe, Jim Bridger, Jim Baker, Calamity Jane, and hundreds of others. I gather only true data, and hope to live long enough to publish some of it for the benefit of the old boys who helped to make it possible for the punks to occupy the whole west.

"You can take a hackamore on your arm and you can't find in any place west of the Old Muddy five people who know what it was used for. The only use I have

for the West is the old timers and I don't want to be the last one to go.

'I hope some day to attend one of your old timers' reunions and shake with every man there. I sure know the pleasure of it.'

THE TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS

Maude Clark Hough, Chairman Literature Committee,
Texas Club of New York City.

In giving you a word that's true
About this book, both fine and new,
I want to say there's more to do,
Than just a simple, short review.

The book itself is good, well done,
And takes us back where cattle run,
And each day's descending sun
Sees fame, success and virtue won!

The men who helped to build our Texas
And wrote this book, don't mean to vex us,
But answer questions that perplex us,—
How Mexico's tried to annex us.

Here we can see the progress made,
And how their plans were straightly laid,
In order that a here's shade
Should fall wherever the sunlight played!

Through "Trail Drivers" president,
George W. Saunders, high intent
With much of time and effort spent,
This book was made, and forthwith went

Out to tell the world, and you,
Facts that may be old or new,

But which are absolutely true.
Stories that will help you to

An understanding of their hope,—
To build a monument, so they who grope
In the future, for symbols, trope,
To make more plain all the scope

Of Texas men, and land and lives
Will thereby know that daughters, wives
Had done their share! That Texas thrives
Not alone on gun and knives.

But there dwelt in the heart of each,
A hope both high and hard to reach—
But which the wide prairies teach,
And Texas sunshine lights, "Free Speech."

The book has naught of vain conceit,
Is fine and plain; and I entreat
That no one here will make retreat,
But rise in patriotic heat,

And promise me to buy a book,
To read in some nice shady nook
This summer; or by prattling brook,
While they are seeking fish to hook!

MADE EARLY DRIVES

D. H. Snyder, Georgetown, Texas.

My brother, J. W. Snyder, and myself made our first drive of cattle to the Northwest in 1869. We bought our cattle in Llano and Mason counties, and received them on the Llano River above Mason, paying \$1.50 per head for yearlings, \$2.50 for two-year-olds, \$4 for cows and three-year-olds, and \$7 for beef steers. We bought all on the credit, giving them our notes payable in

gold coin. That country above Mason had plenty of range hogs in it and they were all fat in the spring on the dead cattle that had been killed and skinned for their hides. It was said that thousands of these hides were sold in Mason, Fredericksburg getting the largest share.

We drove from the Llano, where we received our cattle, to the Kickapoo and Lipan Springs and on to head of Main Concho River. Here we laid up two days doing all of our cooking and parching coffee to do us for our trip across the plains, ninety miles to Horse Head crossing on the Pecos river, without water. This drive we made driving day and night in seventy hours. John Chisum was the first to cross the plains on this route in 1868. His herd was all captured by the Indians except seventy head of cripples and tailings, , up above where Roswell is now situated. Chisum, John Hitson of Palo Pinto county, Rube Gray and White, his brother-in-law from San Saba county, John and Tom Owens of Williamson county, Martin Cosner of Llano county, and our herd are the only herds I remember crossing that route in 1868, with no settlements of any kind on the route from head of Main Concho to Bosque Grande, the Apache Indian reservation this side of Las Vegas, New Mexico. These Indians were moved from the reservation here to Arizona in the spring of 1868.

We drove on from Horse Head crossing to Bosque Grande, Las Vegas and Fort Union, a government post. At Fort Union we sold our beeves at \$35. We met Chas. Goodnight and Old Han Curtis between Fort Union, N. M., and Trinidad Colorado, sold them our yearlings at \$7, the balance of the herd at about the same rate without tallying. We then went on to Trinidad and Pueblo, Colo., then went down the Arkansas River to Bent's old fort, Santa Fe, N. M., crossed the Arkansas River, and took the stage to Fort Wallace, then the terminus of the Kansas Pacific R. R., thence by rail to Brenham, Texas, thence by land home, Round Rock, Williamson county, Texas. Here we sold our

currency exchange we got for our cattle in Austin for seventy cents on the dollar for gold.

In 1869 we drove a beef herd from Llano county to Abilene, Kansas. I can't recall the name of the Red River crossing at that time. The Indians came on us in the territory and drove off 140 beeves, which the Government paid us for after a long fight. We sold out at Abilene, Kansas.

In 1870 we drove 5000 head of cattle, the first herds that crossed the Kansas-Pacific R. R., and went on to the Union Pacific at Schuyler, Nebraska, seventy-six miles west of Omaha on the Main Platte River.

In 1871 we drove the first cattle on to Cheyenne Wyoming, and continued to make Cheyenne our headquarters until 1885, our last drive.

In 1872 we sold a herd to John Tierman, Ingram & Co., of Salt Lake, and delivered them on Goose Creek in Nevada.

In 1873 we ranched a part of our drive on the Sobiel near Ft. Loring in Wyoming and also drove 400 head to Idaho and ranched them near old Ft. Hall reservation on Snake river. The market went to the dogs in that country and we sold our stock cattle the next year and drove our beef cattle to Cheyenne and got a fine price for them.

In 1877 I contracted to Mr. J. W. Iliff of Denver, Colo., 17,500 two and three-year-old steers, which we delivered in June and July, 1878, at Julesburg, Colo. Mr. Iliff died in February, 1878, and at the earnest request of Mrs. Iliff we took charge of the entire cattle business of the estate and wound up the estate part in three years and we bought the business in connection with Mrs. Iliff, D. H. and J. W. Snyder & Company, which we maintained until 1887.

We adopted three rules for our cowboys to be governed by on our first drive in 1868, as follows:

First, You can't drink whiskey and work for us.

Second, You can't play cards and gamble and work for us.

Third, You can't curse and swear in our camps or in our presenee and work for us.

These rules we kept inviolate as long as we were in the cattle business.

I am past eighty years old and have been blind more than eight years. If I had my sight I could take time and make this much more interesting and give much more information.

Georgetown, Texas, December 27, 1913.

RATHER CONFUSING.

According to George W. Saunders, there was a certain Texas cowboy boarded a train at Denver, Colo., after having driven trail from Texas to that salubrious elime, baek in 1880, or thereabouts, says "Cattle Clatter" in San Antonio Express. He walked into the sleeper with a bundle of blankets and asked the Pullman conductor if there was any place where he could bed down. The conductor said sure there was; the cowboy could have either upper or lower. The cowboy said any place would do for him, not knowing what was meant by the upper or lower. The conductor continued, saying: "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want the lower you will have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper, alhough it is lower on account of its being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to go up to go to bed, and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher it will be lower." When the conductor looked around the cowboy had spread his blankets down in the aisle of the Pullman, using his boots and pistol for a pillow. He ordered the conductor to stop talking, as he did not understand his chin-music any-

way. The conductor fell in a faint, the cowboy went to sleep, and Mr. Saunders left the train at the next station—which was a peculiar thing to do, considering the fact that he had no business there.

All manner of persuasion has failed to induce Mr. Saunders to reveal the true identity of the aforementioned cowboy.

JAMES WASHINGTON WALKER.

J. W. Walker, who lives on Laxson's Creek, three miles east of Medina, Texas, was born in Grimes county, Texas, December 25, 1847. His father, Jesse Walker, a San Jacinto veteran, died when the subject of this sketch was quite small. Sometime in the 50's the family moved to Gonzales county. In 1862, when James Walker was fifteen years old, he came to Bandera county and worked for Berry C. Buckelew, herding cattle for \$7 per month, which place he held all winter, then went to Camp Verde where he had two brothers in the Confederate service. He tried to enlist at that time but Major Lawhon, in command of the troops stationed there would not accept him because he was too young. Sometime later, however, he succeeded in getting into the service, and a few days after his enlistment four of the companies at Camp Verde were transferred to South Texas, leaving only a few men to garrison the post and look after the camels there. Henry Ramsey was in charge of the camels at the time and young Walker was put to herding them. He says the animals, numbering about 75 head, were a source of great annoyance and trouble. They ate but little grass, and could not get up the rough places to get to brush which they had to eat. Through the winter they were fed on corn that had to be brought from San Antonio. Mr. Walker now has a bell which was used on those camels, and prizes it very highly as a relic of those frontier days.

At the outbreak of the war between the states, Camp

Verde was taken over by the Confederate forces under Gen. Ben McCulloch, and remained under the Confederate control until the war ended, when the post again passed to the United States, and a small force of Federal troops were placed there.

In 1869 Mr. Walker went to California with a herd of 1500 mixed cattle belonging to Damon Slator of Llano, Mr. Slator being his own boss. Those who went on this trip were Jim and Charlie Moss, Jim Walker, Alf Anderson, Bill Denison, a man named Perryman, John Dupont, John and Riley Billings, Billie Click, a German named Mahaley, Jack Hamilton and Damon Slator. They took a route up through the Coneho country to the Peeos and crossed at Horsehead Crossing, out by old Fort Stanton, through Tularosa Valley, across Sacramento Mountains to the Gila river, crossing the Colorado river, passing Tuseon and Fort Yuma, and went on to the Winters Ranch in California where they delivered the herd. On the trip they had some trouble with the Indians, particularly with some of the Pima tribe who were trying to run a bluff and secure some cattle from a herd belonging to a man named Crockett Riley. Mr. Walker and several of the Slator hands went to Riley's assistance and found him surrounded by about 80 Indians. They were off their reservation, and did not really want a scrap, so when they fired into them they hastily retreated. Mr. Walker killed the chief's horse at a distance of 500 yards. He was later arrested by the Indian agent, and Slator gave the Indians five head of cattle to satisfy their claims for loss of the chief's horse.

After delivering the cattle at the Winters Ranch the cowboys scattered, and only two of them, Billings and Riley, came back to Texas together. Mr. Walker went to Los Angeles and San Francisco and struck up with a man named Jacob Sanders who was from Ohio, and they decided to go to New York. Accordingly they secured passage on a steamer, the Golden City, which sailed one Sunday morning. On the following Tuesday the steamer was wrecked in Mexican waters and the crew and 450

passengers were forced to take to life boats and landed on the barren coast. In company with a guide the shipwrecked people walked a distance of twenty-five miles to a cove, and were there taken aboard a vessel that carried them back to San Francisco. While on the coast they were without food and had but very little water from Tuesday until Saturday. As Walker and Sanders paid transportation to New York, the steamship company allowed them passage on another vessel and they again started. He says they crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and took a big steamer which carried them across the Gulf of Mexico and ran direct to New York. Arriving in that city, Mr. Walker decided he had seen enough of the world and immediately started back to Texas by water, reaching Key West, Fla., and from there proceeded to Galveston and when he hit land again it was to hike straight for home. He had been absent one year and four months, and came back rich in experience, but mighty poor in pocket. On the same day he was shipwrecked off the Mexican coast, February 22, 1870, his brother, Riley Walker, was killed by Indians on Bell Mountain in Llano county.

On February 10, 1864, Mr. Walker was happily married to Miss Melvina Bandy of Bandera county. To them have been born 13 children, 11 of whom are still living: Thomas Walker, Mrs. Ada Moseley, Mrs. Alice Smith, Jeff Walker, all of San Antonio; Jim Walker, killed in Oklahoma by a falling tree; Jesse Walker, died in infancy; Mrs. Ida Fines of Tuff; C. C. Walker of Caddo, La., R. L. Walker of Medina, Mrs. Mary Davis of Vanderpool; Miss Myrtle Walker of Medina; Mrs. Ruby Neely and Charlie Walker of Yoakum.

In 1895 Mr. Walker located on his present homesite, where he has resided all these years, quietly following farming for an occupation and raising his sons and daughters to be useful men and women. He has had an active part in the development of the country, and recalls many interesting events that transpired in his section.

ANDREW G. JONES

The Jones family has been one of the solid, representative and substantial families of Bandera county since the early days of settlement. "Uncle Andy," as he is familiarly known, is one of the best citizens Bandera county has ever produced, and his sons and daughters are numbered among the quiet, thoroughly honorable and upright citizens of the county. He was born in Bexar county, February 24, 1853. His father, John A. Jones true type of the Texas pioneer, came to Bandera county in 1864 with his family, and located on Myrtle Creek, Mr. Jones dying there in 1895, and his good wife, Mrs. Mahala Jones, surviving him until 1920, when she died. There were eight children in the family of John A. Jones, five boys and three girls, namely: Sam Jones, deceased; Jim Ike Jones of Parker Canyon, Ariz; Ranse Jones, deceased; John L. Jones, for many years sheriff of Kimble county, now deceased; Andy G. Jones, the subject of this sketch; Mrs. Margaret Stevens, now deceased; Mrs. Mahala Brown, deceased; Mrs. Eliza Brown, lives on the Nueces River.

Andy G. Jones was a small boy, about 11 years old, when his parents moved to Bandera county. He grew to manhood, married and raised his family here, and to-day lives on a beautifully located ranch not far from the location made by his father in the early days. He went to school in a little clap-board shack with a dirt floor, which stood at the forks of Bandera and Myrtle creeks.

In 1874 Andrew G. Jones was married to Miss Anna Stevens. They had six children, five of whom are yet living, Mrs. Dora Duncan of Medina Lake; Mrs. Lelia Em-sley, died in 1910; John Henry Jones, lives in Kerr county; Lou B. (Baker) Jones, lives on Bandera Creek; George Jones lives near his father; Mrs. Noma Smith, lives near Camp Verde. Mrs. Jones died in 1889. Mr. Jones next married Miss Laura Nerthlin, and to this union were born six children, as follows, Florida, Pink,

Virgil, Gervis, Manila and Salome Jones, all of them being at home.

In relating some of his frontier experiences, Mr. Jones said::

"I was a member of Robert Ballentyne's company of minute men, organized for the protection of the frontier. We had to scout twenty days in each month, and our pay was \$20 per month. We furnished our own grub and mounts, while the state supplied us with guns and ammunition, and gave orders how we should take care of our horses. When in camp we had to stake and sideline each animal and put out a guard. A Mexican named Manuel, who had been an Indian captive for fifteen years, was our trailer and guide, and he was a good one. He knew just how to follow all signs and trails, and he thoroughly hated an Indian. One day we struck an Indian trail on Mason Creek and followed it to where the San Antonio road crosses Privilege Creek. Here the trail led up the creek, and we found a Mexican that had been killed by the Indians. The Mexican was at work building a fence when he was attacked, and when he was struck with a rifle ball he ran and took refuge in an old chimney which was standing where a frontier cabin once stood, and there he died. We found his body in this chimney in a sitting posture, with his pistol in hand ready to shoot. From there we went on and came to a house which the Indians had pillaged. They carried off a number of articles and trinkets, some of which we picked up as we hastily followed the trail. We then found where they had stopped and painted themselves, preparatory to an attack on Jim and John Scott, who were clearing land, but they probably discovered our approach and fled, scattering in several directions, so that we could not successfully follow their trail. We then went to the Bladen Mitchell ranch and decided to go over to the Casey ranch on the Hondo and try to intercept the Indians as they came out of the country. We patrolled that region, two men each twenty miles apart scouting and observing signs, but without success. Then

we crossed over to West Prong of the Medina, and here we found a bunch of wild beef steers. Our captain told us to kill them and we shot eight of the big fellows, and as wild as cattle ever got. Taking a supply of the beef we went on to head of the Frio, Tom Click and I patrolling. We found a place where the Indians had left fourteen Indian saddles, and also where they had made a great many arrows and mended moccasins. We stayed there four days expecting the Indians to come and get their saddles, but as they did not show up we burned the rudely made saddles and left there.

"I remember when the Indians killed Mr. and Mrs. Moore on North Prong of the Medina River. We took their trail the next day and followed it across the mountains. They went into a dense cedar brake where it was impossible for more than one or two men to go together. F. L. Hicks was with us on this scout and when we came to the dense cedar brakes our captain said it was unsafe to go in, and several of the men turned back, but Mr. Hicks said to me: 'Andy, let's go in; we can whip every red rascal in there,' so we went. It was a risky thing to do, but Mr. Hicks was a man absolutely without fear and when duty called he was always ready to respond. It is said that Indians will not kill a crazy man, so I guess they thought we were crazy for entering that big thicket.

"The next scout we made we hired old man Smith with his three yoke of steers and went to the Frio Water Hole, where we built a good pen, and then we went to Bull Head on the Nueces and gathered 400 steers which we intended to bring to Bandera and sell to Schmidtke & Hay for \$2 per head. We appointed Sam Jones as our boss on this mavericking expedition. While on the Nueces we captured two government horses on the range with halters on. They had escaped from some post months or years before and had become wild. We brought the steers into the pen as we gathered them, and one night they stampeded and seventeen of them were killed by running against cedar stumps which had been left in

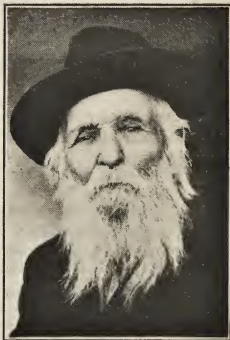
the pen. About ten miles this side of the water hole was another pen which was called Post Oak, and we brought our steers to it. Four men had to stay with the wagon, and as we were coming to the Post Oak pen, Jim Brown, Jim Gobble, Lum Champion and myself intended to reach a spring at the head of the hollow. There were some Indians there, but I suppose they heard the wagon and hid out, as we did not see them. Near the spring I picked up a pair of moccasins and a small mirror which had been dropped by them. Leaving Champion and Gobble with the wagon, Jim Brown and I scouted around the spring to try to locate the Indians, but without success. We found where they had killed a cow just a short time before and taken some of the beef. They were afoot, evidently coming down into the settlements on a horse-stealing expedition. When we reported our discoveries to the captain he said we could not leave the cattle to follow the Indians, but to guard against attack. That night old Manuel and I stood guard around the horses, and at different times during the night the horses showed signs of alarm and we made ready to secure an Indian scalp, but they did not come. We delivered our steers in due time and received \$2 per head for them, and also received \$50 for the two government horses we had captured, and we thought we were making money. Somebody reported that we had gathered the 400 steers, and our arms were ordered to be returned and we all got fired from the ranger service.

"When I was a boy on my father's ranch the government kept a lot of camels at Camp Verde. One day we hobbled three or four of our horses and turned them loose near the house, and fourteen of those old camels came lumbering along. The horses took fright at the sight of them, and we did not see those horses again for many days. My brother and I penned the camels, all of them being gentle except one. We roped the wild one, but never wanted to rope another, or the old hump backed villian slobbered all over us, and that slobber made us deathly sick. We had a jolly time with

those camels when we got rid of the foul, sickening slobber, and as we often rode broneos and wild steers we rode those camels too. The camel has a swinging pace and is easy to ride when you catch the motion of its gait. They could easily travel 100 miles in one day. The Indians seemed to be afraid of the camels and of course never attempted to steal any of them."

FOUR BANDERA PIONEERS.

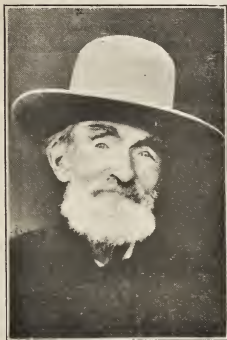
Bandera county has become noted for its extremely old people. Living in that county are many pioneers who came when that region was a wilderness, among those we mention Amasa Clark, now 96 years of age; George A. Hay, aged 87; W. D. (Seco) Smith, aged 87; and Ben Batot, aged 83. All of these pioneers are actively engaged in some calling and are able to attend to their own affairs. Amasa Clark was born in New York State in 1828, and enlisted in the United States Army when



Amasa Clark.

just a lad seventeen years old. He saw service with General Scott in the invasion of Mexico, marched from Vera Cruz to Mexico City and was in all the desperate engagements that occurred along the way. Coming out of Mexico in 1848, he came to Texas, and to Bandera county in 1852, where he has resided ever since. His life story is full of thrills and reads like a romance. He

owns a nice little farm five miles from the town of Bandera, and recently marketed a thousand bushels of pears which he sold at \$1.00 per bushel.



George Hay.

George Hay was born in Scotland in 1836, and came to America while yet a small boy. He located in Bandera in 1854, and for many years was engaged in the mercantile business. He sent a number of herds up the trail during trail driving days, and is well known to all the old timers of Southwest Texas. For the past few years he has held the office of Justice of the Peace at Bandera, and only recently retired from that office.

W. D. (Seco) Smith was born in Mississippi in 1836, and located in the Bandera region in 1857. He was a noted scout and Indian fighter during the early days, and was a warm friend and admirer of Big Foot Wallace. He now resides on a pretty farm near Medina City, in Bandera county, and looks after his crops and live stock personally.

Ben Batot was born in Germany in 1841, and came with his parents to Texas to the Castro Colony on the Medina River in 1843. He lived in Medina county many years, but later moved to Bandera county, and now lives on his farm near the town of Bandera.

All of these old pioneers have raised large families, Amasa Clark being the father of nineteen children and Seco Smith being the father of fifteen.

IN CONCLUSION.

It has been a pleasing task to compile this wonderful book, and I feel that something should be said of the efforts of Mr. George W. Saunders to "round up" all of the old boys and get their history in print so that the coming generations may read of the hardships and dangers they encountered and the splendid achievements of his comrades of days gone by. For years Mr. Saunders endeavored to interest men in the publication of this kind of a book. At the Old Trail Drivers' convention held at San Antonio in 1917 the first steps were taken in this direction when the cowboys there present each volunteered to write a sketch of his life and send to Mr. Saunders for publicaion in the Trail Drivers' Book. Some of them sent in the sketches in due time but some them failed to respond promptly, and then the "round-up" started. Letters were sent out, phone and telegraph requests were made, and finally a sufficient number had been corralled to make an interesting book. Arrangements were made to have it printed. An editor was employed to compile the sketches and get them in shape, and the editor and printer were going to get them out for Mr. Saunders. Suddenly the editor "went all to pieces" with a nervous breakdown, and the printer closed shop and departed for parts unknown, taking along all of the manuscripts and letters that had been sent in. But nothing daunted, Mr. Saunders set about again to roundup the old boys, and after two years' effort the first volume of the Trail Drivers of Texas was brought out, but it was incomplete, although it contained 500 pages. The old trail drivers were delighted with the book and decided to have an additional volume. It was my happy privilege to write, compile and edit the first volume, at the behest of Mr. Saunders, and when was decided to get out a second volume he insisted that I take charge of the work.

I have been handicapped in several ways, chiefly because I never was a cowboy, never put a rope on anything

larger than a milk calf, never rode a yearling, forked a bronco or adorned my boot with a pair of "cornbread" spurs, and only by accident am I entitled to membership in the Old Trail Drivers' Association. Some time in the remote past my father, John Warren Hunter, helped to keep up the drags with a herd going north, and thereby made me a son of a trail driver. My father was born in Alabama, but came to Texas when he was about nine years old. His father was a Methodist preacher, and settled near Sulphur Bluff, in Hopkins county, where he was living when the Civil War broke out. My father, being about fifteen years old at the time, was employed as a teamster to haul cotton to Brownsville, the only port open to the Confederacy. He spent the term of the War on the Rio Grande, where he became well known for certain daring feats. After the war he spent awhile in Lavaca county and returned to his home in Hopkins county to find that home broken up, his father dead and his brothers and sisters scattered to different parts of the country. He went to Tennessee where he was happily married to my mother, Mary Ann Calhoun, and went to Arkansas where he farmed for a season, but he longed to get back to Texas, and returned in 1878, and became a school teacher. For many years he taught school in Gillespie, Mason, Menard and McCulloch counties, being one of the pioneer teachers of that section. In 1891 he quit the school room to take up newspaper work, having purchased the Menardville Record, later moving the plant to Mason and establishing the Mason Herald. He was one of the fearless editors of that time and the Herald became known as an outspoken weekly. Oftentimes he had to back up his assertions with muscle and brawn, but he was of Irish descent and really enjoyed a fistieuff, and when the match had been pulled off he was ready to shake hands and make friends. He removed to San Angelo in 1907, and for several years was connected with the San Angelo Standard. His death occurred January 12, 1915. For many years prior to his death he had been engaged in collecting historical data and

manuscript pertaining to the early history of Texas, and became recognized as one of the leading historians of the state. Naturally I became interested in this kind of work and have tried to follow the same line, with the result that I fell right in when Mr. Saunders announced that he was going to print a book of reminiscence sketches of the early cowmen. I realized then that it would be a wonderful contribution to the historical annals of Texas, and that the time was ripe for its publication, as the older fellows are passing off the stage of action at an alarming rate and that within a few years not many would be left to tell the tale. I realized then, which fact has been made apparent since, that I was not qualified for the task that has been assigned me, but I have done my best, and that is all anyone can do. It has been a great pleasure to perform this task under the direction of Mr. Saunders, for he has been very considerate and patient, and left matters very much in my hands. The Old Time Trail Drivers, as well as the youth of Texas, owe him a debt that can never be paid for thus rescuing from oblivion and preserving this important link in the chain of Texas history.

J. MARVIN HUNTER

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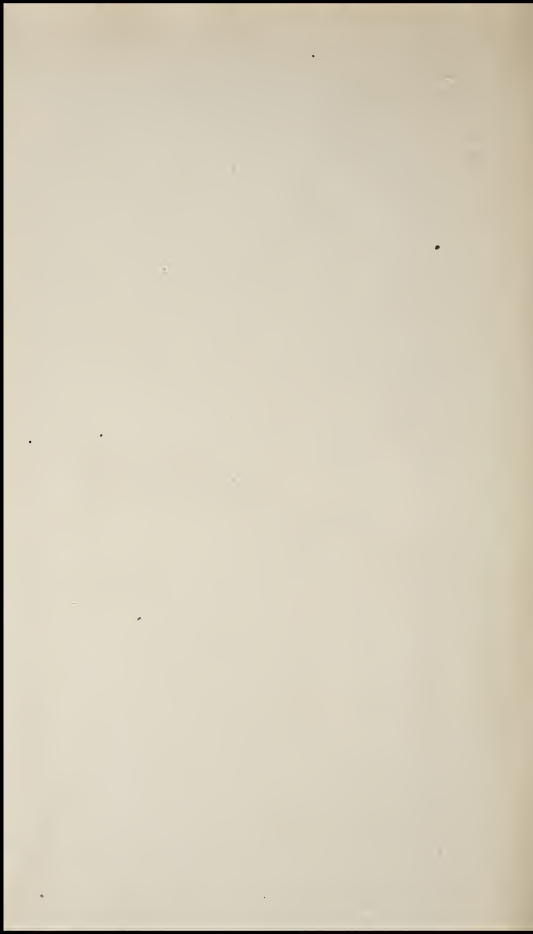
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